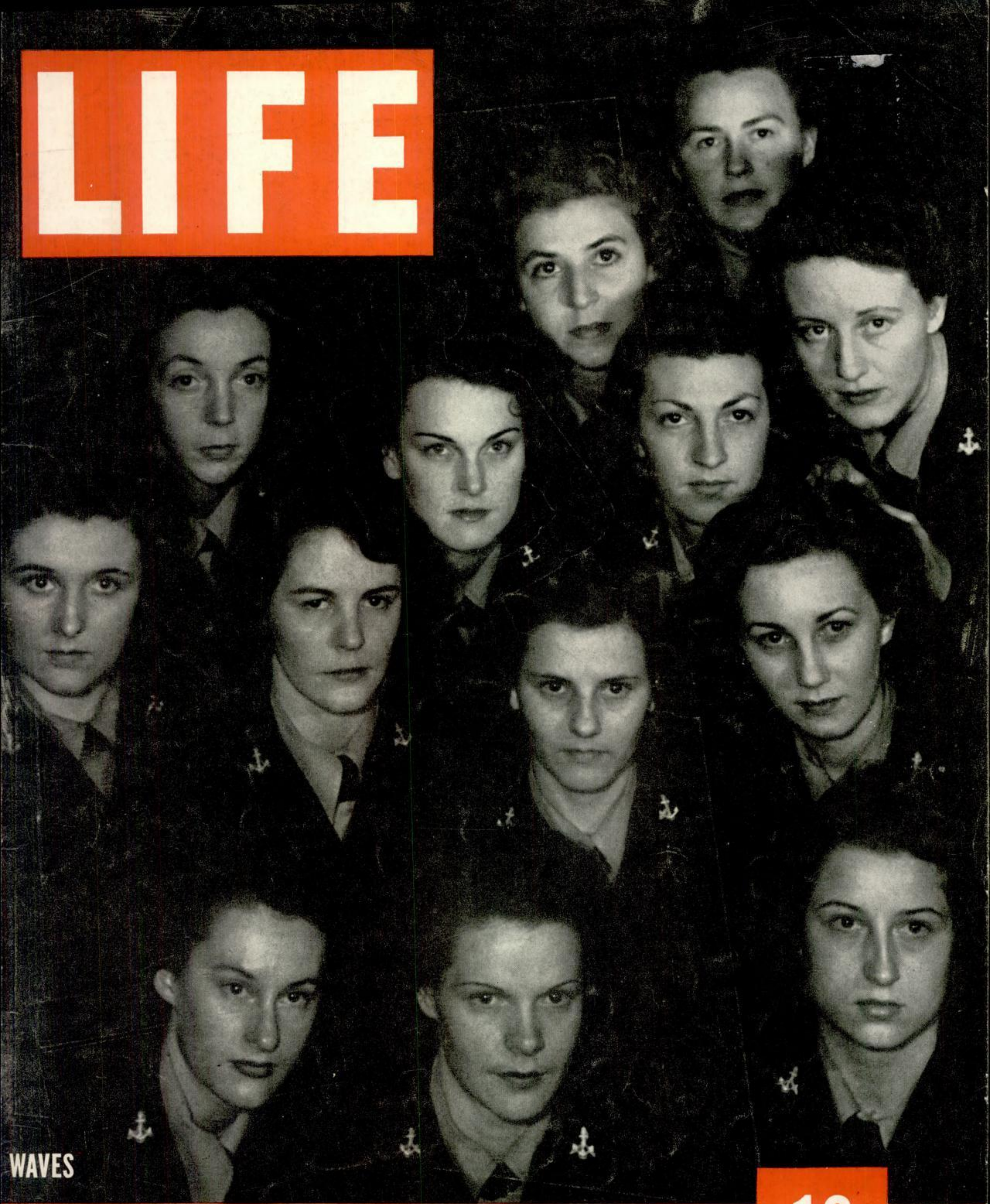


# LIFE



WAVES

MARCH 15, 1943 **10** CENTS  
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



# Bright Tribute

Between the brave and the fair lie many bonds. Not the least of these are the lithe good looks, the alert, trim air you both share. How fitting a tribute to such traits that . . . civilian and soldier . . . each should be wearing America's finest woolens! You who know the fortitude of clean-flowing Forstmann virgin woolens will readily understand why so many million yards of them have been chosen to clothe our fighting men. Why, too, the lovely Forstmann fashions featured by smart shops are limited by the needs of our armed forces. Look well for the little label which marks these distinguished fabrics. The costume or bolt-fabric behind it bears the Forstmann surety of changeless lines and endless beauty. . . . Forstmann Woolen Company, Passaic, New Jersey.

*Forstmann*  
WOOLEN COMPANY  
PASSAIC, N. J.  
100% VIRGIN WOOL  
© F. W. CO.

*Invest in Victory - Buy War Bonds and Stamps*





FRIEND OF SOFT, SMOOTH HANDS... **TOUSHAY**

**New "beforehand" lotion guards hands even in hot, soapy water!**



**Something you've needed always!** A *beforehand* lotion to guard your hands from the harsh, roughening effect of hot, soapy water. So different from the old way of applying lotions *after* the damage is done! . . . So use Toushay before every daily soap-and-water task. See how satiny smooth it keeps your hands!

Copyright Bristol-Myers Company, 1943



**Velvet skin all over!** Combat winter dryness of the skin with wonderful new Toushay. You'll be delighted at the change made by Toushay used as an all-over body rub . . . Fragrant, soothing Toushay is grand for chapped hands. Use it to soften rough elbows and knees, too!



**This generous bottle** lasts a surprising length of time! Toushay is so rich a few drops go a long, long way. Watch your skin respond to this delightful new treat . . . You can't afford to miss such a thrifty luxury! Buy Toushay today. Popularly priced at your druggist's.

Trade-marked Product of Bristol-Myers

This One



Z3D8-CN9-OU9X



# Even Blackouts don't help

**THE GIRL:** (peevishly) What a man! The lights are low, I'm feelin' mighty lovable . . . and he spends his time looking out the window!

**US:** Maybe he doesn't think you're so lovable, my dear!

**THE GIRL:** Well, of all the nerve . . .

**US:** Now, now . . . relax! We only want to help by telling you The Secret you should have known!

**THE GIRL:** This had better be good.

**US:** It is—it's the secret of daintiness . . . the secret of bathing body odor away, the feminine way . . .

**THE GIRL:** The feminine way? Pardon my girl-ish laughter! I thought a soap to remove body odor had to have that strong, "mannish" smell to be effective!

**US:** Not this one, honey . . . here's a truly gentle, truly feminine soap that leaves you alluringly scented—and daily use stops all body odor!

**THE GIRL:** I'd like to see you prove that—

**US:** Okay . . . it's easy to prove, 'cause the rich, creamy suds of today's specially-made Cashmere Bouquet Soap bathe away every trace of body odor instantly!

**THE GIRL:** Well I'll be—it's true! And I adore that perfume . . . no wonder it's called "the fragrance men love"!

**US:** (proudly) And remember, not even the most "mannish soaps" can remove perspiration better than truly feminine Cashmere Bouquet—you've really got something there, m'dear!

**THE GIRL:** I've got some'n else, too—a date to go walkin' in the park with him . . . hope my new glamour works . . .



**THE GIRL:** (breathless) Bless me! Will Cashmere Bouquet always make him so ardent?

**US:** It's your own loveliness that makes him ardent, dear girl . . . Cashmere Bouquet just insures the perfection of moments like this by guarding your daintiness!

**THE GIRL:** But—but—he proposed to me!

**US:** Don't blame him . . . girls as smart and lovable as you are rare prizes!

**THE GIRL:** Thanks a million . . . especially for the secret of Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

Stay dainty each day...  
with **Cashmere Bouquet**

THE SOAP WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE



## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### HAMMER VS. SHOE

Sirs:

There is a staggering picture in your story on aprons (LIFE, Feb. 22). A young lady apparently in full possession of her senses is shown thumping a nail into a wall with her shoe, while a



HOME CARPENTRY

brand-new hammer sticks out of her apron pocket. If all women are using shoes for this purpose it is small wonder that they are being rationed.

D. J. BRIGGS

Wooster, Ohio

Sirs:

Your apron model looked silly driving a nail with her shoe while the hammer remained in her tool pocket.

LOIS CARROLL

Channelview, Texas

● The ways of women are strange and wonderful.—ED.

### CONCRETE BARGES

Sirs:

We are writing you in reference to your article, Concrete Barges (LIFE, Feb. 22), to express the sentiment of ourselves and over 3,000 employees at the MacEvoy Shipbuilding Corp. of Savannah, Ga.

We have been, and still are, proud of the MacEvoy shipyard and what has been accomplished here. We believe the work and the men who did it should be complimented—not criticized. Only a few concrete ships were built during the last war, 25 years ago. The few men who built them are no longer active.

The preparation of plans and working drawings alone was a long tedious task. As the plans developed, changes inevitable in any new product were made. Many changes in plans and consequent delay were properly caused in order to make sure that the first ship would have the advantage of technical developments and laboratory research which was being made by the Maritime Commission and its engineers. The first ships do not lend themselves readily to prefabrication, but as a result of the work now done and experience gained, later ones will.

There has been no inefficiency or waste of money. There might have been had there been a less cautious and commendable effort to develop the very best plans and construction methods. What has now been established will pay big dividends in money, supply and comfort during this war and when our country again finds itself short of steel plates and must adopt the use of less critical building labor and materials to get ships.

It has taken no more time to train Southern labor in the exacting, involved work necessary on ships than it would have taken elsewhere. As to your picture of six men with a light pipe on their shoulders "which two or three men could carry . . ." look again, that's a bundle of one-half-inch-square steel rods with hooks on the ends, and by the time these men finish a shift after walking them up the long, steep runway to the ship shown in one of your pictures, they don't think they are "light." We have inquired about the yard locomotive for which you say an exorbitant

price was paid. The purchase price was \$1,000, it had cost \$4,600 new, f.o.b. Plymouth, Ohio, and had been little used. The man from whom it was bought is a respected native of Savannah. Also Mr. MacEvoy informs us that the negotiator, who you say purchased the locomotive from his brother, entered our employ long after it had been bought.

You show the "Boss" sweating at the hearing—you don't say what the Committee and we know—that he had the flu and that his doctor had warned him to remain at home in bed.

We've seen him sweat lots here, working hard at a difficult job as we all are.

HENRY D. LOWE  
(for joint management-labor  
shop committees)

MacEvoy Shipbuilding Corp.  
Savannah, Ga.

SIRS:

STATEMENT AND CAPTION IN FEB. 22 ISSUE OF LIFE HEADED "CONCRETE BARGES" CONTAINS FACTUAL ERRORS AND LEADS TO INFERENCES UNWARRANTED AND UNJUST TO CONTRACTOR. ADMIRAL LAND TESTIMONY EMPHASIZES THIS CONTRACTOR WAS AT LEAST AS EFFICIENT WITH RESPECT TO TIME AND OTHERWISE AS ANY OTHER BUILDER. WE CONFIDENTLY AWAIT COMPARISONS ON ALL COUNTS WITH ANY YARD DOING SIMILAR WORK.

CLIFFORD F. MACEVROY  
Savannah, Ga.

● Builder MacEvoy and his employees should remonstrate with Senator Truman and his Committee, whose observations made LIFE's story. Since the Committee's suspicions have now led it to an investigation of all companies engaged in the construction of concrete barges, the comparison Mr. MacEvoy invites will doubtless be made soon.—ED.

### WASHINGTON INTELLIGENCE

Sirs:

In your story "Washington Fights" (LIFE, Feb. 22) you state among other things: "Fly . . . hopes eventually to establish Government control of all communications. Cox opposes such control. . . ."

The records of the Commission, the records of various hearings before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, and various public speeches of mine furnish you abundant evidence of my constant aim and my consistent endeavor to maintain the operation and control of all communications in the hands of private industry.

By and large, the controlling evidence as to fact or plan is that during World War I, the Government operated and controlled the entire national telephone and telegraph systems; today every effort is made to keep these entirely in private operation and private control.

JAMES LAWRENCE FLY  
Chairman

Federal Communications Commission  
Washington, D. C.

● Thanks to FCC Chairman Fly for helping clarify one of Washington's more puzzling issues.—ED.

### READERS ON DEATH

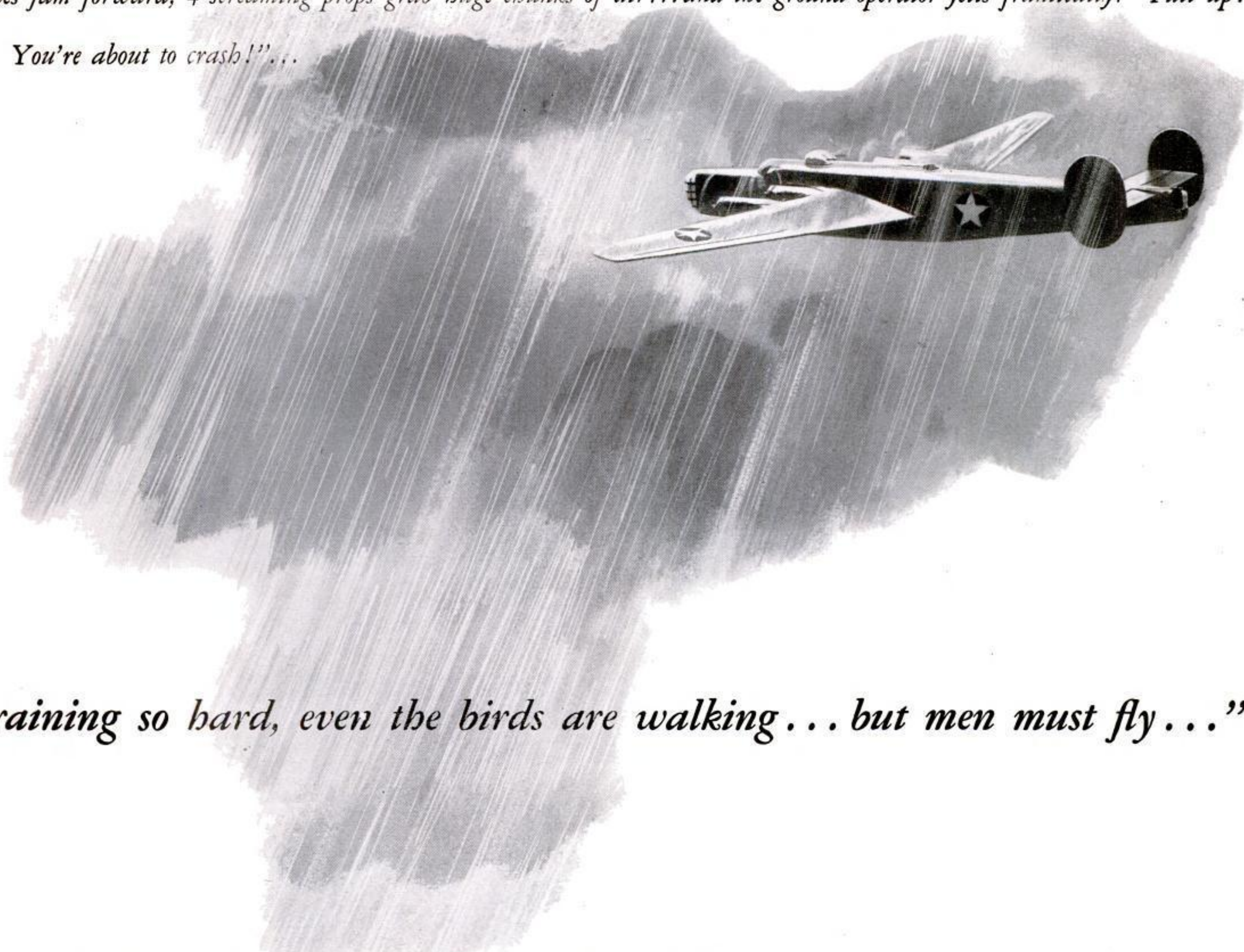
Sirs:

Milt Rosner and R. B. Jacoby write (Letters to the Editors, LIFE, Feb. 22) that LIFE's picture of the head of a dead Jap propped against the side of a tank was the most terrible they had ever seen. I say that the sickening carnage at Pearl Harbor on the morning of Dec. 7, 1941 made pictures that were infinitely worse. The burned Jap in LIFE is small retribution for such scenes. If Messrs. Rosner and Jacoby had been there, they might appreciate

(continued on p. 4)



*It's ceiling zero—and the hills are wicked close to the field below! We circle around trying to spot a hole in the murk—but there are no holes. Then the radio operator on the ground calls out: "We can hear you over the field now. Get back to the west and try to come in!" The ship settles rapidly... we wait in our little cabin, sweat streaming from our faces. Suddenly the throttles jam forward, 4 screaming props grab huge chunks of air... and the ground operator yells frantically: "Pull up! Pull up! You're about to crash!"...*



*"It's raining so hard, even the birds are walking... but men must fly..."*

*The above is part of a letter from a friend... a man who's risking his life every day... getting bombers to Africa in time! We think of him when we make communications equipment for some of the planes he flies... communications equipment for air, land and sea. We try to make this equipment just as reliable and durable as 48 years' experience has taught us... For today it's not our reputation that's at stake... it's human lives! How can we at Stromberg-Carlson do less than our best. And how can all of us do less than buy War Bonds and Stamps... as often, as much... as we can afford?*



In company with the front line of American industry we proudly display this Army-Navy "E" pennant.



*In radios, telephones, sound systems, there is nothing finer than a*  
**STROMBERG-CARLSON**

© 1943. STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK



**"Sure...and maybe I could run another typewriter with my feet!"**



**GIRL:** I'm not a magician . . . so I can't use one piece of carbon paper 60 times!

**MAN:** You're new here, and maybe you haven't noticed that we use Roytype's Park Avenue Carbon Paper. The Royal Typewriter Company makes it, and one sheet can be used up to 60 times, cleanly and clearly. This test copy proves it . . .

This is the sixtieth copy made with the same sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper, a product of the Royal Typewriter Company. This sheet of carbon paper had been used 59 times before! The test was made at the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this sixtieth one is!

Laboratory test No. 36092-NY, issued October 6, 1942

**GIRL:** Gee, maybe you're right! This looks almost like a first copy. How's it done?

**MAN:** Why, Park Avenue is deep-inked by a special process that soaks the ink right down into the paper. And notice Park Avenue's extension edge . . . it lets you reverse the sheet, top to bottom, so that all areas of the paper can be used.

**GIRL:** No magic about that, is there? Just common sense! Right now, I'll start getting a lot more copies from each sheet of Park Avenue!

#### Complete line of carbon papers

THERE ARE MANY different carbon papers in the Roytype\* line, made by the Royal Typewriter Company. One of these . . . it may be Park Avenue, or it may be another . . . will exactly fit your needs, depending on the particular type of work done in your office. Your local Royal Typewriter Representative will gladly show you the whole price range of Roytype carbon papers and help you choose the weight, finish, and quality best-suited to your requirements.

**ROYTYPE**  
Carbon Papers and Ribbons  
made by the  
**ROYAL**  
TYPEWRITER COMPANY

\*Trade-Mark Registered U. S. Pat. Off.,  
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## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

the grim humor of the men who put that skull on the tank.

FRED G. HUTTER

Gary, Ind.

Sirs:

In regard to your famous picture of a dead Jap from a burned-out tank (LIFE, Feb. 1), R. W. Jacoby of Philadelphia, Pa. asks in your Feb. 22 letters column: "Are we cannibals or head-hunters to display the foe's skull on a spear?"

I'd like to answer that question. I am in the Army and as far as the Axis is concerned, I am both for the duration.

CORP. KNOX HOLLEY

Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

Sirs:

If Readers Rosner and Jacoby had seen the dead American and Australian soldiers that I and my squadron saw in New Guinea after their "capture" by the Japs, they would realize that dead Japs make good pictures regardless of how they died.

LIEUT. JOSEPH W. BROOKHART  
435th Squadron, 19th Bombardment Group

Pyote, Texas

### BOOTY AT BUNA

Sirs:

Congratulations on your recent article, Booty at Buna, and the need for more realistic pictures of the war. Having spent two months of the past year in New Guinea, I am more than interested. I am sure that if most Americans realized what our boys are going through, they would take the war a lot more seriously than they do. We need to get fighting mad! The way to achieve that is to show us how our own men are suffering.

LIEUT. J. S. DUNNE

Spence Field  
Moultrie, Ga.

Sirs:

In LIFE for Feb. 15 you show Sgt. Herman Bottcher and say that he "cut off Buna Village from Buna Mission." In LIFE of Feb. 22 you say Johnny Hildebrandt "was wounded at Bottcher's



CAPTAIN BOTTCHEER

Corner, end of long corridor driven by Captain Herman Bottcher and his men between the Japs in Buna Village and Buna Mission." Is it possible that he has advanced in rank so rapidly?

ROGER S. LYNCH JR.

Larchmont, N. Y.

Sirs:

I've heard of the "90-day wonders" but Sgt. Herman Bottcher whose picture appeared in LIFE's story on the Battle of Buna in the Feb. 15 issue has become Captain Bottcher by the Feb. 22 issue. One week—wow!

W. GORDON PODOLSKY

Waltham, Mass.

● At the time Herman Bottcher led the brave little American force which split the Japs at Buna he was a ser-

(continued on p. 6)

**TICONDEROGA**  
Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 43-J3, Jersey City, N. J.  
Canadian Plant: Dixon Pencil Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

## ENDERS shaving saves all 3

**1 TIME** Enders streamlined design makes your shave amazingly easy, quick.



**2 FACE** Enders feather-light pressureless action is more friendly to your skin.



**3 STEEL** Enders twice-thicker blades can be stropped many times—to keep 'em shaving—and smoothly.



Enders users—Save steel. Send \$1 for Enders Strop.

## ENDERS SPEED SHAVER

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. A, MYSTIC, CONN.

## BUY MORE WAR BONDS

**SMOOTHIE TIES** 55¢ TO \$1.50  
WRINKLE RESISTANT A. SCHRETER & SONS BALTIMORE, MARYLAND



# CATTLE

# CALVES

# HOGS

# SHEEP

## ONE OF MARKET MARKET TOP

GOOD & CHOICE	120	140	LBS.
"	140	160	"
"	160	180	"
"	180	200	"
"	200	220	"
"	220	240	"
"	240	270	"
"	270	300	"
"	300	330	"
"	330	360	"
MEDIUM -	160	220	"
SOWS GD. & CH.	270	330	"
"	330	400	"
"	400	500	"
SOWS MEDIUM	250	500	"
SL PIGS MED. & GD.	90	120	"

## MATED STOCK

CATTLE  
CALVES  
HOGS  
SHEEP  
TOTAL CARS

400  
1200  
250  
900  
500  
4000  
500  
125  
700  
150  
300  
300  
9400  
9172  
175,000  
149,949  
+25,051

100  
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35,600  
329,500  
+27,500

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771  
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16,500  
21,447  
16,500  
100  
100



THIS PAST year of war has done more to wake America to the vital need of better hearing than the entire preceding ten years. Folks who were always satisfied to "get by" because they thought their hearing troubles were a *personal* matter, have realized that their hearing deficiencies are a *public* handicap, and that if they really want to have a hand in victory, they can't let their ears get in the way of their hands.

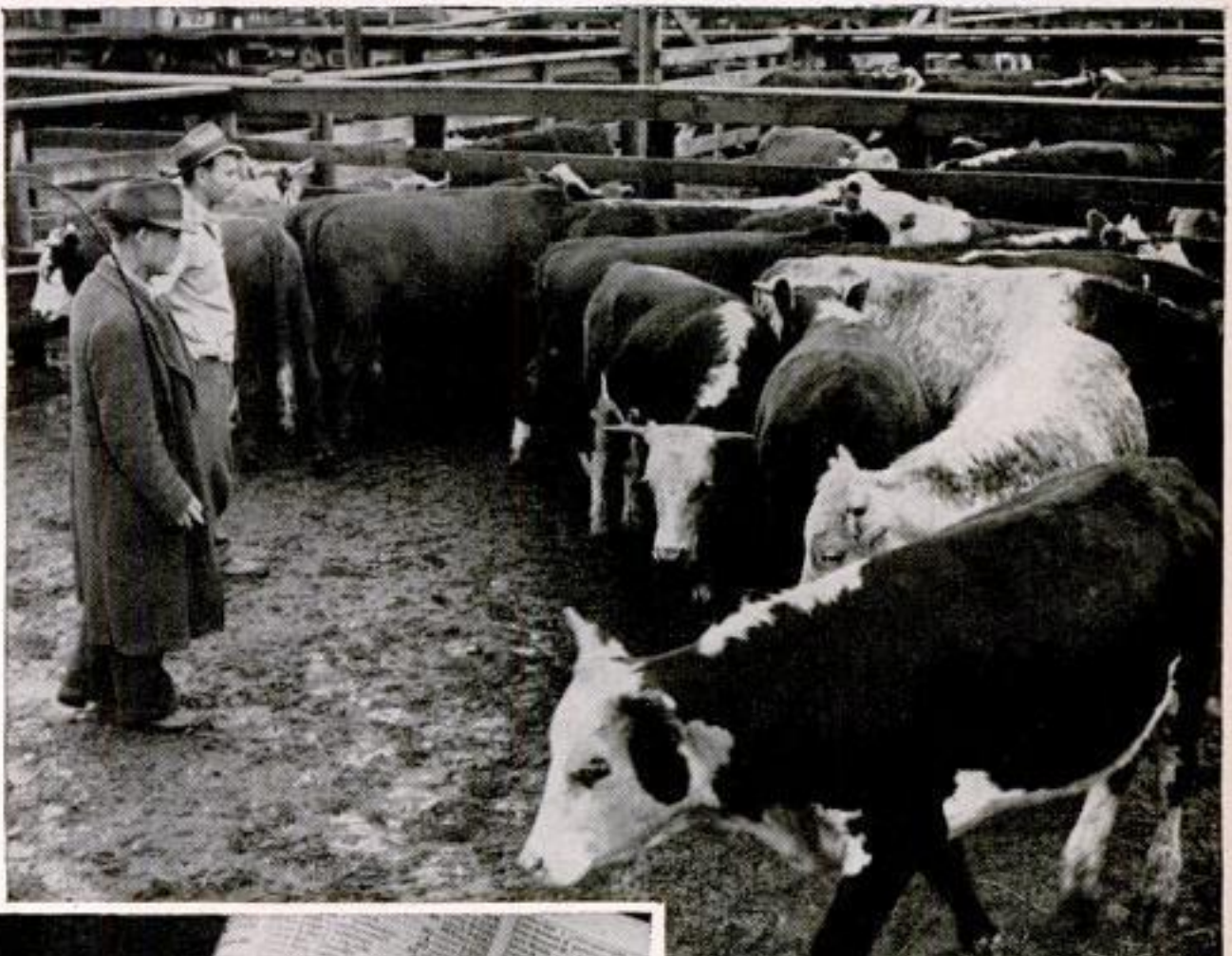
Take the case of L. L. D-----\* (left) . . . "Lex" they call him, a calf buyer in the St. Joseph, Mo., Stockyards for 20 years. As a boy, measles upset his hearing. It grew worse as the years passed. "Lex" knew he was handicapped in his trading with farmers because he only heard one side of the conversation, and often at the sales barns he'd miss hearing a bid or what the auctioneer said . . . and that was sometimes expensive and always embarrassing.

But "Lex" was getting by . . . until suddenly food and especially meat, became a vital weapon in our war for freedom. The great machinery for collecting, processing and distributing America's food products had to *click* as never before. There was no room for just "getting by" . . . no room for *not* hearing. So "Lex" got a Sonotone and is doing a better-than-ever job in America's fighting food army thanks to his better-than-ever hearing.

One of the most far-reaching results of this past year's experience is the new freedom in wearing hearing aids. On one hand, the country's war-time employers have recognized the folly of wasting a man's skill and training just because his hearing is impaired. And in most plants a hearing aid is no longer a bar to getting a job. On the other hand, the individual worker is coming to see that wearing a hearing aid is as natural and sensible as wearing glasses.

Today a very high percentage of hearing troubles can be corrected. And the Sonotone organization, whose research has contributed so largely to the improved design, reduced size and *individualized* fitting of the modern audicle, will gladly make an Audiogram of your hearing and demonstrate the improvement possible if you call at its nearest office.

\*Name omitted in accordance with medical principles



If you wish to have an Audiogram made of your hearing, look in your local 'phone book under SONOTONE for the address of the nearest of Sonotone's 140 offices and come in. Or write Sonotone Corporation, Elmsford, N. Y. In Canada, write 229 Yonge Street, Toronto.



# SOLDIERS IN HOUSEDRESSES

*-you deserve a nation's praise*



**PEQUOT salutes you who work, sacrifice, and serve—at home**

**N**O NEED to tell you housewives this is a people's war. You're in it, already a seasoned "soldier"... though your uniform's a housedress.

Your service stripes? The war bonds for which you save and sacrifice. Your re-soled shoes, well worn from walking when you used to ride. The food you put up, so none shall go to waste. The extra care you give your sheets so they will last longer.

Just tiring, homely services that will never win a medal. But who says this kind of soldiering doesn't take courage? Who says it doesn't help to win the war?

One blessed comfort we hope you can retain is Pequot sleep. Fortunately Pequot

Sheets fit right into your wartime picture. These strong, sturdy sheets simply cannot be surpassed for wear.

## Pequots for fighting men

Just now, military demands on Pequot are enormous. Night and day Pequot Mills are turning out sheets and special fabrics for military use.

Again and again production has been expanded. So greatly that we hope essential home needs, too, can be supplied. Because—if you need sheets now, you certainly need extra-service Pequots.

PEQUOT MILLS, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

**BUY ONLY NECESSITIES—**  
and the first and the greatest necessity to invest in, for our future safety, is—  
**WAR BONDS.**



**PEQUOT**  **SHEETS**

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

geant. In recognition of his brilliant exploit General Eichelberger made him captain on the spot, also promised to help him with his fondest dream, to become a U. S. citizen. This he had renounced by his military service with the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War. LIFE's George Strock, who photographed the Battle of Buna, relates that Bottcher was a modest but inspiring leader. "Once," Strock says, "one of Bottcher's men was hit by machine-gun fire and cried like a baby, but after Bottcher got through talking to him he was cursing Japs and everything else."—ED.

Sirs:

As a second lieutenant in the U.S. Army Air Corps I'm writing to ask the formula which Soldier Bottcher employed to secure his rapid promotion.

LIEUT. BENTLEY KASSAL  
New York, N. Y.

● The formula is heroism.—ED.

## LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS

Sirs:

In your Feb. 22 issue, LIFE on the Newsfronts of the World is one of the best editorials I have ever read, especially the paragraph "The Guts to Look at It." The Picture of the Week, a lonely flag-draped casket of an Australian sailor, is surely something to make one stop and wonder if he is doing all he can in this war effort.

MRS. A. L. LOLAN  
Opelousas, La.

Sirs:

In the Feb. 22 LIFE your Picture of the Week is thus captioned: "Without a mourner in pews, a requiem mass is offered for a friendless Australian sailor in New York." This photograph has distressed a considerable number of Anzacs (members of Australian and New Zealand fighting forces) who have been in touch with this club as they passed through New York. They have requested me to call to your attention that such an occurrence would have been avoided had the Anzac Club been notified of the situation.

We stand always ready to see to it that no Anzac in New York need be lonely, and certainly, under the tragic circumstances of this young seaman's death, we would have had representatives at the final rites and would have taken any other appropriate steps.

NOLA LUXFORD  
Anzac Club  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

LIFE's Picture of the Week for Feb. 22 is a cruel libel on Australian and British officials in the United States. The true facts about Seaman Coles are:

1. Coles was not an Australian but was born in Britain and lived in Newfoundland.
2. He died in a hospital in New York, and as his ship left port, his mates could not attend the funeral.
3. His wife in Canada was informed and the requiem mass was arranged at her request. It was attended by the representative of the owners of the vessel.

RANDAL HEYMANSON  
Editor  
Australian Newspapers Service  
New York, N.Y.

● LIFE erred in identifying Seaman Coles as an Australian. However, the Picture of the Week was not meant as a reproach to anyone, but as a dramatic photograph of a sad and familiar phenomenon of our time: young men alone a long way from home.—ED.

## HEAD COLD Got You Down?

**Specialized Medication  
Works Where  
Trouble Is...**



The instant you put a few drops of fast-acting Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril, you can feel it go to work to relieve the sniffly, sneezy distress of head colds! Immediately Va-tro-nol spreads over the troubled area where most colds start. It shrinks swollen membranes, relieves the clogging congestion—helps make breathing easier! What's more—used at the first sniffle or sneeze, Va-tro-nol helps prevent many colds from developing. Follow directions in package.

**VICKS  
VA-TRO-NOL**

**CHEST COLDS** To relieve misery, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, loosens phlegm. **VICKS VAPORUB**

**HERE'S  
THE ONLY MULTI-VITAMIN  
PRODUCT RECOMMENDED BY  
THE MAKERS OF VICKS VAPORUB**



*How to Supplement  
**YOUR  
WAR RATIONS***

*And be sure of getting  
all the Vitamins you must have  
to maintain Vigorous Health!*

Whether our foods are rationed or not, it is more important now than ever before to get protective potencies—every day—of all the vitamins essential to vigorous good health... so that our best efforts may go into the emergency job we are doing. And it's so easy to get them... just take "VITAMINS Plus" once daily. "VITAMINS Plus" is a complete, balanced combination of all the essential vitamins. What's more, it gives you extra B-Complex vitamins and added iron. Remember...

Life Begins with  
**VITAMINS Plus**





CHE  ROLET

*For Your  
Motor Car..*

... regardless of make or model. . . . Chevrolet dealers have complete, experienced, skilled service to offer . . .

... in fact, the most experienced automobile service organization in the world!

In these times when owners *must* take care of their cars, American motorists are using that service in ever-increasing volume . . .

... finding it ready to meet this great war emergency.



CAR  
CONSER  ATION

SER  ICE

*For All  
America*

... as well as for your family and yourself. . . . It is your duty now to *conserve* the serviceability of your car...

... to keep it rolling—to guard the nation's vital transportation system! And after all, it's merely a matter of remembering the old saying that "a stitch in time saves nine." The slightest care now may save loss of use later.

*Service* for your car will keep your car in service!

See your Chevrolet dealer.



CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

*SEE YOUR LOCAL CHEVROLET DEALER*





IN GOOD BARRACKS, JOE'S PIN-UP COLLECTION OFTEN EXCEEDS A DOZEN PICTURES

# SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . DAVE SCHERMAN SATIRIZES A U. S. SOLDIER'S SNAPSHOTS

An irrepressible camera satirist is LIFE's able war correspondent in England, David Scherman. Readers will recall his travesties on U.S. magazine covers (LIFE, Aug. 26, 1940) and advertising photography (LIFE, Aug. 11, 1941). Last month Scherman wrote his editors: "While rummaging through some American soldiers' barracks the other day looking for old cigaret butts and string, I ran across an amazing collection of pictures pasted on the wall behind a bunk belonging to a guy named G. I. Joe. Well, as luck would have it, I had a battered jiffy kodak in my wheelbarrow and was able to secure a few shots of this collection."

G. I. Joe is, of course, any U.S. soldier, and the collection that Scherman reputedly uncovered is simply a synthesis of any soldier's pin-up picture treasures. Every Joe carries with him snapshots of his wife, mother or sweetheart, which, living conditions permitting, cling to the wall above his pillow, often flanked by less homey acquisitions. To illustrate Joe's gallery, Scherman enlisted the aid of a pretty British girl named Dorothy Bramhall. Their aim was to poke gentle fun, not at a homesick soldier's sentiment, but at the heterogeneity of his picture tastes.



PRETTY, VERSATILE DOROTHY BRAMHALL POSED FOR ALL PICTURES ON THESE PAGES



"LAST TRAIN FROM YONKERS"

Starring GLORIA GORMLESS, BRUCE LOCKJAW and CLIVE SLAVERING

A. Columbia Pictures Corporation

Movie star's publicity "still" has adorned Joe's collection since he wrote a letter to "Gloria Gormless" giving his A.P.O. number, requesting a photograph. Such requests from soldiers overseas always evoke ready response from sympathetic Hollywood queens.



The WAAF that Joe met at a service get-together has added her portrait—taken at a little studio in Soho—to his collection. Joe is true to his sweetheart back home, but a man has to have some feminine companionship. And Doris is a good kid, if a trifle dumb.

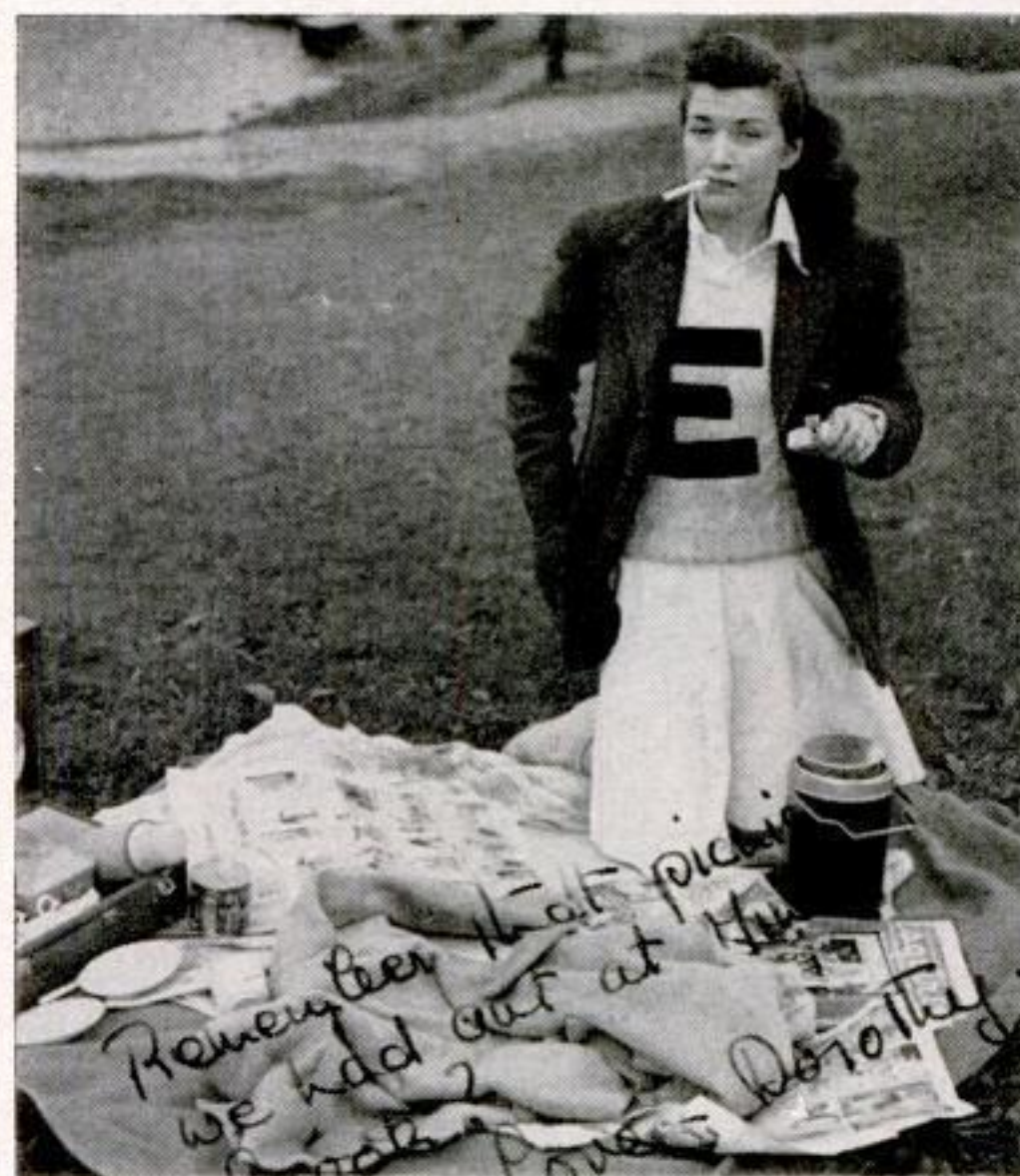




**The kid sister** leers at Joe from a snapshot taken on the front lawn back home, and inscribed with an impertinent salutation. Joe debated long before putting this on display.



**The NAAFI girl** (stands for Navy, Army, and Air Force Institutes) caught Joe's fancy one day when serving him tea at local canteen. He took her picture and is very proud of result.



**The girl friend back home** sent Joe this informal picnic shot. He would have preferred a more glamorized portrait, but confesses that for him this one has a certain sentimental value.



**Joe's mother** looks very natural and lifelike, knitting on the back steps of the old house in the afternoon sunshine. As usual, his mother's hair is a little windblown and her stockings a bit wrinkled, but Joe gets a lump in his throat every time he looks at her familiar smile.



**The war orphan** "adopted" by Joe's regiment posed for this snapshot outside her blitzed house. Both her parents were killed in an air raid. Hearing her story, Joe realized for the first time what war could really mean and experienced for the first time a real personal hatred of the enemy.



**A chorine** from the Windmill Theatre in London mailed Joe this cut from the program of the continuous "Revuedeille" show in which she appears daily. Her name is Pam Trevers.

Over her likeness, which Joe admits is curiously indistinguishable from those of other girls in chorus, Pam has penciled an arrow. Joe met her at a servicemen's dance in London one eve-

ning and tried to date her up, but best he got was this stock photograph. Though Joe considers it unsatisfying, it has won a good deal of attention from other boys in his outfit.



# "Oops! I did it again!"

"**NOW WHAT?**" asked my next-door neighbor, Peg—who just loves to drop in and watch me housework.

"I'm a half-brain! Here I go yanking my lovely Cannon Percale sheets off the bed as if I were mad at 'em—just after I swore I'd never do it again!"

"My my!" Peg grinned. "Aren't you housewifely all of a sudden!"

"Listen, smarty, haven't you heard about *conservation*?" I said severely. "I don't want to have to buy new sheets in *wartime*. And it's my plain patriotic duty . . . as it is every woman's . . . to make things last."

"Gee." Peggy looked sheepish. "I guess yanking does sort of strain sheets. And it is just as easy to take sheets off a bed!"

"Sure it is. I've learned lots of ways to save sheets lately . . . Like rotating sheets. You know . . . put the newly laundered ones in the closet to rest, and use the ones that have been sitting . . . And when I wash sheets, I don't soak the life out of 'em. 15 minutes before washing is plenty . . . and I don't use a bleach if I can hang 'em in the sun to dry . . . And if I *do* use a bleach, I follow directions and rinse *twice* afterwards. And . . ."

"Hey, slow down," yelled Peg. "I want to remember these things!"

"Well, remember . . . never use too hot an iron . . . and never NEVER press the folds of a sheet."

Peggy sighed. "I guess if I'd known these things my sheets wouldn't be in tatters now. I really do need some. And I wish I could afford grand, smooth Cannon Percales like yours!"

"Well," I said, "don't buy any sheets unless you really need 'em! But if you *do* need 'em, you *can* afford Cannon Percales. They cost just about the same as heavy-duty muslin. And they're strong, too. 25% more threads to the square inch than the finest muslin!"

"And here's another important thing," I went on, "Percale is *lighter*. So if you send your sheets out at pound laundry rates, you can save as much as \$3.25 a year for each bed!"



Peg beamed. "I'll certainly remember about Percale Sheets when I go to buy."

"CANNON Percale," I corrected her. "In wartime it's especially important to choose a manufacturer's name that you can trust—for all the things you can't see for yourself."

"Cannon's the name for me!" said Peg. "I'm crazy about my Cannon Towels—and I know I'll love my Cannon Percale sheets."

"Love 'em—and cherish 'em!" I said sternly. "Buying sheets these days is serious business. Get only as many Cannon Percales as you absolutely *must* have to get along. And see that you take the world's best care of them—so you can look Uncle Sam in the eye!"

Cannon also makes an economy muslin sheet—well-constructed, long-wearing—a splendid value! Cannon Mills, Inc., New York, N. Y.

## Cannon Percale Sheets



Made by the Makers of Cannon Towels and Hosiery



# Baroness on Official Secrets Charge



*The Baroness*

*From Evening Standard Reporter*  
LITTLE MISSENDEN, Bucks,  
Wednesday.

After preliminary evidence the Press were cleared from the court to-day when a woman described as Baroness Hoheria von Hamperskitz (32), of Cholmondelay-mansions, Featherstonehaugh-street, S.W., was accused of offences under the Official Secrets Act.

Superintendent Unsworth, of the Buckinghamshire County Police, told the magistrates that the defendant, giving her name as Pamela Roebottom, was detained near a military camp in the Home Counties. At the time of her arrest she was in the company of several American soldiers.

The accused was remanded in custody.

# WAAF MURDER MYSTERY:YARD

A phony baroness picked Joe up one night when he was having a few beers in a London pub, and asked him a lot of leading questions. When this story appeared in the Standard Joe added the clipping to his collection as a reminder to future discretion.

# GET INTO "Fighting Trims"



FOR WOMEN WORKING in this all-out effort...Munsingwear designs a new line of action underwear and sleeping wear.

PRECISION stuff, pared down, purposely planned for comfort as you stoop and bend and stretch. Straps that give; pants that won't hitch up or drag down. Bulkless, petal-soft knitted cotton or rayon... for the feminine touch is never more needed than now.

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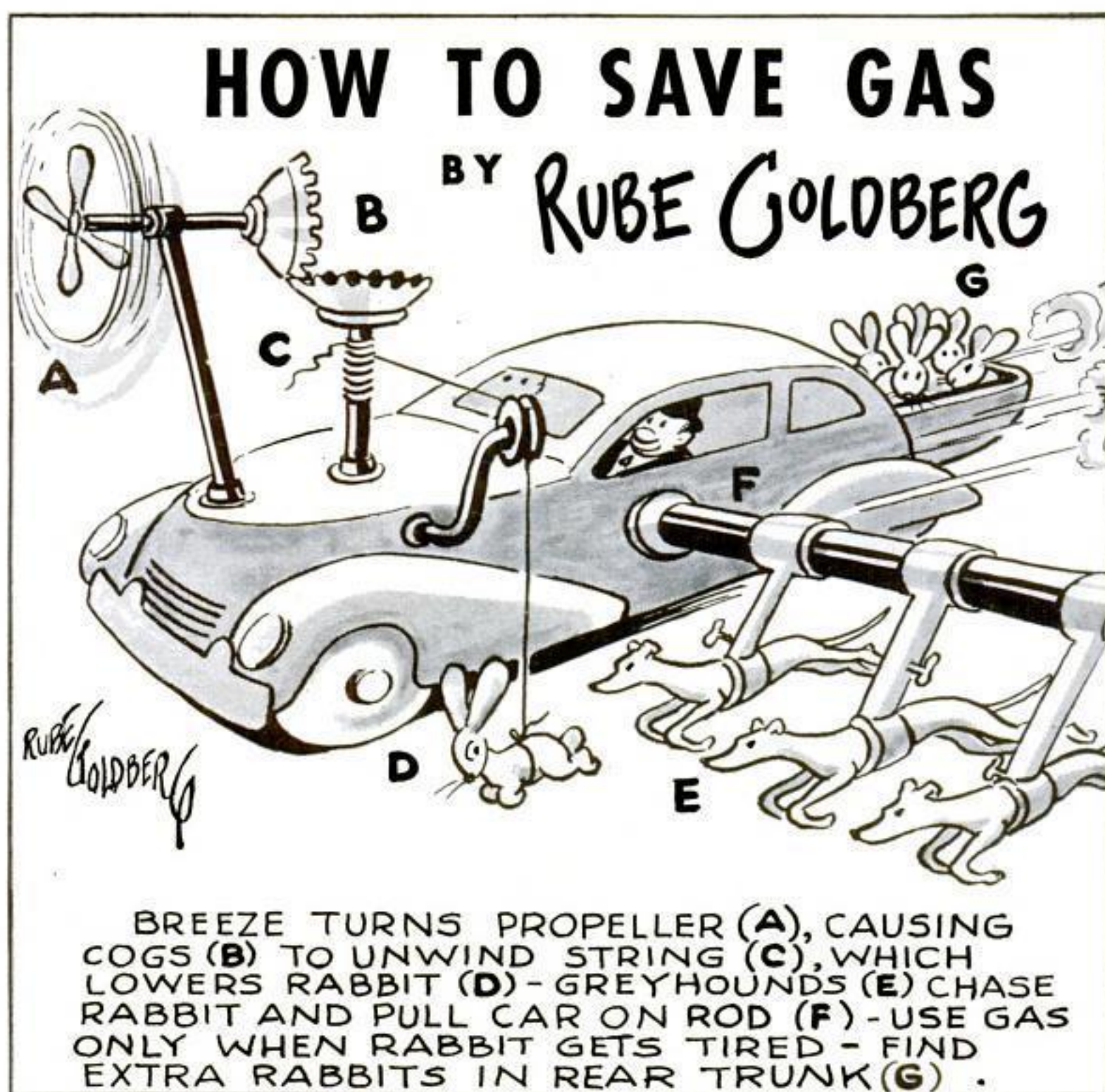
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### Don't Let Your Uncle Down!

If we're going to win this war, it's even more important to save your car and tires than to save gas. Here are a few ways you can save your car for Uncle Sam:



Steer around holes and bumps that may break a tire carcass. If you can't avoid them, slow down.

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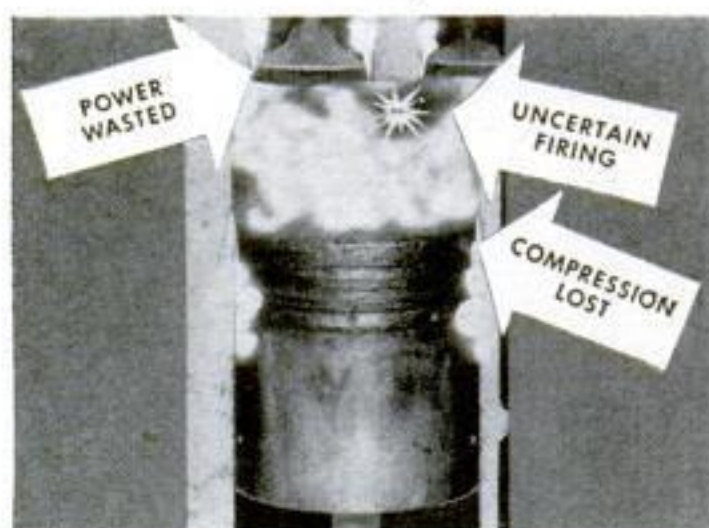
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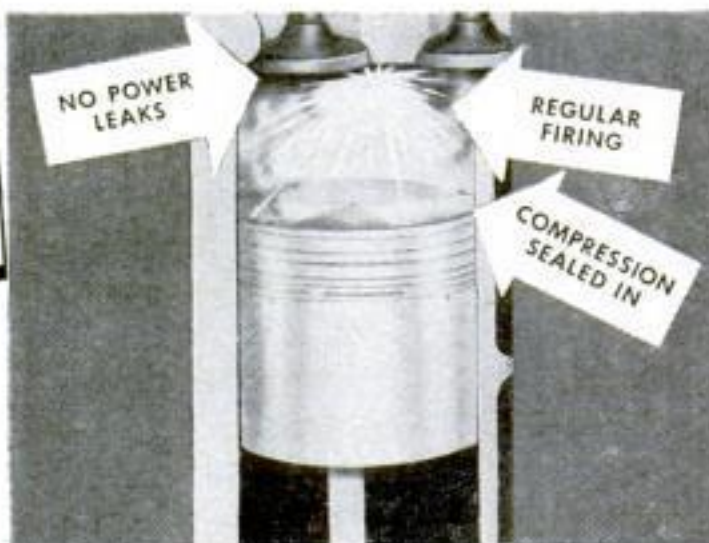


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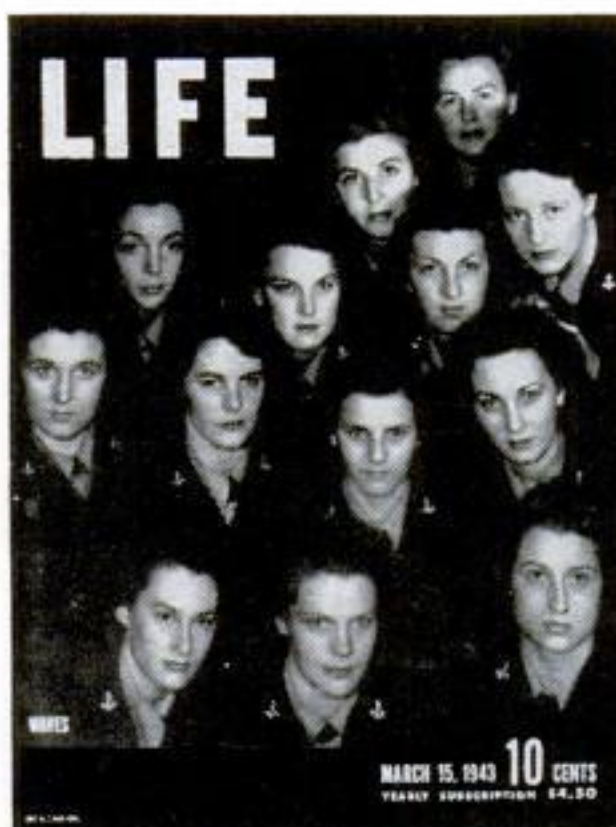
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**LIFE'S COVER:** The pretty but solemn faces on this week's cover belong to enlisted Navy Waves in training at Oklahoma A. & M., Stillwater, Okla. They are wearing their regulation winter uniform of navy blue suit, reserve blue shirt, navy blue tie, with blue foul anchors on their lapels. For more pictures of Waves and Army Waacs, see pages 72-79.

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## LIFE'S PICTURES

Martin Munkácsi, whose pictures of Waacs and Waves appear on pages 72-79, says that as a child he was so poor he never ate meat. Now he is one of the country's most prosperous photographers, specializing in glamorous pictures for magazines like *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*. Last time his pictures appeared in LIFE was four years ago when he photographed Doris Duke Cromwell at home, "Shangri-la," in Hawaii. He works in a New York penthouse.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

COVER—MARTIN MUNKÁCSI

2—PHILIPPE HALSMAN from B.S.

4—GEORGE STROCK

8, 9, 11—DAVID E. SCHERMAN

17—ELIOT ELISOFON—map by FRANK STOCKMAN &amp; ANTHONY J. SODARO

18 through 23—ELIOT ELISOFON

25—A.P.

26—HERBERT GEHR—WALLACE KIRLAND

—WALLACE KIRLAND

27—HERBERT GEHR

28, 29—FREE FRENCH PRESS SERVICE—INT., FREE FRENCH PRESS SERVICE, BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTO

30—PETER STACKPOLE

33, 34, 36—ELIOT ELISOFON

39, 40—RALPH MORSE

42, 44—ERIC SCHALL

46 through 50—BOB LANDRY

55, 56—KARGER-PIX

60—GEOFFREY LANDESMAN

61—W. W.—CULVER, BROWN BROTHERS

—INT., BROWN BROTHERS—KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

62—BROWN BROTHERS—BROWN BROTHERS

—CULVER—BROWN BROTHERS

63—BROWN BROTHERS exc. bot. INT.

65, 66—MYRON H. DAVIS

69—PETER STACKPOLE

70—M-G-M

72 through 79—MARTIN MUNKÁCSI

80—DMITRI KESSEL—F. W. GORO

81—Drawings by JAMES LEWICKI

82—DMITRI KESSEL

83—F. W. GORO

84, 85—Drawings by TED KAUTZKY

86, 93—OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

96—INT.

98, 99, 100, 101—BERNARD HOFFMAN

102—HOMER F. SNOW

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# Memo to Expectant Fathers

YOU HAVE before you one of the greatest experiences a man can know. It is a joyful experience—and a sobering one. It brings a lifetime of satisfaction, affection, love . . . and a continuing responsibility as long as your happy relationship lasts.

For who can measure the span of your dreams for that little life? The happy childhood, the eager adolescence, the fruitful college years . . . you want them all for your child, certainly, as every thoughtful father does.

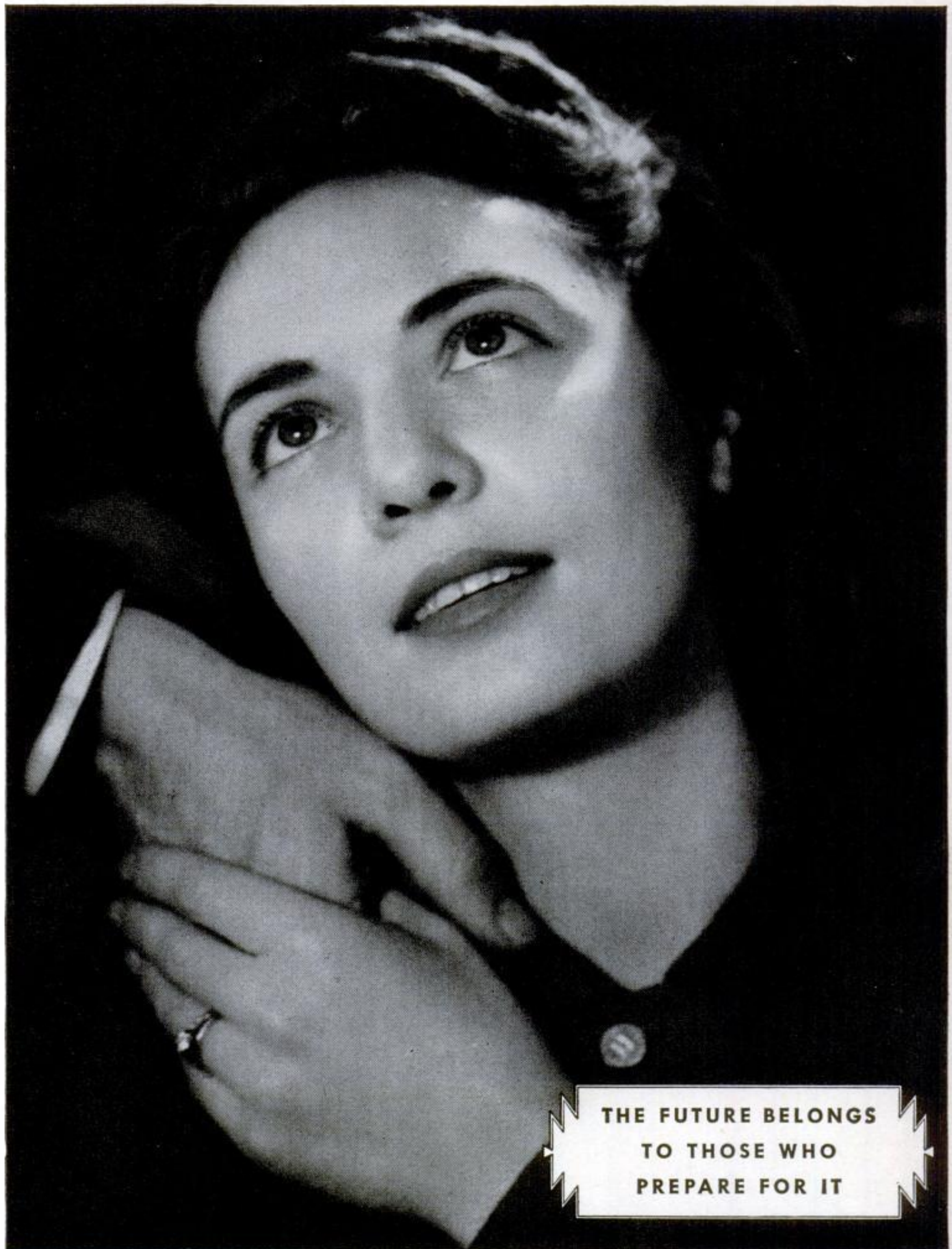
Then isn't it worth while to remember—right now, today—that "The future belongs to those who prepare for it"?

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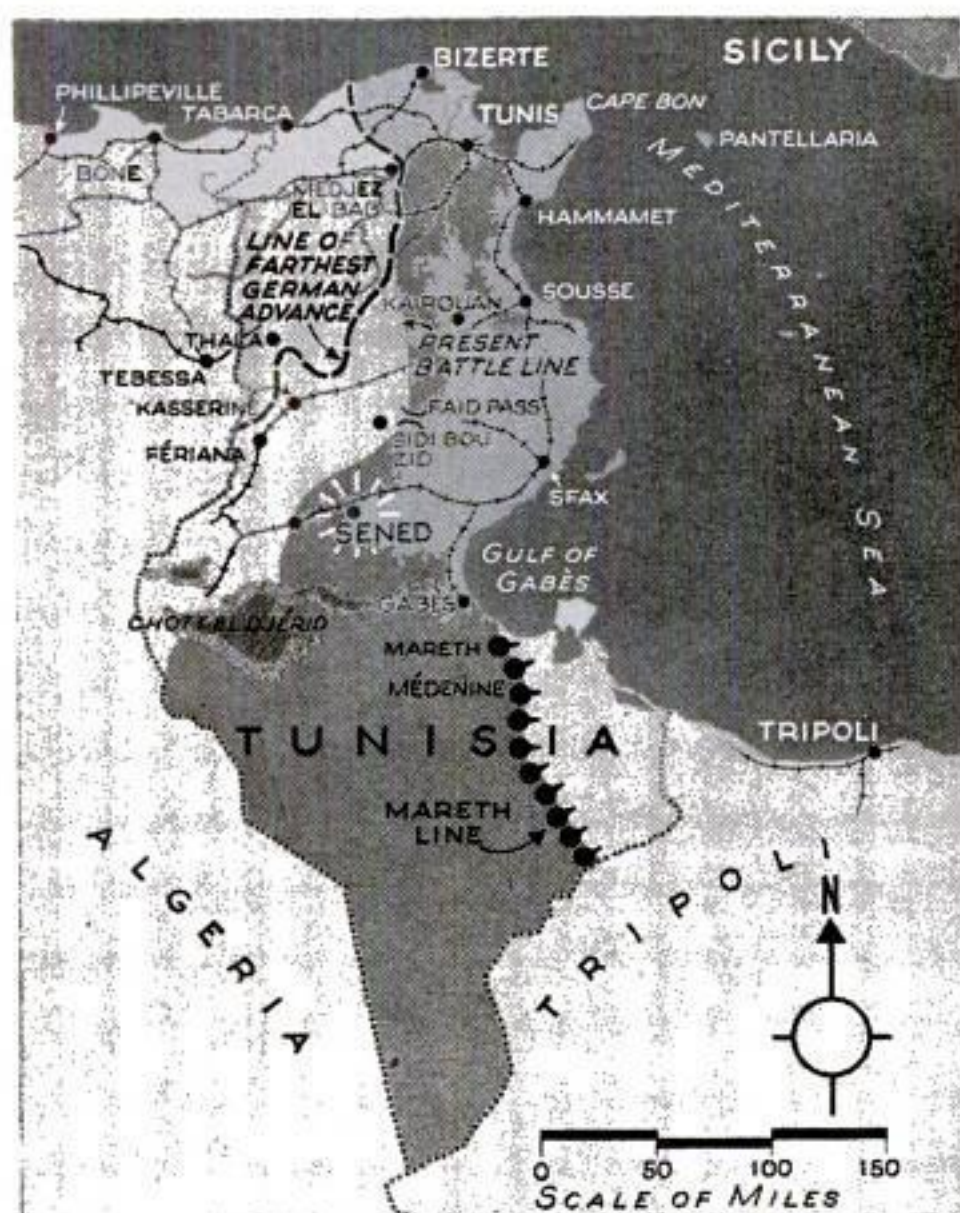
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INFANTRYMEN CHARGE UP A SHALLOW RISE IN VALLEY WHICH LEADS TO OASIS OF SENED, FROM WHOSE BATTERED BUILDINGS A WHITE SMOKE PLUME CLIMBS INTO THE SKY



Tunisian front finds American forces almost back to line they lost when Rommel started February push. But Sened, scene of the battle shown here, is still firmly in Axis hands.

## THE BATTLE OF SENED

Photographs for LIFE by Eliot Elisofon

Sened is a tiny cluster of white buildings set amid olive, peach and almond groves which flourish beside an oasis in the center of a dry flat valley in central Tunisia. From east and west chains of mountains converge narrowly upon this spot of green, and between them runs a spur of the errant Tunisian railroad. Strategically Sened is important, not only for its railroad station, but because it corks a topographical bottleneck. Whoever holds Sened bestrides the tabletop tank country for miles around.

Last week Sened lay deep inside enemy lines. For although U. S. forces had recaptured much of the territory lost to the Axis in Rommel's swift February offensive, American spearheads at Kasserine and the Faid Pass were still about 50 miles to the north. But in the weeks before Rommel's big push rolled back the U. S. lines, Sened thrice changed hands. The battle which last won it for the Americans was covered by LIFE Photographer Eliot Elisofon and LIFE

Correspondent Will Lang. For three days between Jan. 31 and Feb. 2 they dodged dive bombers and gulped dust in foxholes, as they advanced with U. S. armored forces and infantry down the treeless, coverless valley that leads to Sened. Their story begins here.

Many a hard-taught combat lesson was learned by the young Americans who fought at Sened, as by those who faced enemy fire at Sidi Bou Zid, Faid and other battle arenas of the Tunisian theater. In Washington last week Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair, commander of Army Ground Forces, declared that those lessons were already being applied in the U. S. in an effort to train "a more nearly mistake-proof Army." In order to illuminate more vividly the assault tactics utilized in the Battle of Sened, LIFE submitted Elisofon's pictures to General McNair's headquarters for criticism and comment. The observations of spokesmen for his staff are incorporated in the narrative captions on the pages that follow.





**Before the battle** troops flop on the hard sand and read the papers from home. General McNair's staff finds two things

wrong with this scene: at least one soldier should man guns (left) at all times, and vehicles at right are badly dispersed.



**Christmas presents arrive** in a belated mail delivery that surprisingly reaches troops just as they are getting ready to move



**Medium tanks advance** across sandy waste toward the olive groves of Sened, two miles to the east. Dispersal is adequate

here, but when this column comes within range of enemy fire it will be essential for the crews to "button up" their tanks.



**Instrument sergeants take sight** for a 105 battery assigned to clean out mortars which have been delaying light armored units



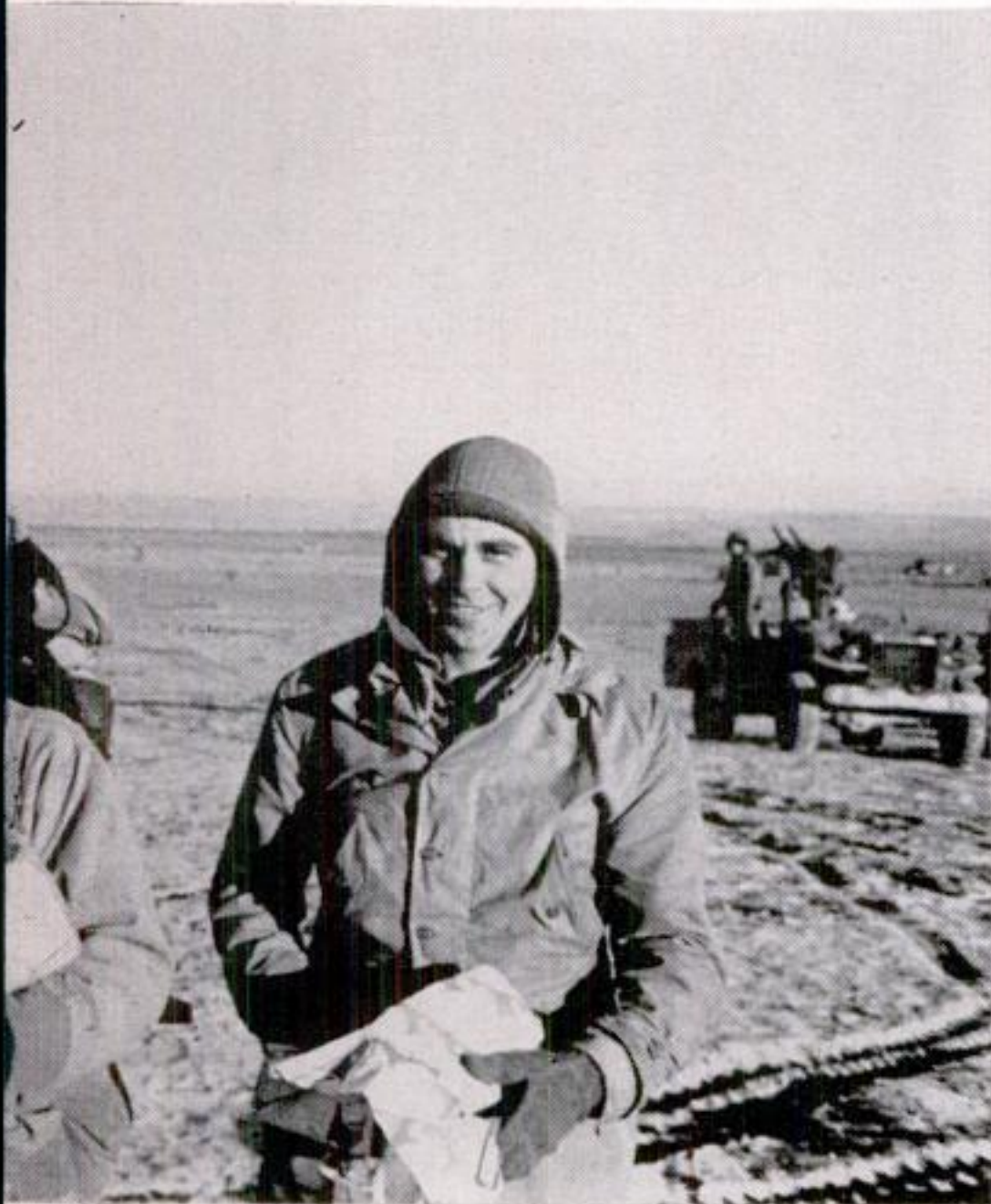
**Skirting the barren hills** above Sened, tanks deploy into position to await the infantry attack. This picture shows good

tactics. Our own artillery commands the ridge in background making it possible for the tanks to hug the sheltering slopes.



**A tank-artillery team** stands on alert. This kind of unit—a 105-mm. howitzer mounted on a half-track—has proved a "winning





into battle. Here three non-coms unwrap their gifts. Sergeant Gilbert Levitt (*center*) got candy sticks, which made a great hit.



in outskirts of Sened. They have laid aside their helmets temporarily as they are well out of range of enemy's active batteries.



combination," according to Army experts, in ground warfare in Tunisia. The 105, a general purpose gun, is poison to tanks.



A fine deep foxhole is excavated by conscientious soldier who has learned the comfort of cover. Prime lesson taught by bat-

les in the unsheltered Tunisian wasteland is that foxholes must be dug promptly as soon as a forward movement halts.



Heading into action, the tanks kick up plumes of sand in their wake. Their mission is to flank Sened, thereby cutting off the

escape of the Axis garrison and preventing reinforcement, while U. S. infantrymen invest the village in frontal assault.



Enemy dive bombers swoop out of the sun to harass the half-tracks and artillery units converging on Sened. Twice Amer-

ican attack had to be postponed because of savage enemy strafing and bombing forays against forming assault teams.





**An enemy dive-bombing attack** halts American light armored forces advancing down the valley toward the oasis of Sened. Thick smoke clouds (*right and left*) are rising from wreckage of two German planes shot down by U. S. anti-aircraft gunners. At left center a thin smoke col-

umn mushrooms from an American half-track which was struck during the assault. In the far distance mantles of smoke billow from enemy positions in the village itself, pounded by American field pieces atop ridge at left. Note troops sheltering themselves in foxholes in foreground.



**Stabbing the sun-caked soil**, soldiers scoop foxholes in the valley floor. In his critique of fighting on the Tunisian front, General McNair emphasized that many casualties were sustained because some troops were slow to undertake this dreary but essential chore. Where there are no

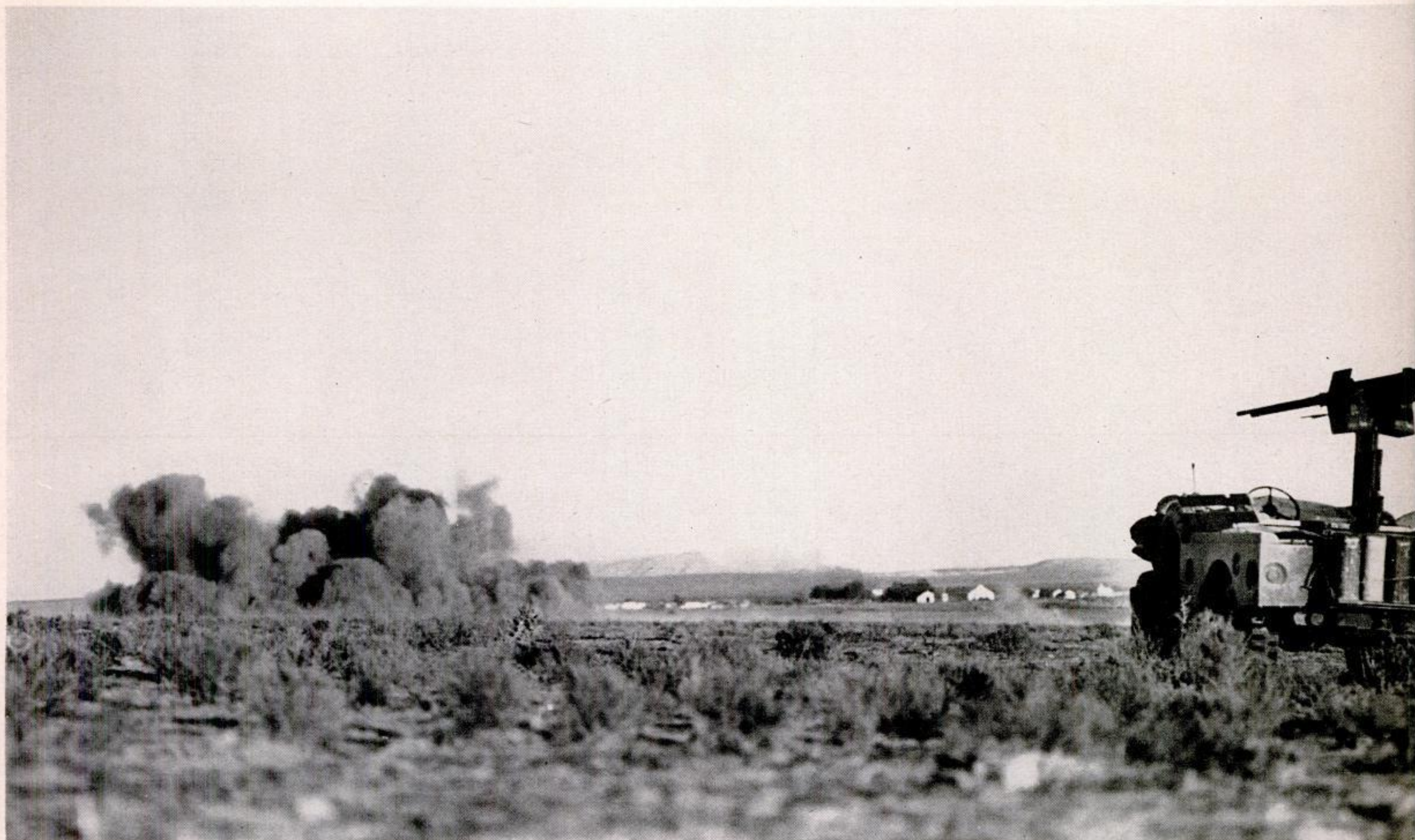
trees, no rocks, no natural depressions, a single soldier's shadow becomes a vivid target for enemy fliers. Digging a foxhole with a shovel is tough enough, but sometimes helmets and mess kits are only implements at hand. Smoke in background is rising from a bombed half-track.





**The valley erupts into flame** as bombs from German Ju-88's and shells from Italian batteries behind Sened lay terrible dark curtains across the path of the advancing American forces. The black promontories rearing into the sky are smoke pillars from detonated explosive; white areas

closer to ground are composed of dust lifted from the arid Tunisian soil. Soldiers charging toward the rise of ground are running too recklessly to conform to best Army techniques for advancing under fire. They should be crouched, or even creeping, in the face of a barrage such as this.



**Nearing oasis of Sened**, whose white houses gleam in the distance, the American columns sustain a final dive-bombing attack. Throughout two previous days, they had painfully advanced in the face of repeated aerial assault and artillery barrages. Now the Axis garrisons in Sened

have evacuated. No gunfire comes from the town. When the last echelon of dive bombers disappears, the Americans will enter Sened without opposition. General McNair's staff would like to know, however, why machine gun at right was not manned during final dive-bombing assault.





**Bespattered with blood and oil** after strafing attack by nine Me-109's on first day of battle, a wounded half-track gunner vainly tries to swallow a sulfa tablet. Attending officer subsequently flushed it down his throat with water. Three other men on the half-track were killed.

**Wounded and shot down** while tangling with enemy dive bombers, Lieut. Haskell Hearterburn, P-40 pilot, emerges from a field medical station with a neat dressing round his head. First-aid units advanced courageously close to enemy positions and lost no time treating injured troops.







Wounded in action, a lieutenant colonel of artillery comes out of the battle with his left arm in a sling



# HOW BIG AN ARMY?—II

THE QUESTION IS WHETHER THE HOME FRONT WANTS TO FIGHT—OR JUST THINKS IT WANTS TO FIGHT

The vital issue now requiring an answer from all citizens is the issue of manpower. How big an Army do we want by the end of 1944? Last week LIFE examined the proposal of the Joint Staff—a military establishment of 11,100,000 men, of which 8,200,000 would be in the Army, including 4,750,000 overseas. The fact emerged from that examination that this force will yield only about 100 combat divisions overseas, whereas Germany alone has nearly 300 and the total Axis (in Europe) an estimated 483.

Those who contend that the proposed Army is too big say that the civilian population would be unable to support it. The unhappy fact about the thinking of this group is that it proceeds backward. It does not start by defining the goal to be won—total defeat of Germany and Japan. It starts by measuring the difficulties in the way. No war was ever won by that method. Obviously it would be easier to man and equip a combat force of 50 divisions than one of 100 divisions. What the advocates of the smaller Army must show—and have not shown—is that the 50 divisions would do the job better than the 100 divisions.

## Must We Admit Defeat?

With their minds thus twisted around to emphasize the difficulties rather than the goal, the advocates of a smaller Army have been tricked into a number of easy but dangerous rationalizations. The first of these is the contention that the U. S. cannot make war efficiently with so large a portion of its manpower under arms. But the fact is that the proposed Army is modest, not only in absolute military terms, but in terms of population percentage. In this regard, little Britain provides us with a very useful measure. With a population of only 46,000,000 Britain now has about 4,500,000 men under arms, or almost exactly 10%.

Now it is contended that the U. S. has to carry the biggest industrial load of all the Allies, and that for this reason we should have a smaller portion of our population under arms. Very well—that is exactly what the present Army program contemplates. For at the completion of that program in 1944 the U. S. will have only 8% under arms, as contrasted with the 10% that Britain already has.

And the fact is that, with 10% under arms, Britain has thus far, on a per capita basis, outproduced the U. S. From October 1941, through December 1942, she exported to Russia 3,000 tanks and more than 3,000 planes. She has been shipping more than 80% of her munitions overseas. She has covered her own skies with the best fighting planes in the world, built thousands of bomb-

ers, launched an armada of merchant ships. In the light of her achievement, indeed, it is almost an absurdity to say that, with only 8% in the armed forces, the U. S. could not perform its industrial role.

An equally dangerous rationalization is that we lack the shipping to transport and maintain anything so large as the Joint Staff proposes. In effect this argument concedes victory to Hitler now. A basic element of German strategy is to prevent us from transporting an A. E. F. across the Atlantic big enough to fight in Europe. Maybe Hitler can be successful in this. But must we admit defeat already? The U-boat situation is indeed critical; nevertheless, our admirals have not given up hope of licking it. If—as Americans usually do—they should find a way, how tragic would be our predicament without any men to send over. With victory within our grasp we should then be unable to seize it. Surely the only course that a sane and sincere patriot can pursue is to train the soldiers first—and have them ready.

## It Is Quite Possibly True . . .

However, not all the arguments against the Joint Staff's proposal are phonies. There are some very forceful arguments. And these have to do with the home front.

In pursuit of his aims Adolf Hitler has taken many gambles. But his last and fundamental gamble must be against the American people. His gamble is that the American home front will never be willing to make war the way the Russians and the English are making war. For if we at home should suddenly become as inspired as the boys of Guadalcanal or the boys of Buna, Hitler has no chance in the long run. But on the other hand, if we are kept in a state of confusion, ignorance and apathy, he has a chance—indeed, a good chance—to fight and wheedle his way into a massive defensive position.

And thus far, Hitler's big gamble has worked out better than we like to think; for the attitude of the American people toward the war has not been so hot. For every million Americans ready and willing to endure the hardships of war, there is another million who not only have no idea of what those hardships are, but don't expect to endure them. And so long as these millions persist in that attitude the maintenance of even 8% of our population in the armed forces will be a precarious business.

So one argument against an 8,200,000-man Army is that too many Americans just don't want to fight that hard. But a second argument lies in the fact that the leaders of the home front have shown themselves unwilling or incompetent to put the nation on a total war basis. One reason people fail in their war

duties, for example, is that the information services have failed to make the war a reality. The Army, the Navy, the press and all the services of the Government have let the people down in this most vital particular. And it is quite possibly true that, without adequate information—to say nothing of inspiration—the people will never be willing to endure the hardships of maintaining an 8,200,000-man Army.

The same goes for other departments of the war effort. It is quite possibly true that if something is not done to improve Mr. Wickard's handling of the agricultural program there is going to be, not just rationing (which is a necessary part of total war), but an actual food shortage impeding the war effort. It is quite possibly true that so long as WPB is run by a political palace guard, with Donald Nelson as a front man, the Army and Navy will fail to get the kind of tough action on the industrial front that the maintenance of a big Army requires. And it is beyond a reasonable doubt that we shall never maintain 8% in the armed forces so long as the manpower problem is handled as it has been thus far. For the wastage in manpower throughout the land is plain for all to see.

## Pigmies as Giants

The case against an 8,200,000-man Army, therefore, is not a case against the Joint Staff. It is a case against the home front—the Washington administrators, the press, the people themselves. The question is whether the home front really wants to fight, or just thinks it wants to fight. And if the home front just thinks it wants to fight, then it will inevitably fall into the error that the advocates of a smaller Army are committing. It will become enmeshed in obstacles, frustrated by difficulties, defeated by hardships. It will never see the distant and shining goal—and so, will never reach for it.

That goal is total and uncompromising victory. That goal is the establishment of freedom so firmly that it can never again be shaken. And if the American people really want that goal, then it is time for them to lift their eyes to it. It is time for all of us, leaders and private citizens, to fix our hearts beyond grocery stores and the black markets, beyond the pleas of labor and the prejudices of management, beyond the frantic internal politics of Washington; to fix our hearts, as our boys do in battle, upon the chosen objective. If we do that, we shall encounter many difficulties, but nothing "impossible." Indeed, if we do that, we shall suddenly see what the real Army issue is: not whether the proposed Army is too big, but whether it is too small; not whether the American people are pigmies, but whether they are giants.

## PICTURE OF THE WEEK

On March 4, tenth anniversary of President Roosevelt's first inaugural, photographers filed in to take his picture. Through their cameras, they saw a

man grown grayer and heavier but remarkably unchanged in spirit. He gathered about him members of his secretariat. Then he stuck a cigaret holder

between his teeth at the jaunty angle cartoonists love and grinned a cocky smile. "Let's shoot one this way, boys," said Franklin Delano Roosevelt.





After ten years in the White House,  
the President takes a favorite pose





PHILANTHROPIST J. D. ROCKEFELLER



GOVERNOR ROBERT BLOOD, NEW HAMPSHIRE



GOVERNOR RAYMOND BALDWIN, CONNECTICUT



WENDELL WILLKIE INTRODUCING MME. CHIANG



GOV. THOMAS E. DEWEY OF NEW YORK



GOVERNOR J. H. McGRATH, RHODE ISLAND



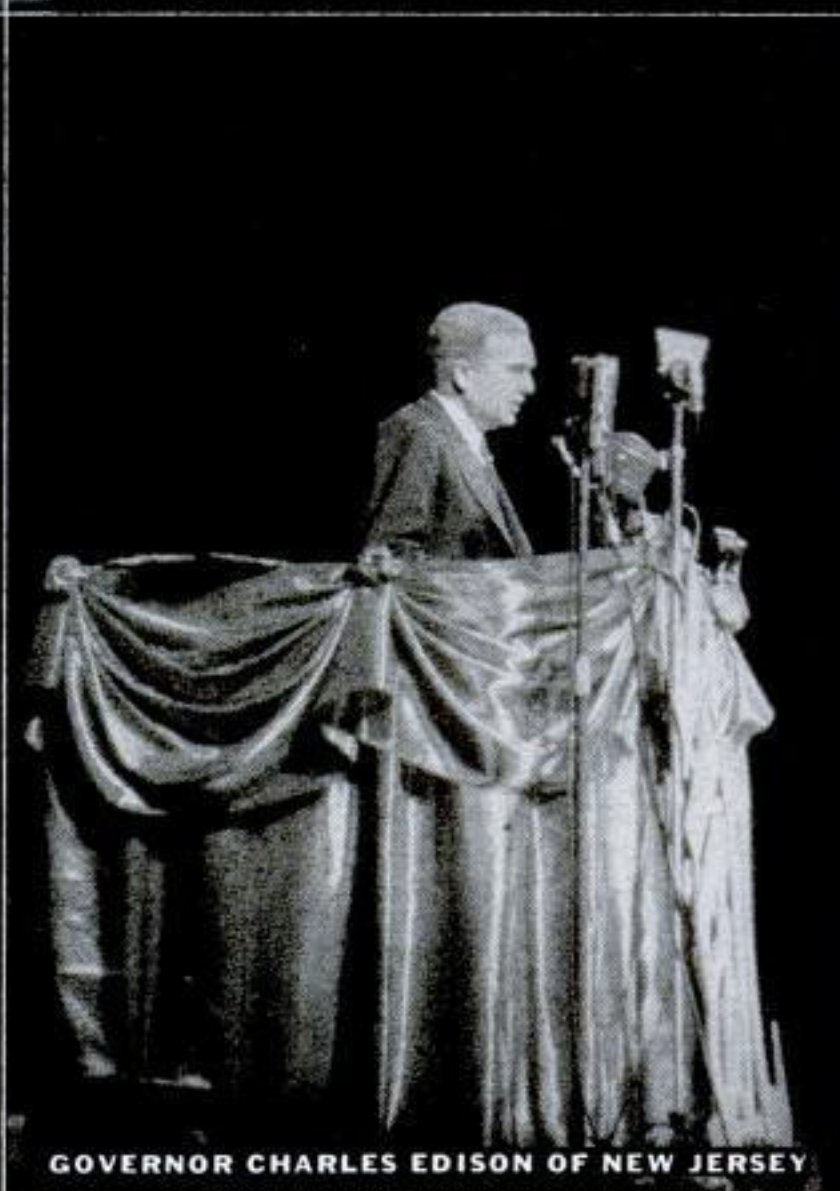
DAVID DUBINSKY, PROMINENT LABOR LEADER



GOVERNOR WILLIAM H. WILLS OF VERMONT



LIEUT. GENERAL HENRY H. ARNOLD



GOVERNOR CHARLES EDISON OF NEW JERSEY



GOVERNOR LEVERETT SALTONSTALL OF MASS.



GUEST OF HONOR, MME. CHIANG KAI-SHEK

# MASS TRIBUTE TO MME. CHIANG

17,000 at New York rally cheer  
wife of China's Generalissimo

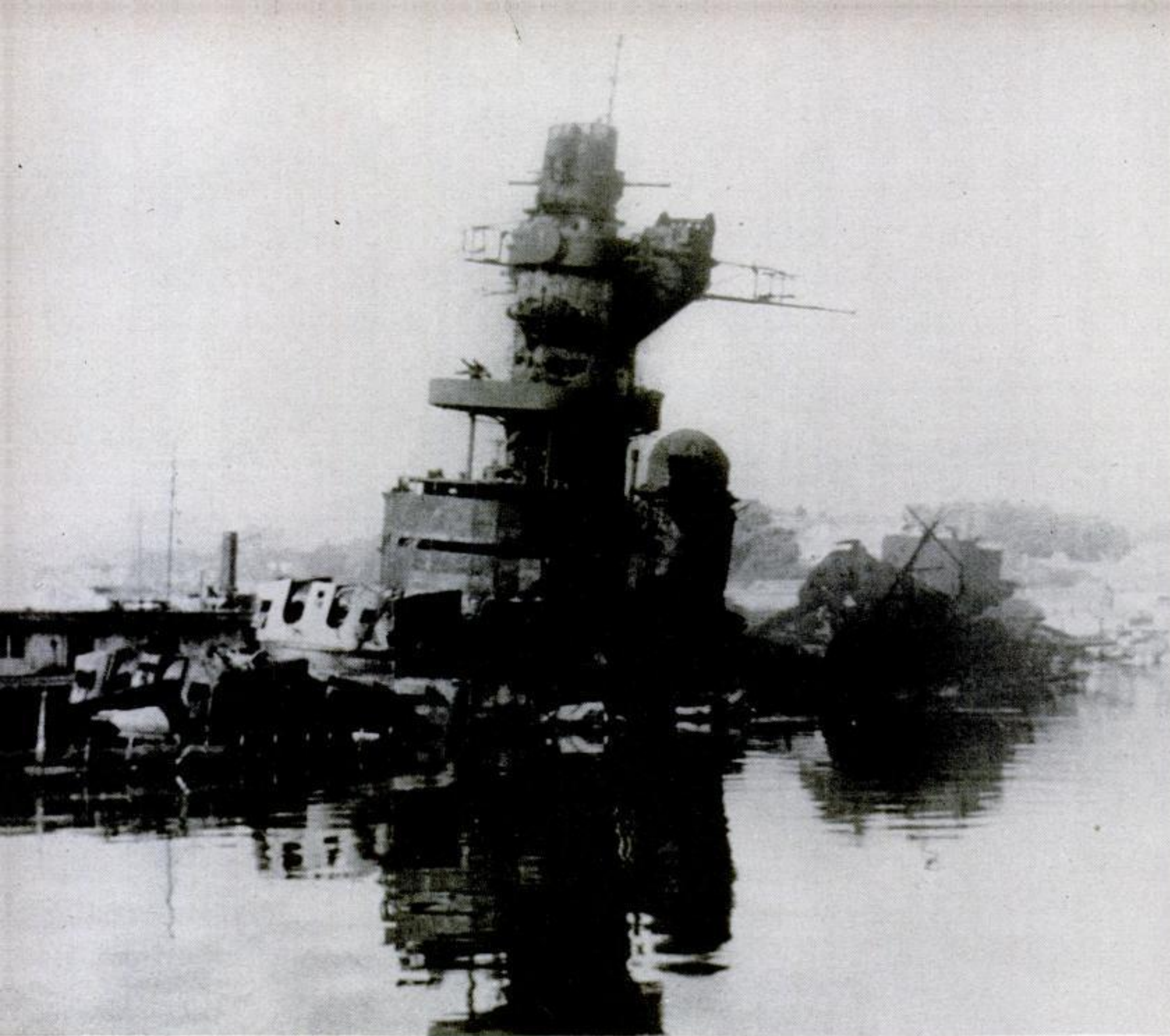
In New York last week 17,000 people packed flag-bedecked Madison Square Garden to hear Mme. Chiang Kai-shek's profoundly moving pledge that China "shall hold firm" in her long struggle against Japan. They also heard many of their own leaders (above) including the Governors of nine States praise China's "charming representative" and vow unfaltering support to her country's fight. The vast, enthusiastic audience, called together by a Citizen's Committee headed by John D. Rockefeller Jr. (upper left), roared approval as Wendell Willkie called Mme. Chiang "an avenging angel because she moves with a purpose and a mind." He introduced the Generalissimo's wife as "a soldier unafraid in the fight for justice."

Standing in the spotlight's glare against a spectacular blue backdrop adorned with the magenta Chinese symbol of victory (see opposite page), Mme. Chiang thanked Americans "for what you have done and are doing." Speaking with the same quiet dignity and flawless eloquence which marked her address to Congress (LIFE, Mar. 1), she stressed the war's purposes, outlining as the ultimate goal a future in which the "whole world must be thought of as one great state, common to gods and men." Earlier in the evening a similar hope had been expressed by Governor Sumner Sewall of Maine, who declared that out of common suffering "will come a faith and friendship that will make the United Nations in fact a united nation."









Heavy cruiser "Algerie," newest and most formidable in the French Navy, has apparently lost its stern mast, funnel and

fire-control tower. The two 8-in. guns in its No. 2 turret are gone. The *Algerie* was heavily armored. It is a total loss.



Heavy cruiser "Dupleix," of the Suffren class, has had explosions inside turrets, rests on bottom. It was reported heavily

# SCUTTling AT TOULON

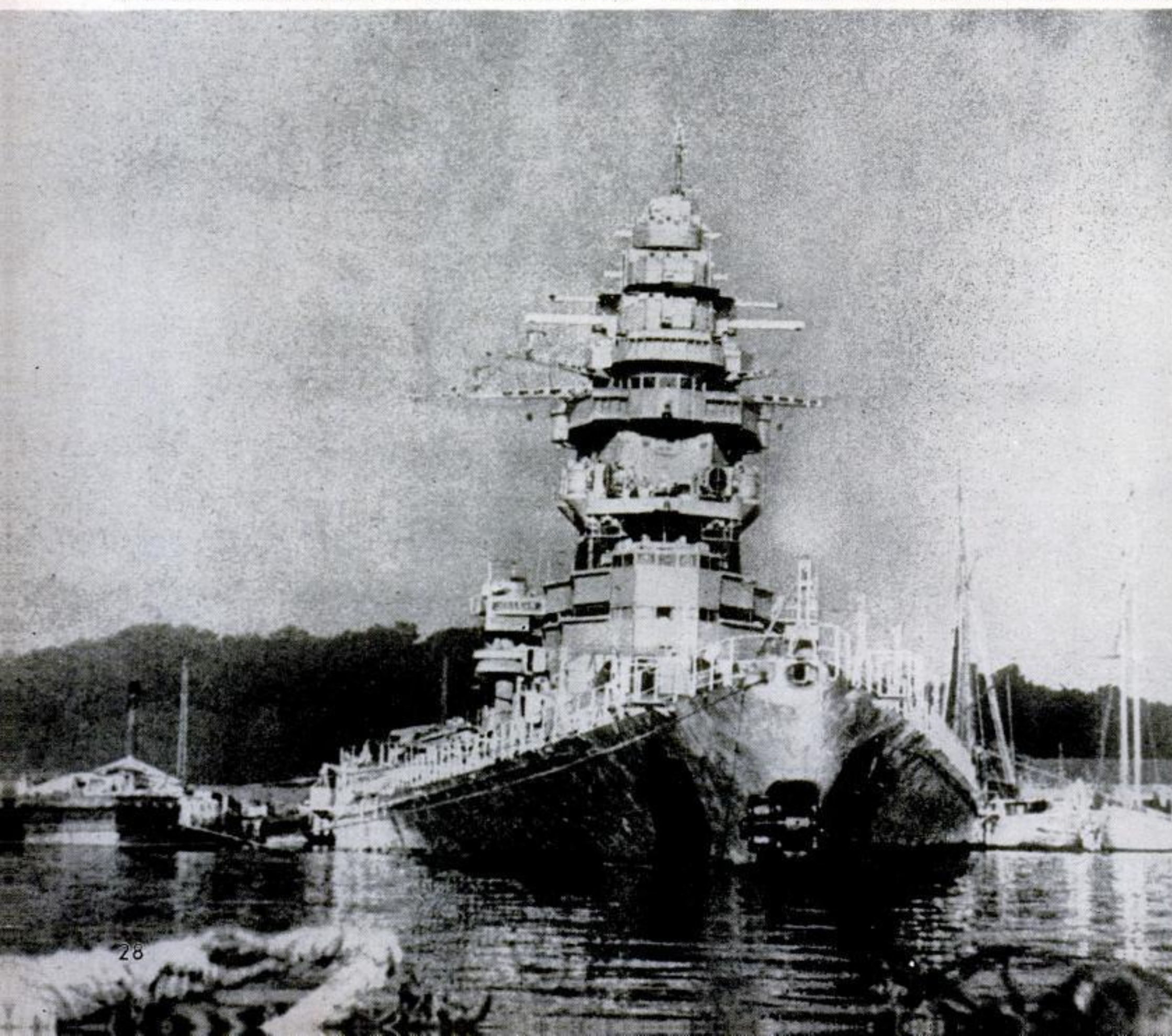
195,000 tons of the French Fleet escape Hitler

Axis control of the seas may well have been within Hitler's reach just before dawn Nov. 27. But when his troops slipped into the great French naval base of Toulon to kidnap the French Fleet, French sailors made the greatest single contribution to victory that France has yet given in this war. What they did was shown for the first time in these pictures. The hero was said to be Vice Admiral Jean de Laborde, who sent out the order, "Carry out B plan." Plan B was to scuttle. According to the figures of U. S. Secretary of the Navy Knox, they knocked out, permanently or tempo-

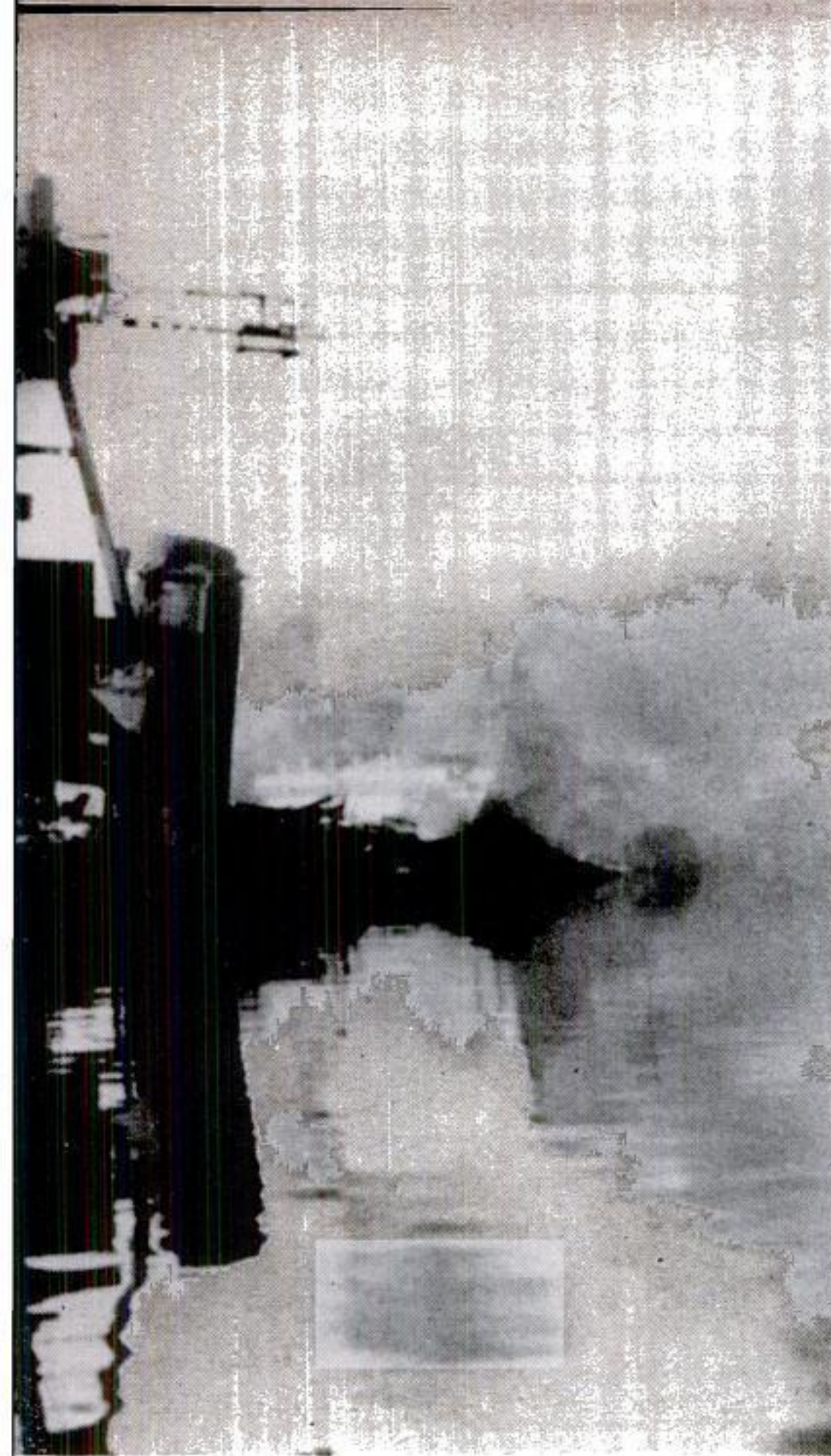
The great battleship "Strasbourg," 26,500 tons, with a speed of 30 knots, is obviously lying on the bottom, though not

much damage can be seen topside. Once outmatching all U.S. battleships, it is now inferior to several new American ships.

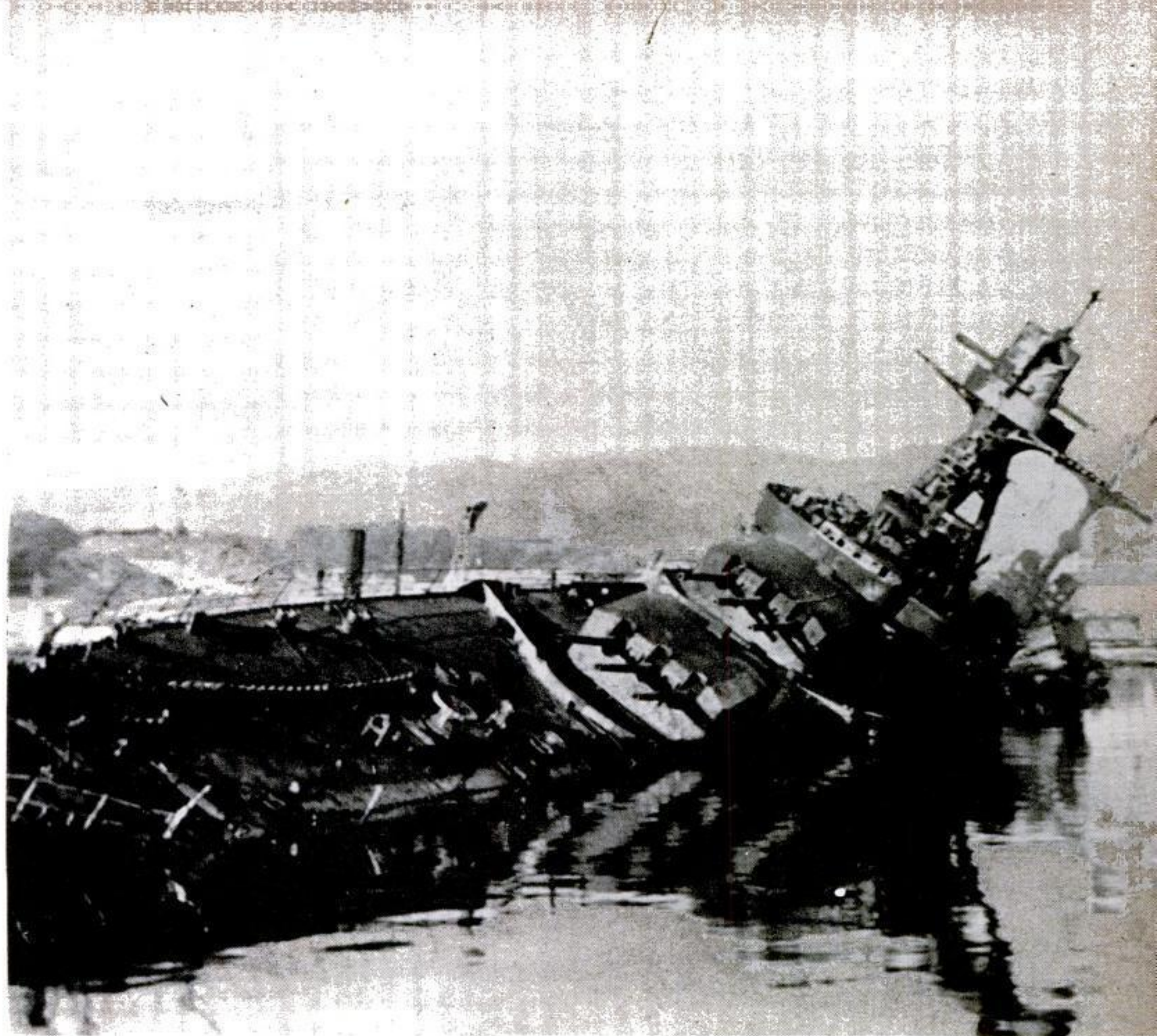
Small warships sunk in Toulon harbor include these two sloops, the *Curieuse* and the *Impetuese*. Reported scuttled and awash







afire, together with a sister ship *Foch* or *Colbert*. Turrets of the secondary batteries beside the bridge seem entirely destroyed.



**Light cruiser**, presumably *Marseillaise*, has sunk and keeled over. Whole amidships has blown out and twisted. The 6-in.

guns may not have been spiked but the ship itself seems a total loss. Two sister ships were at Toulon in fitting docks.

rarily, 195,000 tons of fighting ships. About 25,000 tons were left intact. Four submarines escaped, three to North Africa, one to Spain.

Arguments have been bitter as to how badly the ships were damaged. These new pictures furnish some data. They were taken by members of the Free French underground movement and smuggled out of France. They show that the important threat, that of the French Fleet as a fighting total joining Hitler, has gone forever. The United Nations can handle such ships as are finally made serviceable and

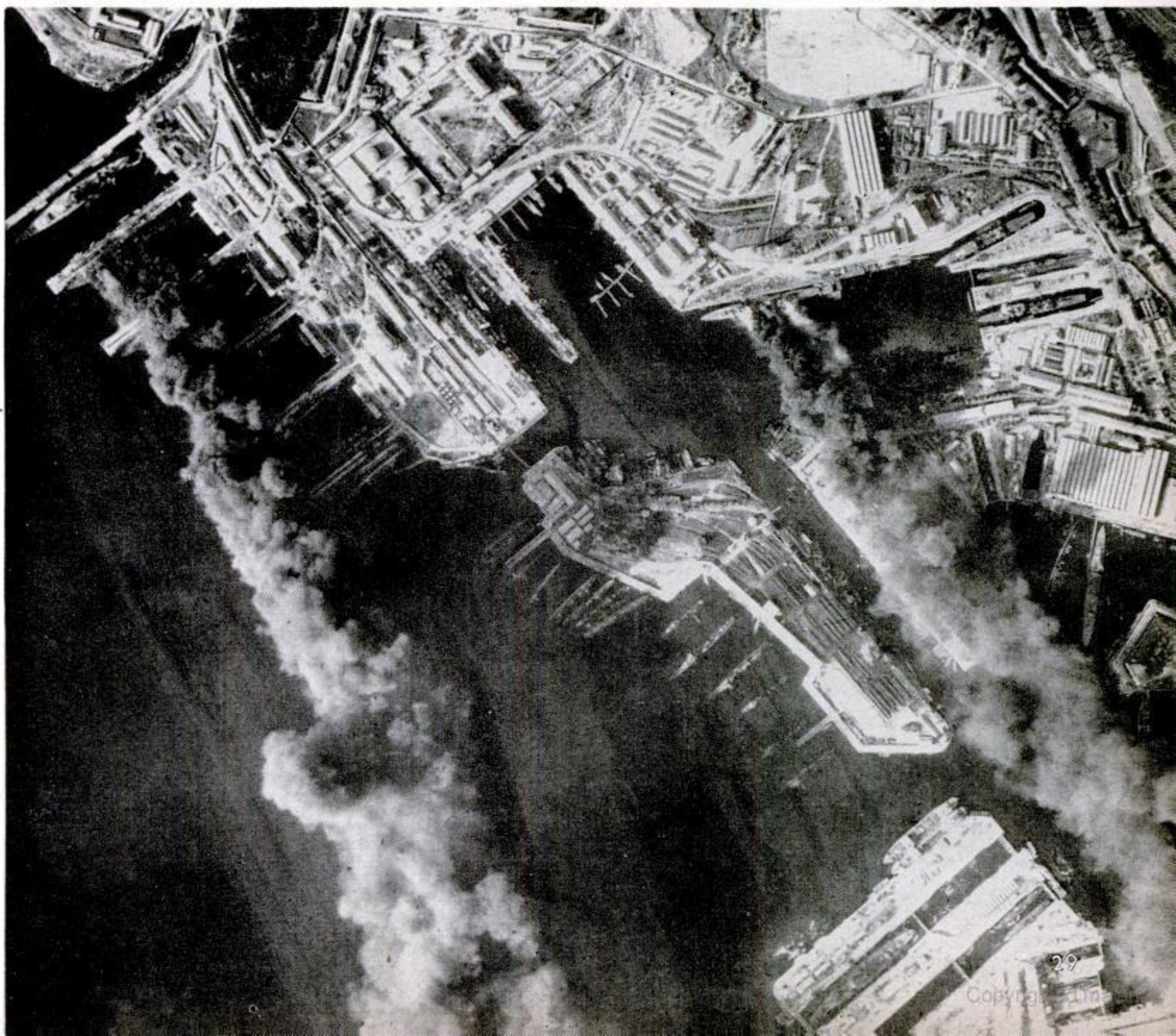
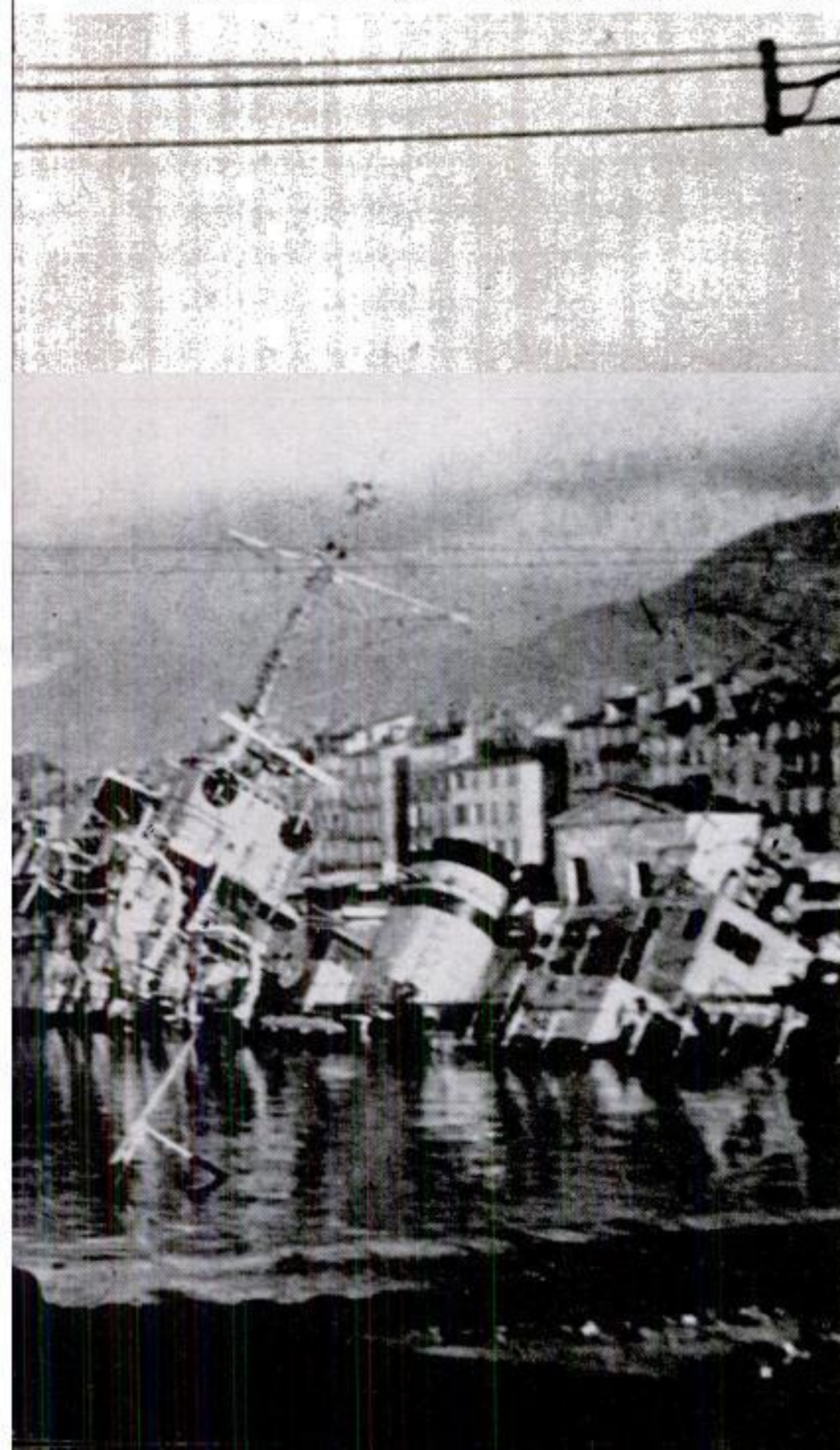
manned by Germans. In some cases, the Germans would have no greater job to refloat and refit the ships than the Americans have already done at Pearl Harbor. One report had it, however, that the Germans had already despaired of the job, especially since Toulon is within bombing range of Allied planes.

The agony and the heroism of the suicidal scuttling at Toulon have not been well enough understood in this country. Very few of the ships could have sailed out to join the Allies, for lack of fuel and repairs. They had to die the hard way.

at Toulon was impressive total of 26 destroyers, plus six more damaged, and a number of gunboats, cargo ships, net layers, etc.

**In Toulon harbor**, Nov. 27, *Strasbourg* lies at top left, above burning *Algerie*, *Colbert*, *Marseillaise*. In center is a row of

big destroyers. In the drydocks at the bottom are two submarines and a battleship. Picture was taken by British plane.







## HERO BARNEY ROSS

Back from Guadalcanal, ex-boxing champion gets a warm welcome home

Fighting men on Guadalcanal dubbed tough, thick-necked Corporal Barney Ross "the fightin'est marine." Barney earned the title and recommendation for Distinguished Service Cross when he and his men ran into enemy fire one night as they were being relieved by Army reinforcements. Against a barrage of machine guns and mortars, Ross threw 21 hand grenades, fired 100 rounds of M-1 rifle ammunition and at least 80 from his Springfield. When the smoke cleared

away the following morning, Barney had knocked off 22 Japs, saved the lives of a half-dozen comrades, and suffered four shrapnel wounds. Barney calls that night "the toughest round I ever slugged through. I thought the bell would never sound." Home on leave last week, the 32-year-old former lightweight and welterweight boxing champion got a warm welcome from his pretty wife (*above, in white blouse*) and her showgirl friends at N. T. G.'s Hollywood night club.





## NEW RICHNESS FOR THE SOUP OF OLD NEW ORLEANS



### MORE VEGETABLES . . . AND MORE CHICKEN THAN A CREOLE COOK EVER DREAMED OF!

Even the most lavish Southern hospitality never rose to a gumbo more delicious than this! It's Campbell's new, improved Chicken Gumbo—brimming with more than ever of the richness of fine, plump chickens, carefully simmered. And thicker than ever with luscious, garden-grown vegetables—red-ripe tomatoes, celery and young green okra. The seasoning is perfection! Just the right blending of savory herbs to give a subtle, distinctive flavor that people like, at first taste.

Ladle out big bowls of this excitingly different chicken soup as your main lunch dish on busy days. Serve it as the start of family supper. Try it, too, when company comes—and be prepared for compliments all round the table.

Tomorrow ask your grocer for Campbell's Chicken Gumbo—a new, improved soup, richer and more nourishing for these strenuous times.



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

## Campbell's CHICKEN GUMBO

When gay festivity's  
At hand,  
This different soup is  
Simply grand!







# YES! A farm-fresh Vegetable Dinner — only 20¢ a portion!



1. With meat and fish shortages, serve a marvelous Vegetable Dinner—by Birds Eye! COST: about 20¢ per portion! The Fixins: Cut Corn and Baby Limas, Plus French-sliced Green Beans (ALL easy-to-fix). Plus a baked Potato (supplied by you).



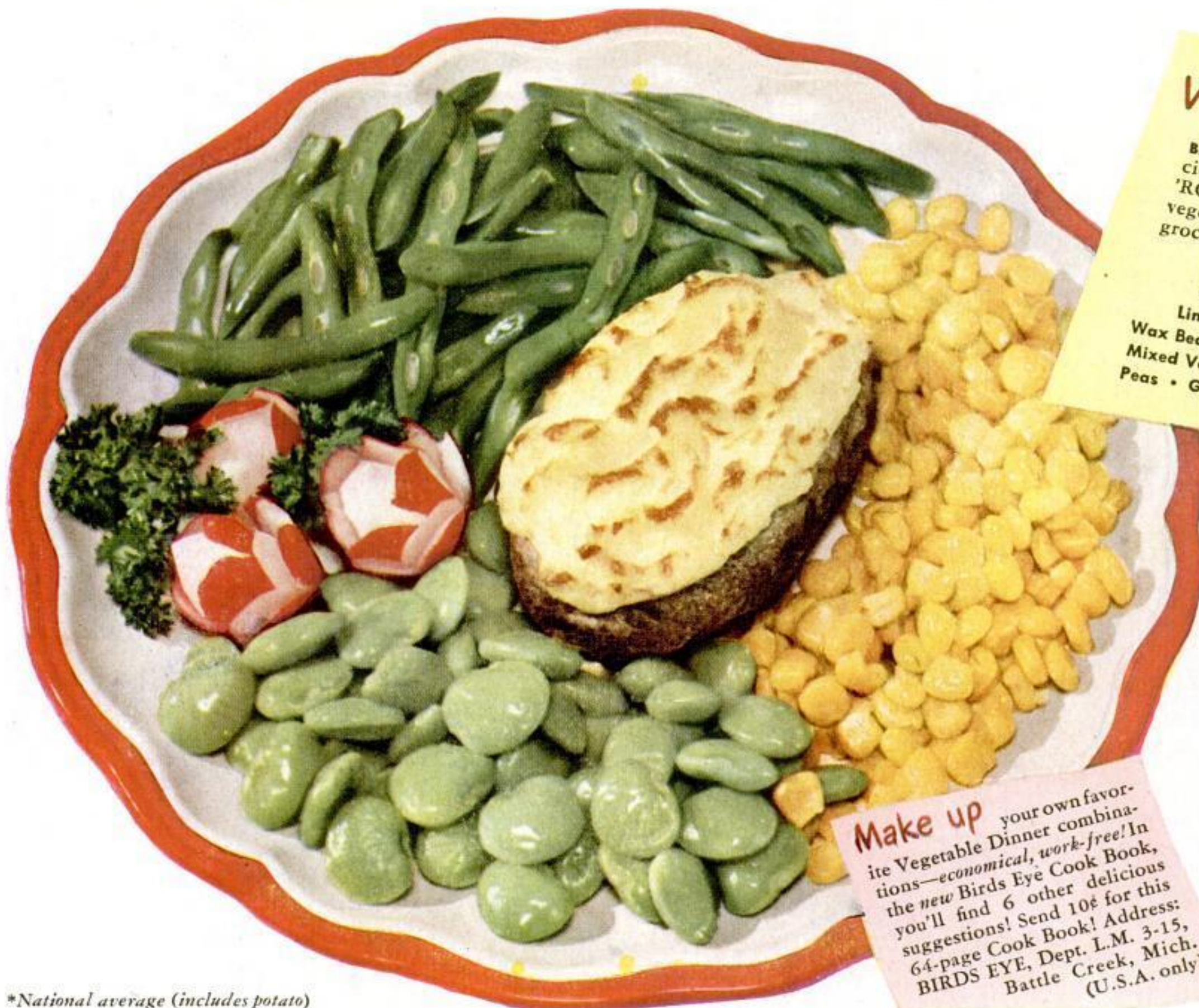
2. The corn is milky, sugar-sweet! The Green Baby Limas are tender little nippers—delicious! French-sliced Green Beans are sensational! These Birds Eye Vegetables are Quick-Frozen within 4 hours! Freshness, flavor, nutrition and vitamins are sealed in!



3. And these luscious vegetables are waste-free, cleaned, and shelled—ready to cook! PRECIOUS HOURS are thus saved for War Work! And because you buy them ALL in one department, featuring great variety, they solve your shopping worries.



4. And remember: only 20¢ a portion, allowing about 5¢ for that baked potato! COMPARE BIRDS EYE PRICES—see how much you'll save! Every ounce is eatable! And, Birds Eye Vegetables are rich in important vitamins and minerals!



## TALK ABOUT VEGETABLE VARIETY!

BIRDS EYE gives you a great variety of the most delicious vegetables to choose from—ALL YEAR 'ROUND! ALL garden-fresh, too! Buy ALL your vegetables from the Birds Eye Department at your grocer's, from this large selection:

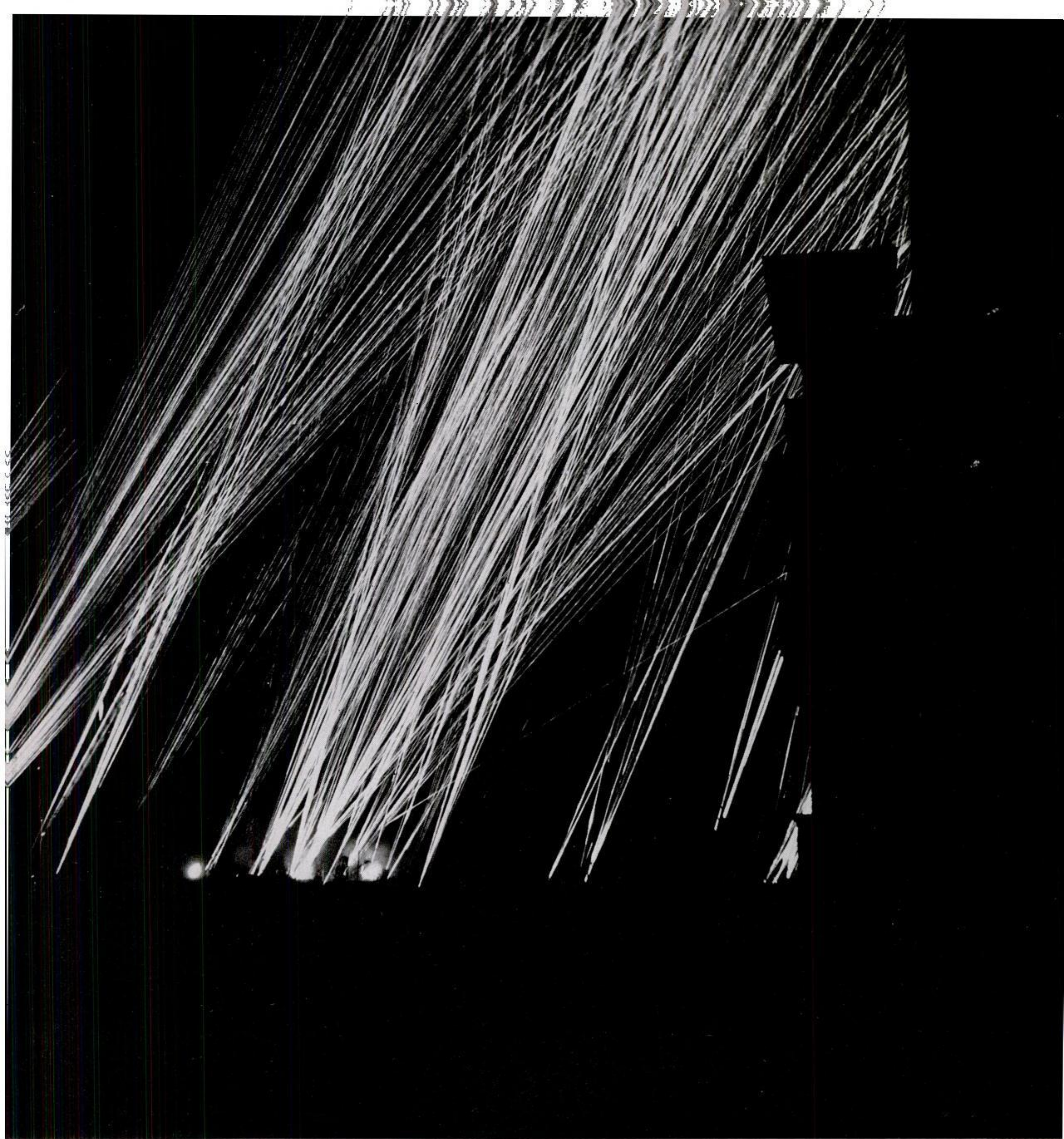
Asparagus Spears • Asparagus Cuts  
Green Beans—(French-sliced or 1-inch cut)  
Lima Beans (Baby Green or Large Ford Hook)  
Wax Beans • Broccoli • Brussels Sprouts • Spinach  
Mixed Vegetables • Corn on Cob • Peas & Carrots  
Peas • Golden Sweet Corn • Squash • Cauliflower

Make up your own favorite Vegetable Dinner combinations—economical, work-free! In the new Birds Eye Cook Book, you'll find 6 other delicious suggestions! Send 10¢ for this 64-page Cook Book! Address: BIRDS EYE, Dept. L.M. 3-15, Battle Creek, Mich. (U.S.A. only)



\*National average (includes potato)





GEYSERS OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE FINGER SKY OVER CASABLANCA, SEEKING GERMAN PLANES THAT MADE A THOUSAND-MILE RAID TWO WEEKS BEFORE ROOSEVELT VISIT

# ACK-ACK FIRE AT CASABLANCA

Germans pay first and only visit

Gone are the days when the German *Luftwaffe* could come over a Guernica, a Warsaw, a Rotterdam, a Compiègne and destroy it with leisurely impunity. An amazing demonstration of the belated might of the democracies is the picture above of the sky over Casablanca in the early morning of Dec. 31. Half a dozen German bombers had come over, having probably flown high over Spain. They dropped a few 500-lb. bombs and did very little damage to anything militarily important. One hit on a railroad track was repaired by the American Army in short order. There was a cloud ceiling at about half a mile and the Ger-

man planes had to duck down through it to look for targets. Whenever they did so, they ran into the fire-works shown in the time exposure above.

The lines across the sky are all anti-aircraft fire, which show as rose-pink. The glowing spots at bottom may be searchlights. This unprofitable surprise raid so discouraged the Germans that, when President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill arrived two weeks later, they were not troubled by a single raid. This, in fact, is the only raid to date on Casablanca. Pictures, held up presumably because of the Casablanca conference, were released only last week.



If he's the fussy type-



that's hard to please-



here's how to make him smile!



**You can't hold out against RITZ-  
it's America's Favorite Cracker!**



Ritz crackers taste too good to pass up—ever! They're made by folks who are masters at biscuit baking. That's why Ritz—and every other cracker and cookie identified by the red Nabisco seal is such a delight. Always look for it when you buy.

**BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**

## Casablanca Raid (continued)



**Mark of the bombing** is this blasted wall in a Berber house in Casablanca. Two women sit in scrambled ruins of their violated privacy, drawing their veils about them.



**Mourning five kinsmen** killed by German bombs, the tearful native woman at left is careless about her face covering. She wears a tribal mark between her eyebrows.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36





1. Does she worry about our scarcity of butter and beef? Does she care what happens overseas to the hired man who used to milk her? Does she give a moo about taxes?



2. Not Bossie. She just chews her cud and relaxes. How different from us hectic humans with the worries of the world on our backs.



3. Take Bossie's boss. He does a heap of fretting about help, taxes, and prices. To make matters worse, he's one of those people whose nerves are affected by the caffeine in coffee!



4. Even in small doses, caffeine can jangle some people's nerves enough to rob them of that miraculous refresher, sleep. Bossie's boss loves his coffee, loses his sleep, and acts ornery!



5. Well, he needn't give up that delightful beverage—and neither need you! You both can enjoy a steaming good cup of coffee without upsetting your nerves! Here's how—



6. Switch to Sanka Coffee, the delicious coffee that is 97% caffeine-free! It can't keep you tossing in bed all night. It can't get on anyone's nerves.



7. Only the caffeine is removed. All the rich, satisfying aroma and flavor of the fine Sanka blend stay in. It's real coffee...all coffee...and downright tempting coffee.



8. Next time you get your coffee ration, get Sanka Coffee. It lets your tired nerves relax; it can't keep you awake at night—and it's swell coffee in the bargain.

## SANKA COFFEE



**SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY.  
DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!**

TUNE IN... 5:45 P. M., New York Time, Sunday Afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you William L. Shirer, famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.

**BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS**



# WHAT IS A POOR GAL TO DO?



**HANDS AT WAR**...elbow-deep in grease, grime, grit! Helping to keep *American Airlines'* giant war-time *Flagships* flying is tough, punishing work for tender skin. Her hands were getting deplorably rough and red—and charming Sigrid Larson was “frankly worried.” Until she discovered Pacquins Hand Cream. “And was I glad!” she says. “It’s been a regular beauty treatment for my hands. Helped marvelously to make them soft and smooth again.”



**HE CAN'T BELIEVE IT!**

How *could* her hands be so wonderfully smooth and soft after what they go through all day? Sigrid likes Pacquins because it's a *cream*. “It can't tip or spill,” she says. She protects her wrists and elbows, knees and ankles with Pacquins, too. “It's never the least bit greasy or messy and doesn't rub off on clothes,” she says.



**1 minute, 13 seconds** after Pacquins Hand Cream was applied to Sigrid's hands, *this* is how they looked! Flower-soft, lovely!

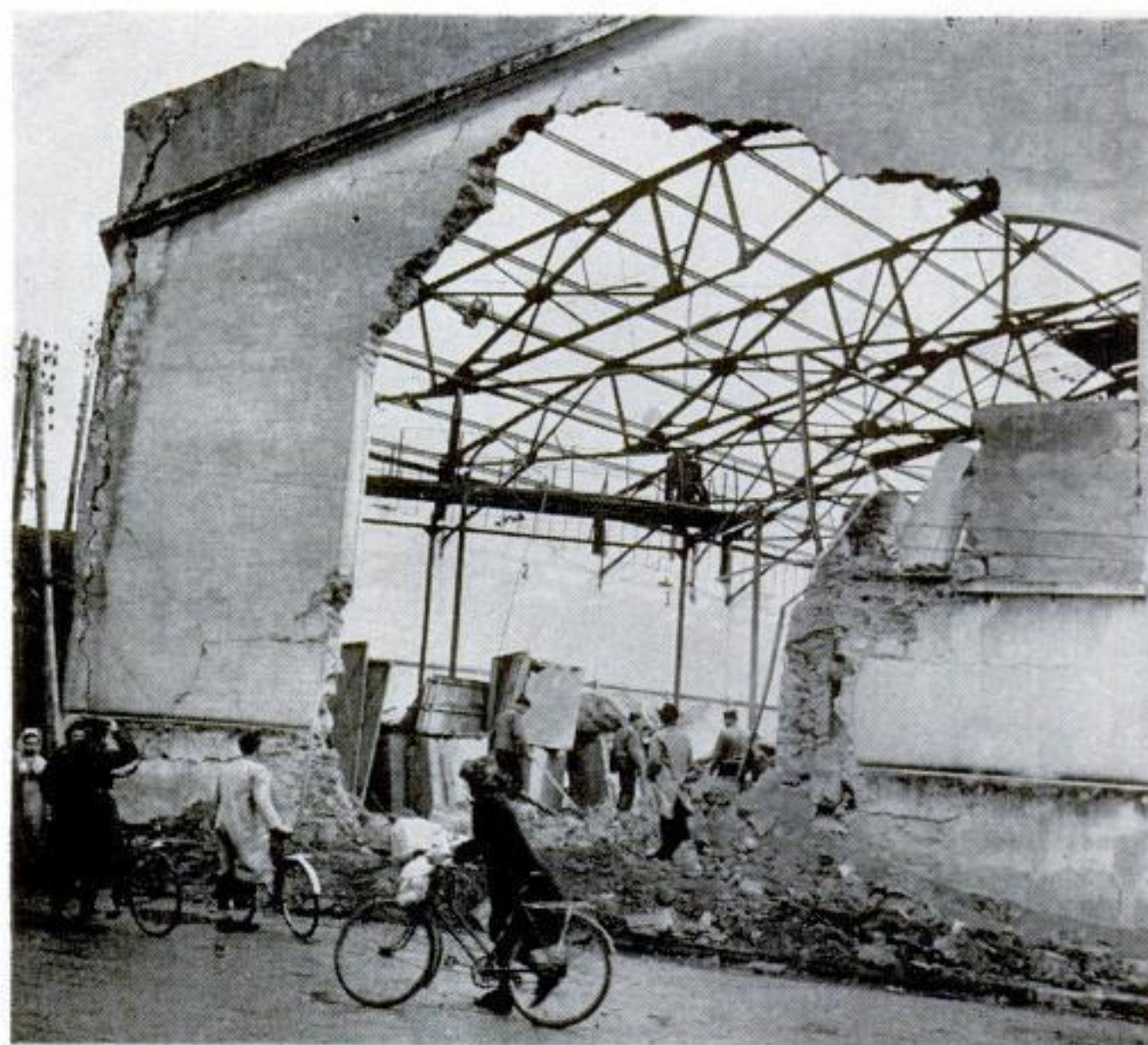


**A SECRET THAT DOCTORS AND NURSES KNOW:**  
Pacquins Hand Cream gives wonderful protection—even if your hands are in water 30 or 40 times a day. Pacquins was created to meet this problem!

**Pacquins**  
HAND CREAM

FOR WAR WORK OR HOUSEWORK... take this tip: Pacquins is the hand cream used *most* by women in war-industry jobs.  
AT ANY DEPARTMENT, DRUG, OR TEN-CENT STORE

## Casablanca Raid (continued)



A warehouse along the shore of Casablanca lost roof and walls from direct hit. Material loss was unimportant. French policeman at left is impressed by bomb's work.



Dead man lies in the rubble of his house, in the rigor of death, his hair grayed by the masonry dust. The same bomb killed his 7-year-old son who was found lying nearby.



Bomb crater squarely in the middle of a street is flooded by a broken water main. The hoses at left are pumping it out while American soldiers industriously fill it in.



# LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Getting ready for auction day." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Aaron Bohrod.



**LUCKY  
STRIKE**  
"IT'S TOASTED"



**So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed — So Free and Easy On The Draw**



# THE DISHWASHER'S ASTONISHMENT

➤ OR A SWANDERFUL TALE OF UTMOST PURITY



Startled to find big white bird has broken into nursery and taken baby's lovely floating soap to wash dishes!!!



Indignantly demands explanation. Is told her hands wouldn't be so rough if she'd use baby's Swan soap for dishes—cause it's *even purer than finest castiles!*



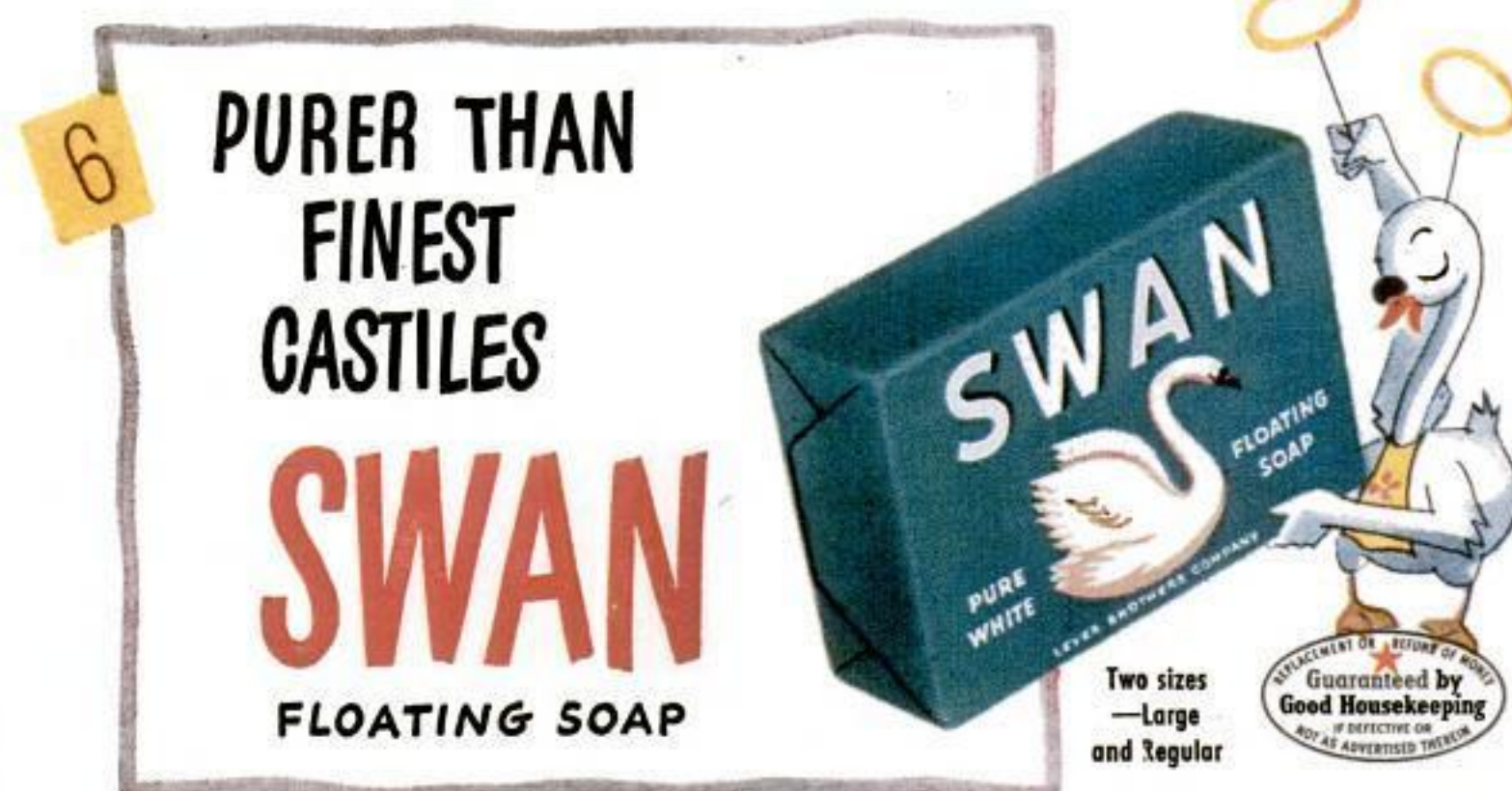
Replies crossly she knows very well strong package soaps are hard on hands—but she always thought mild floating soaps gave too skimpy suds.



Hears Swan gives billions of beautiful, creamy, mild suds! Cheers when told Swan actually suds faster than other floating soaps!



Eyes Swan. Tries Swan. Loves Swan! No more strong, easy-to-waste package soaps for this lady!



She now uses thrifty Swan for everything—dishes, duds, baby, and bath! It's purer than finest castiles! It's a sudsin' wonder! Swanderful!





HIS NOSE FLATTENED ON RIVAL'S SHOULDER, AN AMERICAN SAILOR PUMMELS A BRITISH FRIEND IN THE INTERESTS OF INTER-ALLIED AMITY. REFEREE IS BRITISH SAILOR

## NAVY BOXERS

British sailors take on Americans  
aboard a cruiser in South Pacific

International sport, which is among the first of civilization's furbelows to be abandoned in wartime, is shown here in one of its rare wartime appearances. Appropriately it appears as a series of earnest but friendly bouts between British and American sailors aboard a British cruiser at an advance naval base somewhere in the South Pacific.

Boxing, international or otherwise, has always been a big favorite of Navy men everywhere. Its limited

sphere of action is handy for the cramped decks of warships. It is decided with a primitive directness and dispatch which pleases fighting men. For participants it develops resourcefulness, notably teaches coolness under attack. It is also one of the very few sports which men of all nations understand and enjoy. In these bouts the British boxers fought valiantly but the Americans, who were visiting from an American warship in the same port, won, nine bouts to five.





Introducing the new  
**Monarch Tandem**

...a jacket and vest to match! •

HERE'S AN idea for men... and boys... that's so practical and so smart we're kicking ourselves we didn't think of it long ago... a handsome, Monarch made jacket (The Grandee)... the best all-use type of garment ever devised... with vest to match (The Forecast). Both made of durable, golden tan, wide-wale corduroy. A three time combination... jacket and vest for cool days... jacket alone when you want it... extra vest for wear with suits. Of course sold separately for those wanting either garment alone. So, go shopping for this Monarch Tandem... make sure it has the Monarch label... for Monarch, for nearly 50 years, has been famous for "better outdoor garments".



► Write The Monarch Manufacturing Co., 333 E. Chicago St., Milwaukee, for name of retailer in your community.

Makers of leather and fabric jackets for men and boys. Fingertip and leisure coats.

## NESCAFÉ

The Armed Forces continue to receive almost all of the Nescafé that we manufacture. Therefore, the quantities that are available each month to our civilian customers are very small, and Nescafé appears only occasionally in grocery stores.

We are glad that Nescafé is able to play an important part in satisfying and stimulating our fighting forces—yet we regret that it is necessary to disappoint our civilian consumers. We know our customers will take satisfaction in the thought that the package of Nescafé that is not available today is serving some friend or relative in the military service.

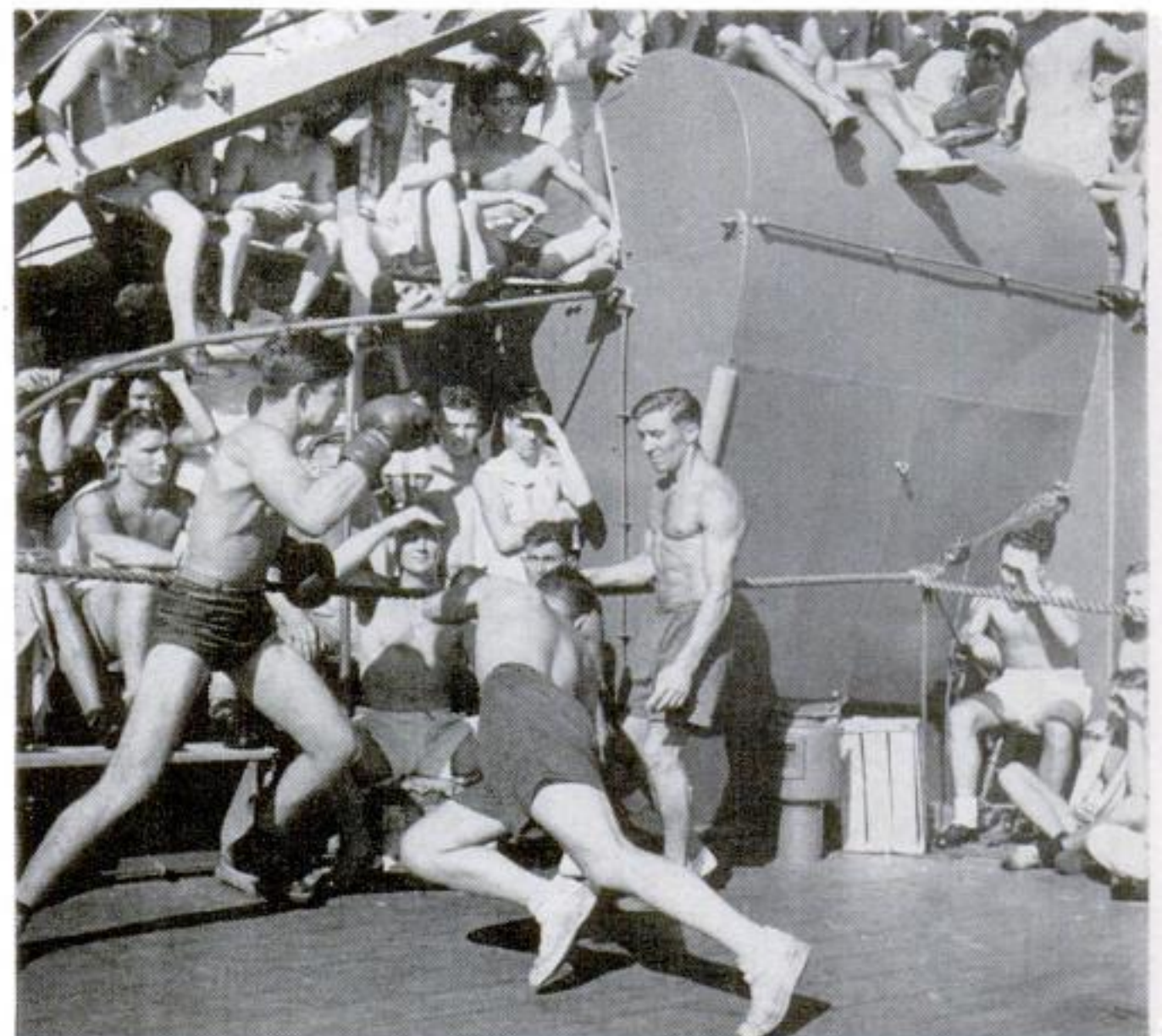
Naturally we are eagerly looking forward to the day when there will be Nescafé for all.

NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC.

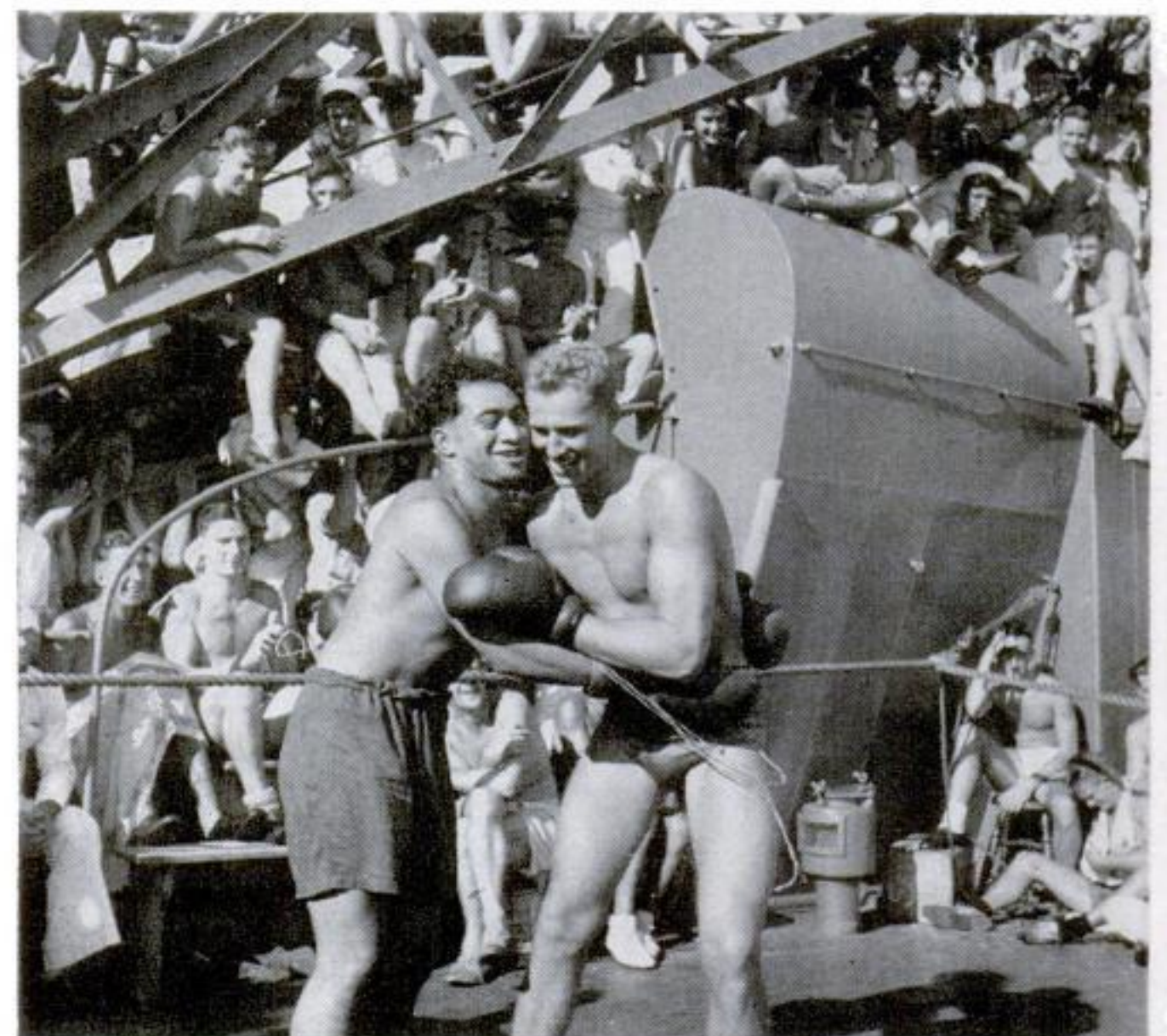


SAY IT WITH WAR BONDS

## Navy Boxers (continued)



American sailor scores clean knockdown over Briton with right-hand punch. Knock-outs are infrequent in such bouts because emphasis is on boxing skill, not slugging.



Opponents embrace after fight to keep match on a friendly plane. British wore long trunks which are their tropical fatigue dress, the Americans wore swimming trunks.



Spectators cram every available inch of space within sight of the ring. Bouts were held aboard a British cruiser in an unnamed port in the South Pacific battle zone.



*For Duty ...*



**BARONA** • Patent trim on durable Kidskin dramatizes this smart, duty tie. Vitapoise feature for walking comfort.

**DRESS ...**



**LOVELLE** • Go anywhere, everywhere in this gay Turfstan Calf pump with smart bow and comfortable Cuban heel.

**or Date**



**VIRGINIA** • Black beauty in lustrous Kidskin trimmed with fine-textured Gabardine. Carefree, sure-fitting slip-on.



**TONITA** • Sailor bow and patent trim make this sleek Black Gabardine slip-on completely charming. Cuban heel.



**FANYA** • Walker oxford in perforated Black Patent. Peekaboo toe, smart Cuban heel.



**"Go" Places with Vitality Shoes**

Help Uncle Sam!  
Buy U. S. War Bonds and Stamps



**Vitality '625**  
SHOES  
COMPLETE RANGE OF SIZES  
AND WIDTHS  
Vitality Open Road Shoes for Outdoor  
and Campus Wear, \$5.50 and \$6  
**VITALITY SHOE COMPANY**  
Division of International Shoe Co.  
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI





PERCUSSION ORCHESTRA SITS ON THE STAGE WAITING TO PLAY. AT FULL STRENGTH, ORCHESTRA INCLUDES ELEVEN PLAYERS, ALL OF WHOM DRESS FORMALLY FOR CONCERTS

# PERCUSSION CONCERT

Band bangs things to make music

At the Museum of Modern Art in New York City a few Sundays ago, an orchestra of earnest, dressed-up musicians sat on the stage and began to hit things with sticks and hands. They whacked gongs, cymbals, gourds, bells, sheets of metal, ox bells, Chinese dishes, tin cans, auto brake drums, the jawbone of an ass and other objects. Sometimes instead of hitting, they rattled or rubbed. The audience, which was very high-brow, listened intently without seeming to be disturbed at the noisy results.

The occasion was a percussion concert, sponsored by the League of Composers and conducted by a pa-

tient, humorous, 30-year-old Californian named John Cage, who is the most active percussion musician in the U. S. Cage not only conducts percussion orchestras but also composes percussion music, as do other modern experimental composers. Percussion music goes back to man's primitive days when untutored savages took aesthetic delight in hitting crude drums or hollow logs. Cage believes that when people today get to understand and like his music, which is produced by banging one object with another, they will find new beauty in everyday modern life, which is full of noises made by objects banging against each other.

JAWBONE OF AN ASS IS WHACKED WITH FIST



HALF-GALLON CANS CAN PLAY LIMITED SCALE



CAGE CONDUCTS MUSIC WRITTEN IN CONVENTIONAL NOTATION



GRADUATED OXEN BELLS PRODUCE HIGH AND DAMPENED NOTES



THE MARIMBULA'S METAL TONGUES TWANG WHEN CLAPPED

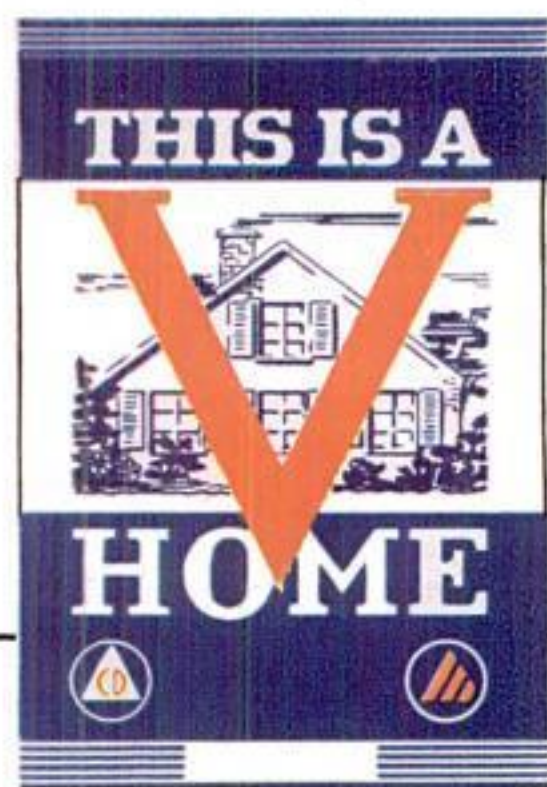


CHINESE RICE BOWLS GIVE OUT A VERY PLEASANT TINKLING



CONTINUED ON PAGE 44





# "The V-Home.... Is your home one?"

The little red house is wearing this sticker  
The big stone house on the hill displays it proudly  
Thick as the stars of Old Glory, this red, white, and blue symbol is blossoming out on the patriotic homes of America.

What is it?

It's the symbol of homes at war. It says—that quiet streets have become fighting streets—that homes worth fighting *for* are worth fighting *with*! Where's your sticker, home? Ask your local Civilian Defense Warden how you can become entitled to it.



*V-Homes conserve food. They have Victory gardens; can their own foods.*



*V-Homes conserve health by serving balanced and nutritious meals, even if it costs mother a little more effort.*



*The wives and mothers of V-Homes conserve rugs and furnishings by cleaning regularly.*



*V-Homes share the food. They buy only what they need and don't hoard.*

*V-Home folks conserve transportation. They use their legs more and their cars less, to conserve vital tires. They take fewer trips.*



People who live in V-Homes get out the scrap and turn it in . . . metals, rubber, cooking fat, tin cans—not just once in a while—but regularly. (America needs them regularly.)



Tongues don't wag in V-Homes, when it's a matter of spreading rumors or talking affairs that tend to disrupt national unity or give information to the enemy. Even though morsels are juicy, V-Homes are hush-hush.



V-Homes buy War Stamps and Bonds regularly—at least 10 per cent of income. They know America needs this money for guns, ships and planes; that is the safest investment they can make.



When your V-Home sticker goes up, even the boards or bricks seem to swell with pride. No empty honor, it is to the home what the Army-Navy "E" flag is to the factory. Your home will be checked by local OCD, and signed only after it has met V-Home requirements.

There must be something inspiring to that son or brother in Africa or the Pacific to know that his home has enlisted with him; that the home he left is doing all it can to hurry the day when he'll come back and hang up his hat again.

The Hoover Company has worked for American Homes, with its cleaners, since 1907.

The Hoover Company is working today for all American homes—not with cleaners, but in the manufacture of war materials.

The Hoover Company is glad to take this space to urge you to turn your Home Sweet Home into a

Home V-Home—right now. Let's fight *with* the homes we're fighting *for*.

In the interest of conservation and to be assured of genuine Hoover service and parts, we suggest to Hoover users that you register your cleaner with the Hoover Factory Branch Service Station (consult classified telephone directory) or authorized dealer. If you cannot locate, write: THE HOOVER COMPANY, North Canton, Ohio.

Remember—do not discard any worn or broken parts. They must be turned in to obtain replacements.

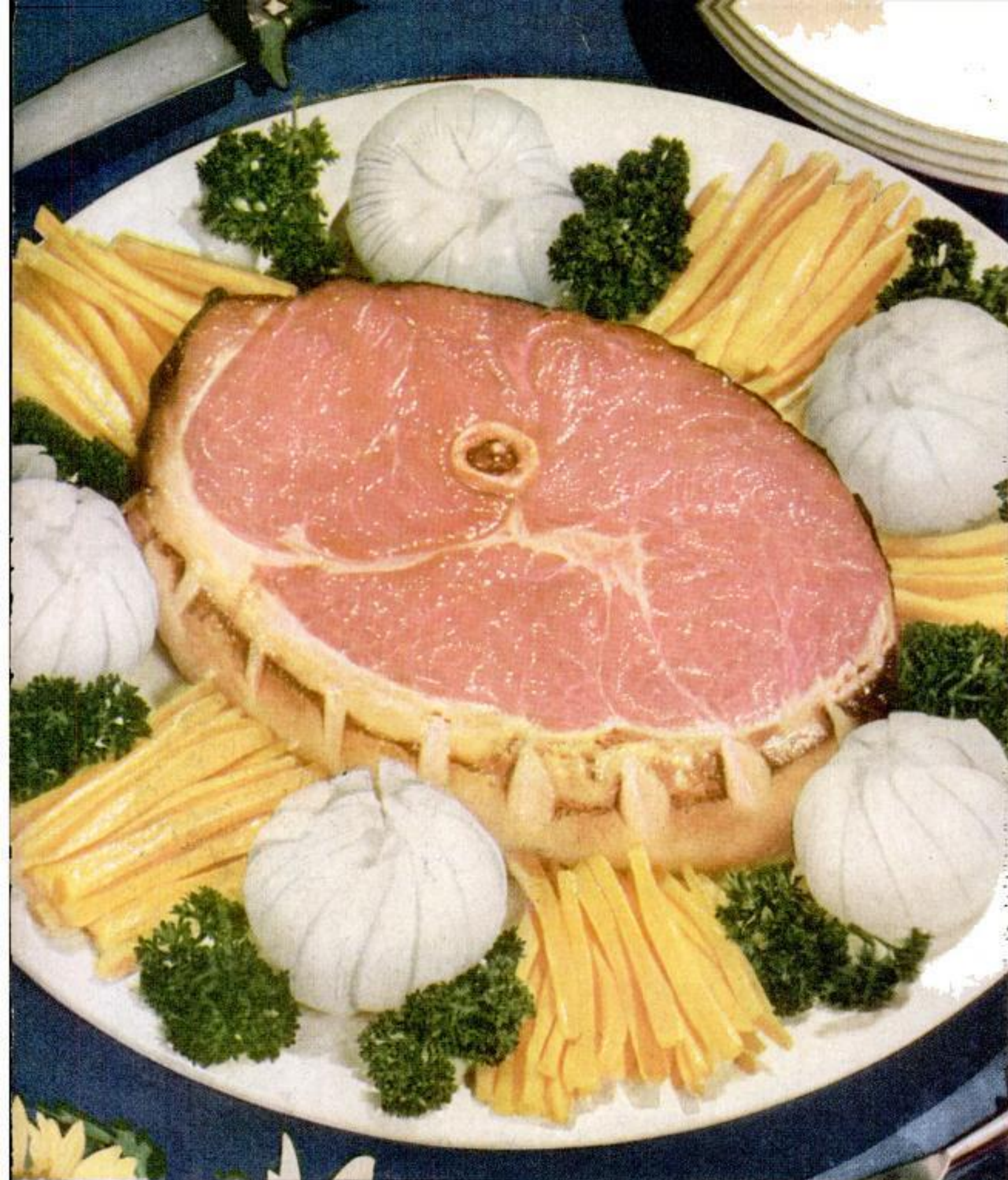


## THE HOOVER

IT BEATS...AS IT SWEEPS...AS IT CLEANS







# This single slice of ham serves five...

## A WONDERFUL HELP FOR WARTIME MEAL PLANNING

It's just a 1½ pound slice of Swift's Premium Ham. You simply could not buy to better advantage.

The delicious Brown Sugar Cure of Swift's Premium Ham lends extra meat goodness to the whole meal. And its rich yet mild flavor has made it the favorite ham of all America.

We realize, and regret, that you

may not always be able to get Swift's Premium Ham. The Army and Navy and our fighting allies must be supplied. But we want you to know we're doing everything possible to make Swift's Premium Ham available—because we want you to enjoy the delicious goodness of the ham that's Brown Sugar Cured.

# SWIFT'S PREMIUM

The **HAM** that's Brown Sugar Cured!

RED LABEL, ready to eat; BLUE LABEL, for easy cooking (in buying slices, look for the name Swift down the side of the ham).



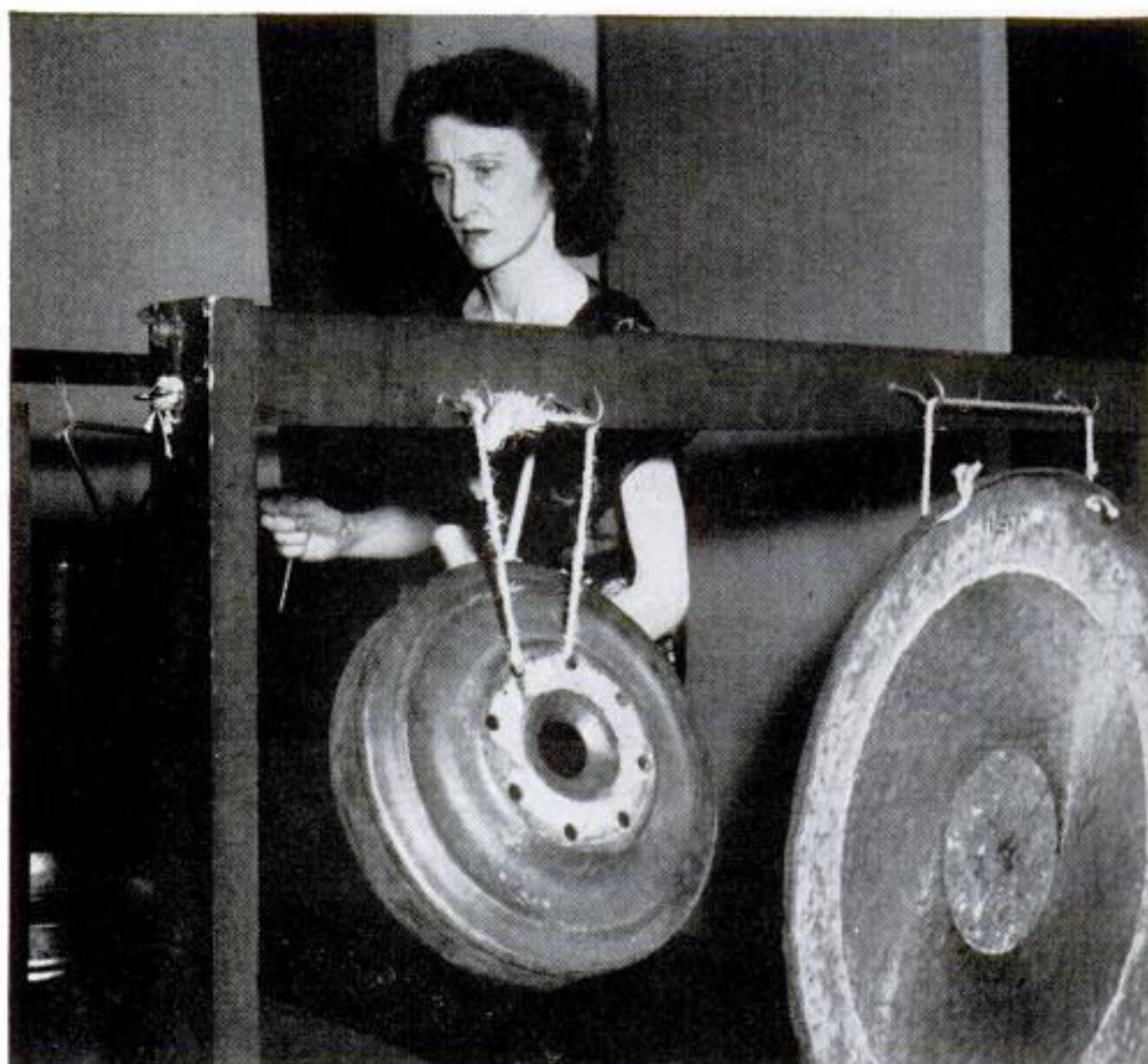
**"CHRYSANTHEMUMS" WITH YOUR HAM!** Decorative and delicious with Swift's Premium Ham—carrot strips and boiled onions that look like chrysanthemums. To make "chrysanthemum", insert one blade of scissors deep in center of boiled onion; then make cuts all around, each about ¼ inch wide. Open out the petals.



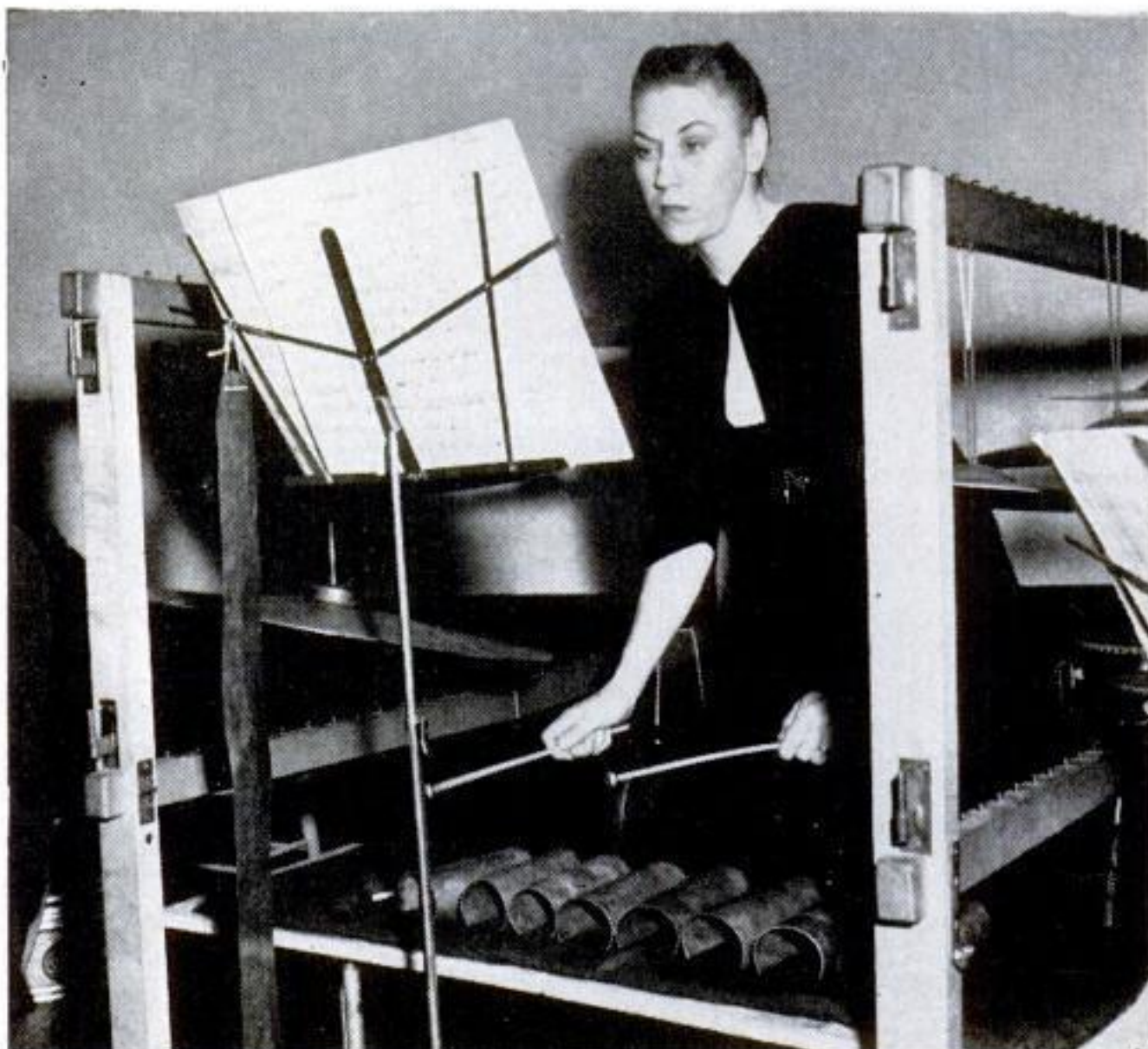
## Percussion Concert (continued)



**Bongos** are a pair of little Cuban drums tapped or rubbed with the fingers. Rubbing gives a kind of small roaring sound. Edge of bongo emits different note than center.



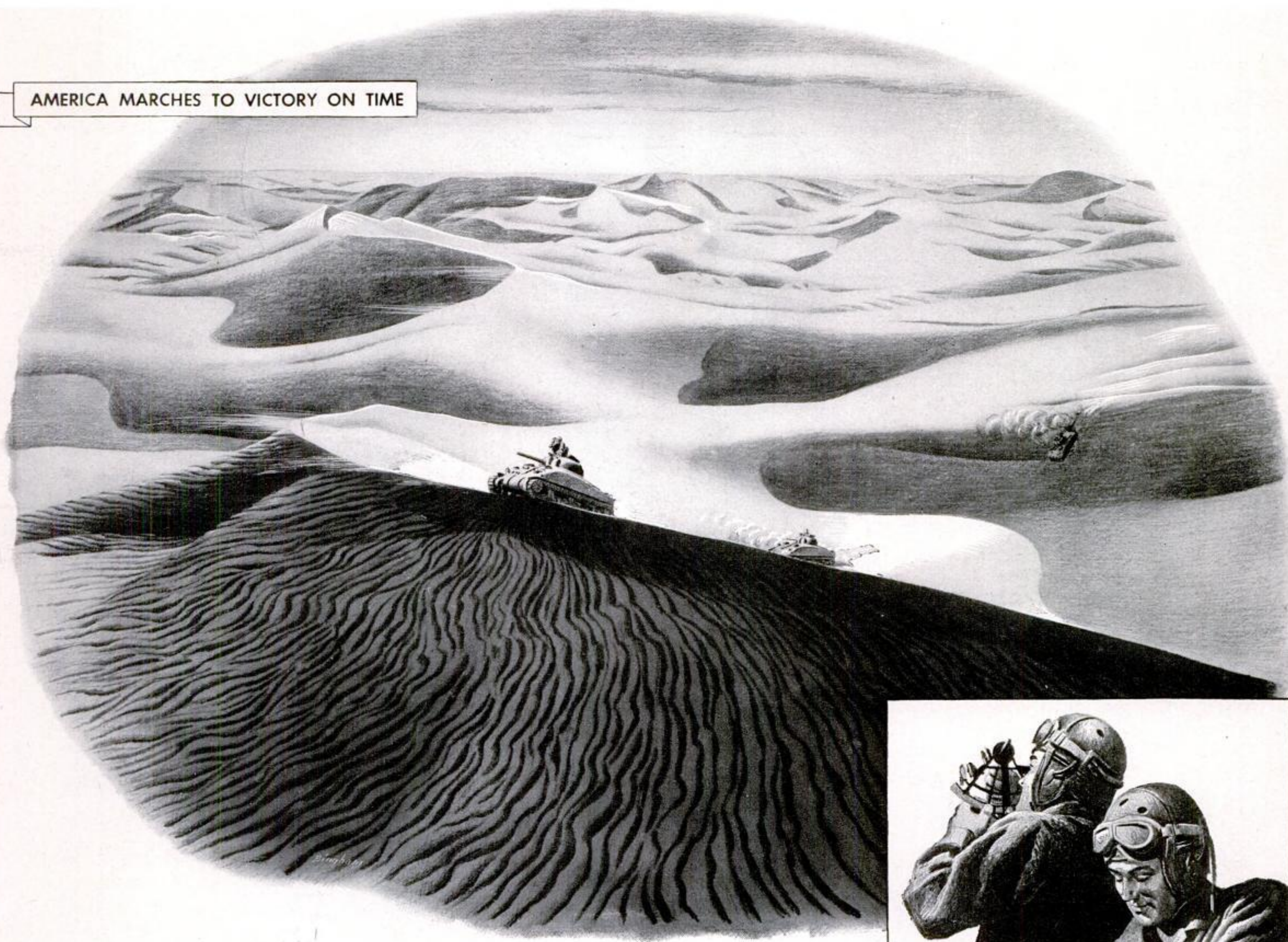
**Automobile brake drum** gives out clear bell-like sound. Best sounds come from brake drums of higher-priced autos. The instrument at left is gonglike Chinese tam-tam.



**Pieces of shaped bronze** sound like anvils. The different lengths give different notes. Player is Xenia Cage, the conductor's wife, who took up percussion after marriage.



AMERICA MARCHES TO VICTORY ON TIME



## They go to sea . . . on land

This strange land stretches monotonously to the horizon. It flows in rippling waves when the wind kicks up. To be lost in its vast, burning emptiness may mean death.

That's why tanks on the desert are navigated just as ships are—by the sun and the stars, and by an extraordinary timepiece called a master navigation watch. It is one of the instruments which the tank officer must have to find his way in the desert.

If you've ever ridden in a tank, even on a good road, you'll know what jolting punishment this sensitive instrument has to take. Then there's sand—billions of grinding, choking granules that float in the air like ocean spray. And heat—sometimes it gets as hot as 140 degrees in a tank's steel belly!

Yet, despite this grueling treatment,

Hamilton Master Navigation Watches keep accurate and steady time . . . week after week, month after month! On their precision may hang victory or defeat, life or death!

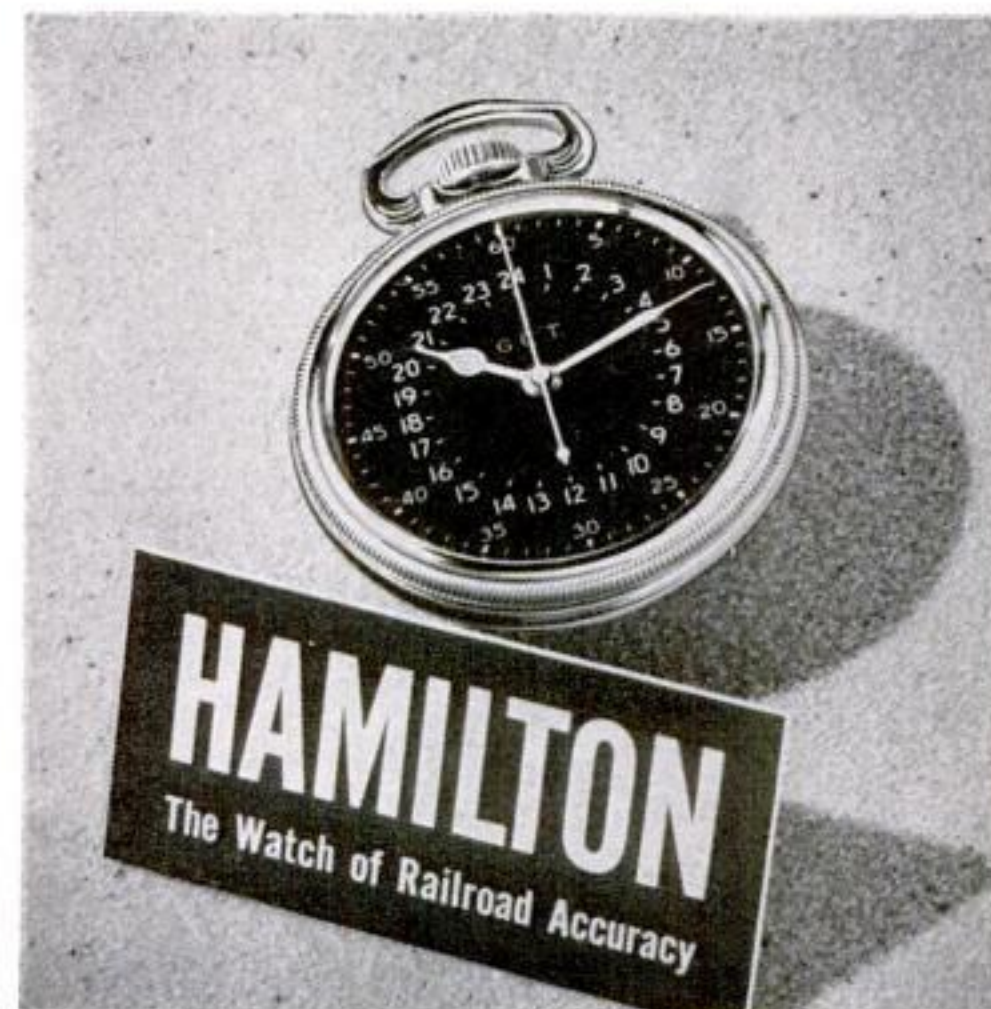
Hamilton workers are proud that they are able to build these precise timepieces, as well as chronometers and many other vital instruments, for the Government.

Naturally few Hamilton watches can be made for civilians. But this wartime work promises *new* Hamiltons that will more than live up to their reputation as "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy." Hamilton Watch Company, 332 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

*Hamilton's experience building watches for railroad men and precision instruments for the Government insures greatest possible accuracy in all sizes and grades.*



**TANK MEN** depend on the Hamilton Master Navigation Watch, shown below, to help find their position. This watch is one of many high-precision instruments Hamilton is making for our armed forces. It is not available to civilians.





CLOSE-UP



SURROUNDED BY HIS INSTRUMENTS, DR. CHAVAFOIMBIRA SITS OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE. THE WREATH OF BEADS ON HIS HEAD IS EQUIVALENT TO A NEW YORK DOCTOR'S WHITE COAT

# WITCH DOCTOR

In South Africa he has the prestige, the practice and none of the headaches of a fashionable doctor

by NOEL F. BUSCH

While LIFE Editor Noel F. Busch was in South Africa, where he had gone on a writing assignment and to secure an article by Premier Jan Christiaan Smuts (LIFE, Dec. 28), he became engrossed in the subject of witch doctors. This article is about one of the more successful ones. Contrary to widespread opinion, a witch doctor does not necessarily wear a flamboyant tribal head-dress and mutter mumbo jumbo. Indeed, in his own surroundings, he is a highly respected practitioner, with a comfortable house and a profitable urban practice. A spokesman recently issued a statement in behalf of witch doctors, stressing their generally beneficial influence upon the native community.

Dr. Ethelbert John Chavafoimbira, who is currently one of the four or five leading witch doctors of Johannesburg, South Africa, encounters most of the difficulties which confront more orthodox medicos elsewhere but he has some advantages which they lack. Most doctors, for instance, have trouble collecting from their patients. Dr. Chavafoimbira does too, but since most of his patients believe that he is in close touch with supernatural forces, he is often able to exert a little extra leverage.

Owing to this and to his high professional standing, Dr. Chavafoimbira makes an annual income of some £400 a year which, all things considered, is roughly the social equivalent of \$25,000 on Park Avenue. It enables him to live in considerable style in the native compound, Orlando, just outside the Johannesburg city limits. With his wife Maggie and their five children, he occupies House No. 1850 which has two rooms, porch, chicken coop, broken bicycle, oil-barrel mongrel-kennel and a tree in the front yard. If wealth can be measured in terms of the satisfaction afforded, or even in terms of the impression it makes on the neighbors, these possessions would put Dr. Chavafoimbira in the position of a New York City doctor equipped with a duplex apartment, Buick sedan and station wagon, and a summer cottage in Connecticut.

Material satisfactions are by no means Dr. Chavafoimbira's only advantage over most of his more conventional colleagues. His job is also considerably simplified in so far as his clinical record, even if such a thing existed, would have slight effect upon either his earning power or his prestige. Natives sometimes die under treatment. When this happens it is regarded as an act of God



or of the patient's enemies operating by occult means. If, however, the native recovers, Dr. Chavafoimbira gets the credit.

Few doctors would deny that these are favorable working conditions. It is a credit to Dr. Chavafoimbira's professional conscience that he takes advantage of them rarely. Operating either with his "bones," which he carries about with him in an old uncured catskin, or with his medicines, which are composed chiefly of rancid lard mixed with cooked, powdered weed roots, he gives each patient the benefit of his entire skill and takes his work quite as seriously as any other metropolitan neurologist, gynecologist, psychiatrist, throat specialist, tea-leaf reader, palmist, astrologer, clergyman, medium, chiropodist, electrical engineer or beautician. Indeed, he probably takes it as seriously as all of these put together, since this is what he really is.

In Orlando, one of the biggest of the suburban housing schemes recently undertaken by the Johannesburg Municipality, there are some 40,000 residents. Next to gold mining, which preoccupies a large percentage of male adult Orlandoans, witch doctoring is probably the community's most popular line of endeavor. Roughly 500 witch doctors are in active practice at Orlando, which means an average of 80 patients to a witch doctor. Dr. Chavafoimbira has more than a hundred and his practice is growing steadily.

So far, the vogue for specialization which affects doctors in the U. S. and elsewhere has not found much acceptance in South Africa. Dr. Chavafoimbira is typical in his readiness to treat not only physical or even climatic afflictions but psychic or occupational difficulties of all sorts. In cases of the latter type, his method differs from that of the psychoanalyst. Instead of probing into the patient's childhood, Dr. Chavafoimbira first tries to distinguish between real and imaginary ills. With perfect logic he does this by examining not the past but the future of the patient on the grounds that if, as usually proves to be the case, the patient is headed for a run of bad luck, his or her fears are not mere hypochondria but require medical treatment. Dr. Chavafoimbira feels that his viewpoint is justified by the indubitable facts that most of his rivals are quacks and frauds and that his own cures, most notably perhaps his lightning cure, have never been proved ineffective.

#### His lightning cure

The Chavafoimbira lightning cure is a fair example of the doctor's methods. In South African native villages, the huts usually have thatched roofs which are highly inflammable. Natives have consequently acquired a fear of thunderstorms which seems strongly functional. However, like many other fears, native or otherwise, this one has become embellished with religious projections. Consequently, in an urban compound like Orlando where the houses are made of brick and protected by lightning conductors, the fear remains although the realistic grounds for it have vanished. This set of circumstances is beneficial to Dr. Chavafoimbira. In order to cure lightning, he gathers a basketful of roots from a plant named *Mbene*, which grows plentifully in all fields near Orlando, mixing in a few other roots if the supply of *Mbene* is limited in the field where he happens to be digging for it. He then boils or stews the roots over the stove in No. 1850. After cooking, the roots are dried off in the sun. The doctor then cuts them up into a sort of hash, using an old knife. When a patient requests the lightning cure, Dr. Chavafoimbira takes a pan full of this hash to the patient's residence. There, during a thunderstorm, he sets fire to it. While the roots smolder, smoke from the pan seeps through the house. So far, no Orlando residence thus treated by Dr. Chavafoimbira has attracted a bolt. He and his patients naturally regard this as a testimonial to his skill.

Dr. Chavafoimbira's medicine chest contains 14 bottles, mostly made out of old pumpkin or melon skins hollowed out and decorated with paint, bits of goatskin or beads. In addition to the bottles, or calabashes, he has several horns which are also filled with specifics of more solid consistency.

Dr. Chavafoimbira is reluctant to discuss the ingredients of his medicines beyond admitting that most of them involve a mixture of powdered roots and fat. The fat comes from lions, hippopotami, goats, springbok and other interesting creatures and is theoretically procured from the carcasses of animals left lying about by white hunters in Northern Rhodesia. In case of shortage in Rhodesia, similar fat may also be procured either at a Johannesburg butcher shop or at the witch-doctor drugstore which is run by the municipality. Strongest of Dr. Chavafoimbira's medicines is the one made out of lion fat which has several variations. Lion medicine is a specific for measles, stomach trouble, marital infidelity and venereal disease. Like his white confreres, Dr. Chavafoimbira has no cure for the common cold.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Step up your appearance  
with heels that  
**add spring  
to your step**



**LOOK AT  
YOUR HEELS!**

• Goodyear Heels are made of rubber regenerated in Goodyear's own plant and by Goodyear's own process. They are tough, springy, comfortable and long-lasting. And they wear down evenly. Get a pair today! And keep all your shoes in good repair to conserve materials needed to build new shoes for our fighting men.

**GOODYEAR**  
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Wingfoot—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

**More People Walk On Goodyear Rubber Heels Than On Any Other Kind**



# Smoking Less—or Smoking More\*?

\* Govt. figures show all-time smoking peak



WORKING HARDER—probably smoking more—and wisely changing to PHILIP MORRIS!

*You're SAFER*  
smoking  
**PHILIP MORRIS!**

**T**his is the cigarette scientifically proved less irritating to nose and throat.

Eminent doctors . . . in medical journals . . . report that:

**When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS—every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared up completely or definitely improved!**

NOTE: We do not claim curative power for PHILIP MORRIS—**BUT**—here's real proof that they are less irritating . . .

**FINER PLEASURE . . . PLUS  
REAL PROTECTION**

## CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's  
**FINEST**  
Cigarette



Rolling the bones helped Dr. John determine the treatment for patient suffering from stomach trouble. He will probably administer the same root used for curing measles.

### WITCH DOCTOR (continued)

Dr. Chavafoimbira's bones are used less for curative than diagnostic purposes. The catskin bag contains an assortment of 36 objects, mostly grouped in pairs, like stethoscopes or tweezers. There are two minute fragments each of anteater, tortoise, baboon, cow, goat, hyena, springbok, deer *et al.* These are supposed to be portions taken from the hind leg of each and are wound with bits of wire to enable Dr. Chavafoimbira to distinguish them readily. In addition to the skeletal scraps, the bag also contains a pair of dominoes, some pebbles from the sea, two stones from the hills, two bits of wood from mountain trees and a lion claw. When the doctor dumps this collection out of the catskin bag onto the floor, the various pieces assume a pattern. By examining the pattern, Dr. Chavafoimbira can tell all about the patient at a glance.

### How to read the bones

As in the case of the Chavafoimbira medicines, the lion is the predominant factor among the Chavafoimbira bones. Its position in the *tout ensemble* determines the net effect. It is significant that the lion usually indicates not only good luck and strength but, even more often, the influence of whatever white man may be in a relation of authority toward the doctor's patient. For example, if the bones were so thrown that the lion claw came out near the mountain wood or one of the hill stones, it might indicate that the patient was about to go on a trip to the hills or at least to the country, in company with, or at the behest of, a white man. This prognosis would be especially likely if the patient happened to have expressed the likelihood of such a journey to one of the doctor's friends. If the lion claw comes out near one of the cat bones, it might suggest stomach trouble, especially if the patient complained of pains or fever, if other symptoms were present. The expression "throwing the bones," which the U. S. colored population popularized, is a translation of native dialect for the operation of letting the bones fall out of the bag. It has been applied to dice throwing because the manual operation is much the same in either case.

Before throwing the bones, Dr. Chavafoimbira usually eats some root of a special sort calculated to sharpen his wits and make them more receptive to deductions. He is also likely to wear on his head a wreath of colored beads, witch doctor equivalent of a white coat. Bone-throwing, incidentally, unlike medicine-giving, is never done for credit. It costs two and a half shillings, or 50¢ a throw.

The fact that Dr. Chavafoimbira holds no medical degree by no means suggests inadequate preparation for his career. His preparation indeed began before the dawn of recorded history. In the Manika tribe, to which the doctor belongs, the right to practice medicine is predetermined not by education but by family. Since John's father, grandfather and great-grandfather were doctors, it seems safe to assume that all their ancestors must have been doctors also.

John's own technical training, as distinct from that of his progenitors, began much earlier and lasted much longer than that of a mere medico. The region of Rusapi, where he was born and where he spent his childhood looking after his father's cows and goats, contained a Christian school which John started attending when he was about 9. In the morning missionaries taught John to speak English and sing psalms or hymns. In the afternoon his father taught him witch doctory, or at least the rudiments of it. After three years of





**A sick baby** is brought to Dr. Chavafoimbira by its mother. He diagnoses illness as "stomach that works too well" (dysentery), rubs animal fat on the infant's head.

this combined instruction John left the village, as many young black South Africans do, in order to seek his fortune. This turned out to be minding a white baby in a town called Umtali. The baby's parents bought John his first pair of trousers and gave him better food than he had had at home. Sensible to these favors, he resisted the temptation, common to all internes from Dr. Kildare down, to practice prematurely, using the baby as a sample.

At about 19—Dr. Chavafoimbira, like most natives, does not know his exact age but reckons he must be in his early 40's—he set off on his own. Witch-doctor convention forbids the establishment of an active practice until the practitioner is well beyond 30, on the theory that, before this age, he might sometimes lack character enough to keep his mind on his work. Faced with a 14-year delay between matriculation and graduation, John obtained a job as waiter in the Rhodesian town of Salisbury. His income of approximately \$5 a month plus keep enabled him to send some money home to his father, with instructions to buy some cattle against the day he might need them for the purchase of a wife. Later he worked as a waiter in Queens Hotel at Pietersburg and finally in Johannesburg itself, South Africa's leading metropolis, where he was engaged for seven years by a lady named Mrs. Connacher, who ran a boardinghouse.

Before leaving home, John had received from his father a medical horn. Still a major part of his clinical equipment, this is just what it sounds like: an antler, from some dead deer, stuffed with medicine or old grease. John also had an unhappy love affair which was followed in due course by his marriage to Maggie. When he first met Maggie, then a housemaid in Queens Hotel, her chief attraction for him was a deformity of her left hip which handicapped her gravely in her work. Prohibited from treating her, effectively or otherwise, by the provisions of his calling, John was forced to sublimate his interest, which presently expressed itself in matrimony. The wedding took place in the hills of her native village, in Zululand, about 1924. No cattle changed hands as is customary on such occasions, since John's father had appropriated his son's flock.

### He dreams himself into practice

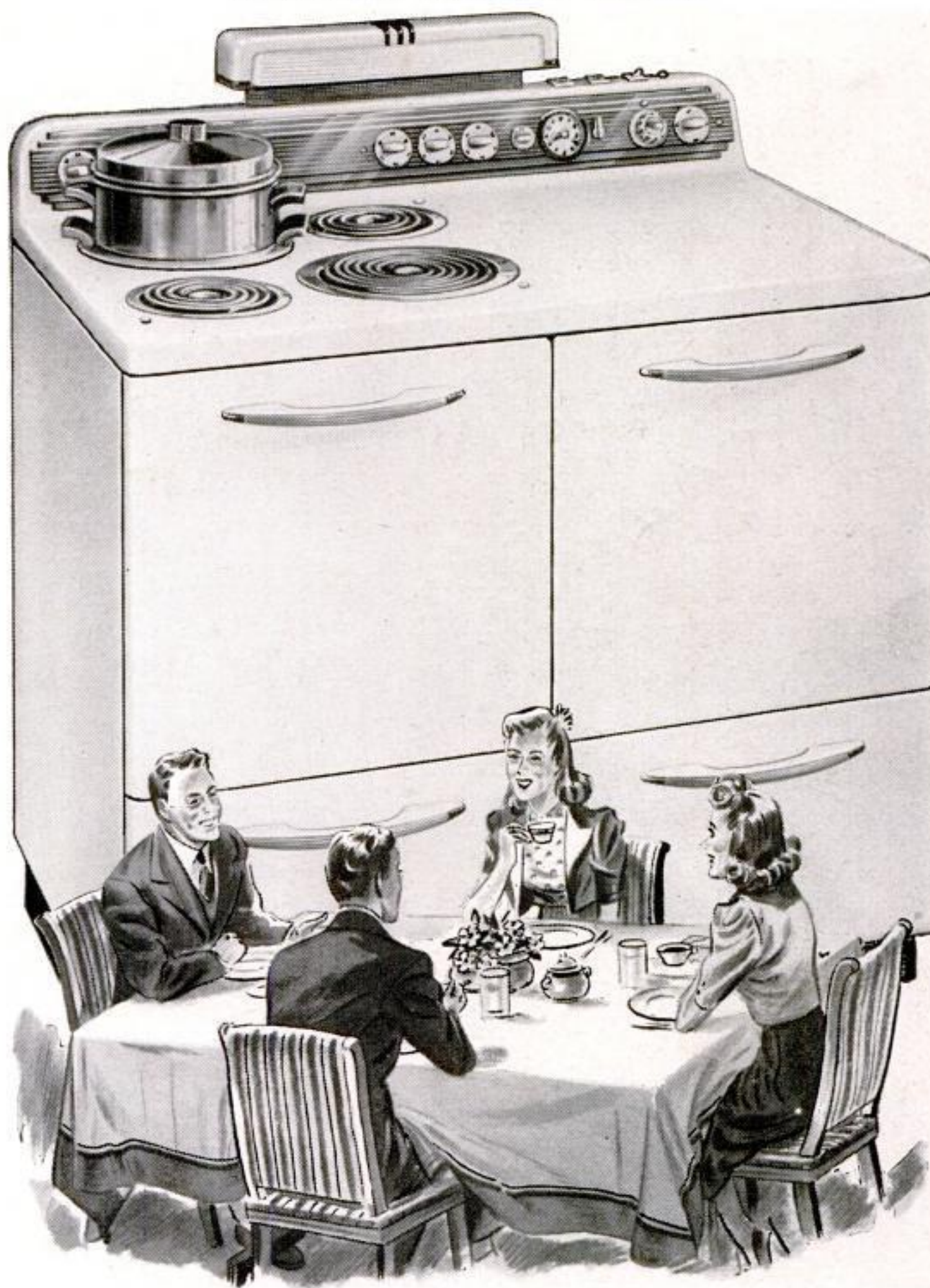
John's actual debut in his profession was the result of a dream which occurred about 1931. In it, John saw himself digging roots in a field, breaking them off, going home and making medicine out of them. Much impressed by this vision, which was the witch-doctor equivalent of a *cum laude* degree from Johns Hopkins, he spent most of the next day consulting his bones which corroborated the conviction produced by the dream. John gave up his job at the boardinghouse, moved himself and family into a compact combination office and consulting room, dug some roots, mixed them up with the residue of fat in his father's medicine horn and became Dr. Chavafoimbira. Several of his Johannesburg friends were also natives of Rusapi and consequently aware of his ancestral qualifications for practice. They spread abroad good reports of his abilities and the doctor's rise has been steady ever since.

Dr. Chavafoimbira's practice consists chiefly of gold-mine workers whose days are spent from 500 to 8,000 ft. underground. The stresses and strains of the mining industry are of course a blessing to Dr. Chavafoimbira. So are the circumstances that ailments like sexual frigidity, neuroses and miscellaneous phobias are even more plentiful among natives than among whites, owing to the confusion between original and acquired mores. Whether Chavafoimbira therapy

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

# Vitamin Defense- GIBSON

KOOKALL ELECTRIC RANGE



Natural Vitamins are home-front ammunition! For 65 years, Gibson has helped millions of homemakers preserve and prepare nutritious foods—richer in *Vitamins* . . . serving strength and health to America.

**IN PEACE!** The new Gibson Kookall Electric Range with automatic heat control is a typical example of Gibson's contribution to finer health and better living.

For 65 years prior to this war, Gibson's fine craftsmanship has built outstanding performance, utility, and long life into kitchen products . . . the Gibson Freez'r Shelf Refrigerator and the Gibson Kookall Range.

**IN WAR!** Today 100% in war work, Gibson's experienced engineering, production knowledge and skilled workmanship are contributing full time, effort and factory capacity to hasten the day of peace.

**IN THE FUTURE!** When victory comes you can again buy Gibson home utilities. Your new and improved Gibsons, born of newer methods and keen research, enhanced by new artistry of design, will justify your pride in your modern kitchen.



Gibson Strata-Zone  
The one and only  
Freez'r Shelf  
Refrigerator

INVEST REGULARLY IN WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

**GIBSON**

REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, Greenville, Michigan

Export Department: 201 North Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.





## Recognize It?

To release vital metal for war needs, Mennen Talcum for Men now comes to you in a new, round, all-fibre Victory container. Sifter top. Same net content. The qualities that have made Mennen Talcum for Men the largest-selling man's powder in America have also made it the favorite of men in service:

- the perfect "finishing touch"
- "hammerized" for smoothness
- neutral tint, doesn't show on face
- removes "face shine" after shaving
- makes your skin look years younger
- also use all over body after shower

# MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN

## WITCH DOCTOR (continued)

really relieves any of these complaints or not is irrelevant. The mere fact that natives go to Dr. Chavafoimbira suggests that they must like having him there, which is in itself a form of therapy.

Dr. Chavafoimbira's bedside manner compares favorably with that of any Harley Street neurologist. He has long delicate fingers, of the kind that people like to associate with surgery or piano playing. His kindly deep-set eyes peer sympathetically into those of a patient as he fingers the place where it hurts. A slow, assured smile comes over his face as he intones the Manika equivalent of "When did you start to feel like this?" or "When did your husband first meet the lady?" When Dr. Chavafoimbira comes into the room, his patients, like those of old Dr. Lionel Barrymore, feel better already.

### Rules for digging roots

Relieved of the necessity of scribbling pig-Latin instructions for pharmacists, John has a compensating disadvantage in this direction: he is obliged to prepare his own nostrums. For root-gathering purposes, Dr. Chavafoimbira usually enlists the aid of his brother Edgar, who is an apprentice witch doctor and often visits the family for long periods. The two witch doctors stroll off together to a certain grassy knoll about half a mile from the compound, where they begin gathering. Rules govern medicine-root gathering. After being cut, the root must be replaced so that the plant will continue to grow. If the plant withered, the patient would wither also. Fortunately for both doctors, the ardors of this chore are reduced by the fact that almost any root is good for something. Looking for lightning root not long ago, John was fortunate enough to find growing right next to it a fine stand of measles root. This was a plant called *Sumba* which smells much like a weed that some assiduous U. S. hostesses put in finger bowls.

The Chavafoimbira clinic has an atmosphere of its own. A tame pigeon often hops around the floor suggesting that the doctor has a clandestine understanding with birds, corroborating the motif suggested by a sea- or mountain-bird feather in one of the calabash bottles. The Chavafoimbira victrola also helps. While Dr. Chavafoimbira treats his patients, presumably with lion medicine, Edgar is likely to play tunes on this ancient instrument, using the old needle. Sometimes the tune is a native dance, to which Edgar hops about mournfully, wagging his feet in what seems to be an amalgam of war dance and Lindy hop. More often the tune is an old version of *Latin from Manhattan* played by Lou Stone and his band.

Dr. Chavafoimbira has no office hours. His patients, who average about 30 a day, start arriving at No. 1850 about 10 o'clock. Appointments are rare. As a rule, the patient merely sits down, either near the dog kennel or on one of the goatskins with which the living room is carpeted.

Recently a young native mother brought her first baby to Dr. Chavafoimbira, wrapped up, as is customary, in a sort of pillowcase arrangement on her back. On hearing a description of the baby's ailment, severe dysentery, the doctor defined it tactfully as a case of a stomach which worked too well. He applied a spot of lion medicine to the baby's skull and also succeeded in effecting an oral injection of anonymous root powder. The baby failed to complain.



Witch doctor and family stand outside their brick house. The children have more or less Christian names: Rubin, Mabel, Jessie, Hubert and Nestor, attend a Christian school.

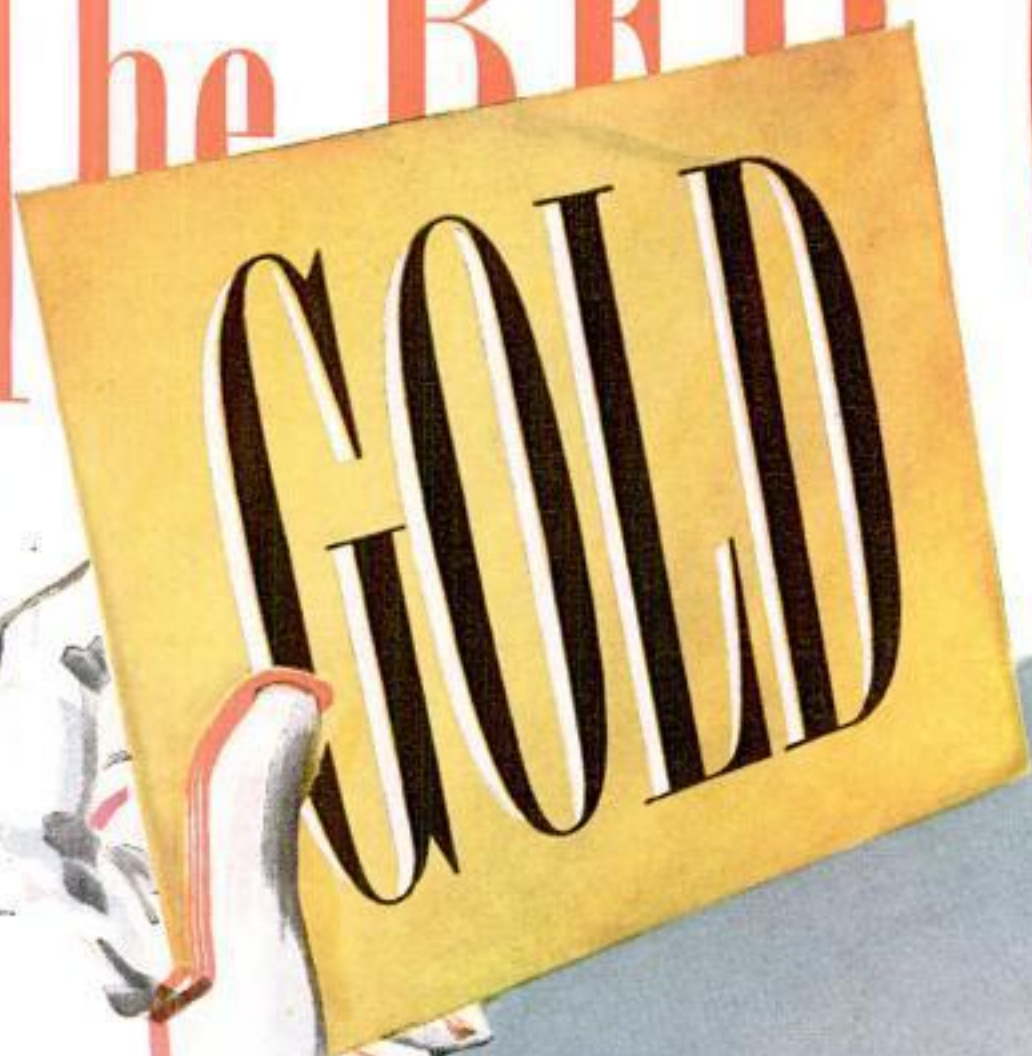


*This spring*

**AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS SHOE**

**WILL BE KNOWN AS**

# THE RED CROSS SHOE



The President of The United States has asked that the name, "Red Cross", be discontinued in connection with all commercial products.

To millions of American women, perhaps the most familiar product bearing this name is the *Red Cross Shoe*.

It has been known by this proud name for a great deal longer than you can probably remember—as a matter of fact, for over 50 years.

With our nation at war, however, we realize that many Americans are having to give up, for the duration, many of the things they have long treasured.

We who make Red Cross Shoes, therefore, and the thousands of merchants who sell them, unhesitatingly accede, during this critical war period, to the wishes of our President.

And, as we do so—as the name "Red Cross Shoe" becomes "Gold Cross Shoe" (our shoes will be so labeled as rapidly as possible)—we make this pledge:

Gold Cross Shoes will continue to *be* Red Cross Shoes in every way. They will be made by the same skilled craftsmen, in the same factories, over the same famous "Limit" lasts, and sold by the same merchants.

There is, we believe, no higher pledge we can make to the women of America.

THE UNITED STATES SHOE CORPORATION, CINCINNATI, OHIO



For a pre-view of the new Spring styles . . . turn the page! ➡



# A Wartime

## choose these GOLD

From the U. S. O. canteens in Boston to the aircraft assembly lines in Baltimore, American women voted... Washington secretaries... members of the American Volunteer Services... Nurses' Aides... War Bond Committee women... college girls... war brides.

A thousand of them were asked to choose from a group of the new Gold Cross Shoes the ones they considered smartest and "rightest" for this wartime Springtime. Meet the winners on this page.

\*Survey conducted by Fact Finders, Inc.



A



Ensemble by Milgrim



B



C



America's unchallenged shoe value

**\$6.95**

... most styles,  
Denver West, \$7.45



# *Fashion Jury* of 1000 active American Women

## **CROSS SHOES** *as their favorites for Spring\**



See them . . . see for yourself that the makers of Gold Cross Shoes "have-a way" with the classic shoe that makes it young and exciting . . . that makes of simplicity something gay and spirited and feminine. Choose them . . . casual, easy shoes for day-long duty . . . staunch, young shoes for walking and working . . . date-dress shoes that manage to be pretty without being fussy. Every pair made over the famous "Limit" Lasts to fit your feet perfectly . . . to keep your step young and tireless. Amazing value. Just \$6.95. The United States Shoe Corp., Cincinnati, Ohio.

# RED CROSS SHOES

FAMOUS FOR OVER 50 YEARS AS RED CROSS SHOES

# GOLD





## STRONG MAN of *"The Invisible Crew"*

WHEN SIRENS SCREAM the alert and our invincible pilots of the Fighter Command "scramble" for their planes, the Strong Man of "The Invisible Crew" of Bendix stands ready to start them on their deadly mission.

At the touch of a switch, the "ECLIPSE" Aircraft Engine Starter grips and spins the engine crankshaft. Mighty motors roar into throbbing, pulsing life.

As our fighters—and bombers—take off to drive the Axis from the skies, other vital "BENDIX-ECLIPSE" Accessories take over to

feed electric motors, keep radios and lights operating, lift and lower landing gear and bomb-bay doors and help prevent ice from forming on wings and whirling propellers.

And on tanks and warships, spearheading attacks on land and sea, still other members of "The Invisible Crew" move into combat with our soldiers and sailors. Skilled Bendix men and women—more than 60,000 strong—are manufacturing precision products in ever increasing volume to back up our Armed Forces—from Start to Finish!

### "ECLIPSE" AVIATION DIVISION

#### "ECLIPSE" INERTIA AND DIRECT-CRANKING ELECTRIC STARTER



From the early 250 H.P. aircraft engines to today's giant 2,500 H.P. engines, Eclipse has met and solved complex engineering starting problems. Oldest member of "The Invisible Crew," the

"ECLIPSE" Starter combines the features of inertia and direct-cranking electric starters. An electric motor accelerates a fly-wheel to 16,000 R.P.M. Through reduction gearing this stored-up energy spins the crankshaft to overcome the original starting load. The electric motor continues cranking until the engine fires.

THE INVISIBLE CREW

PRECISION  
EQUIPMENT BY

**Bendix**

AVIATION CORPORATION

From coast to coast, 25 Bendix plants are speeding members of "The Invisible Crew" to world battle fronts.

COPYRIGHT 1943, BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION





THE SIX VERSAILLES SHOWGIRLS ARE (CLOCKWISE FROM LOWER LEFT): WYNNE STANLEY, BETTY APPLE, SAVONA KING, PATTI ROBBINS, LYNN REILLY AND DORIS SANDBERG

## VERSAILLES GIRLS

They average only 19 years and  
aspire to be Army pin-up girls

Despite the dim-out, the ban on pleasure driving and other wartime regulations, New York's night clubs are doing a boom business. A good reason for this is that pretty girls have not yet been rationed. Typical example is the Versailles, fashionable supper club on East 50th Street, where six of Broadway's loveliest showgirls (*see above*) are presented three times each evening to cafe society audiences.

Trademarked the "Ver-Sighs," these girls, whose

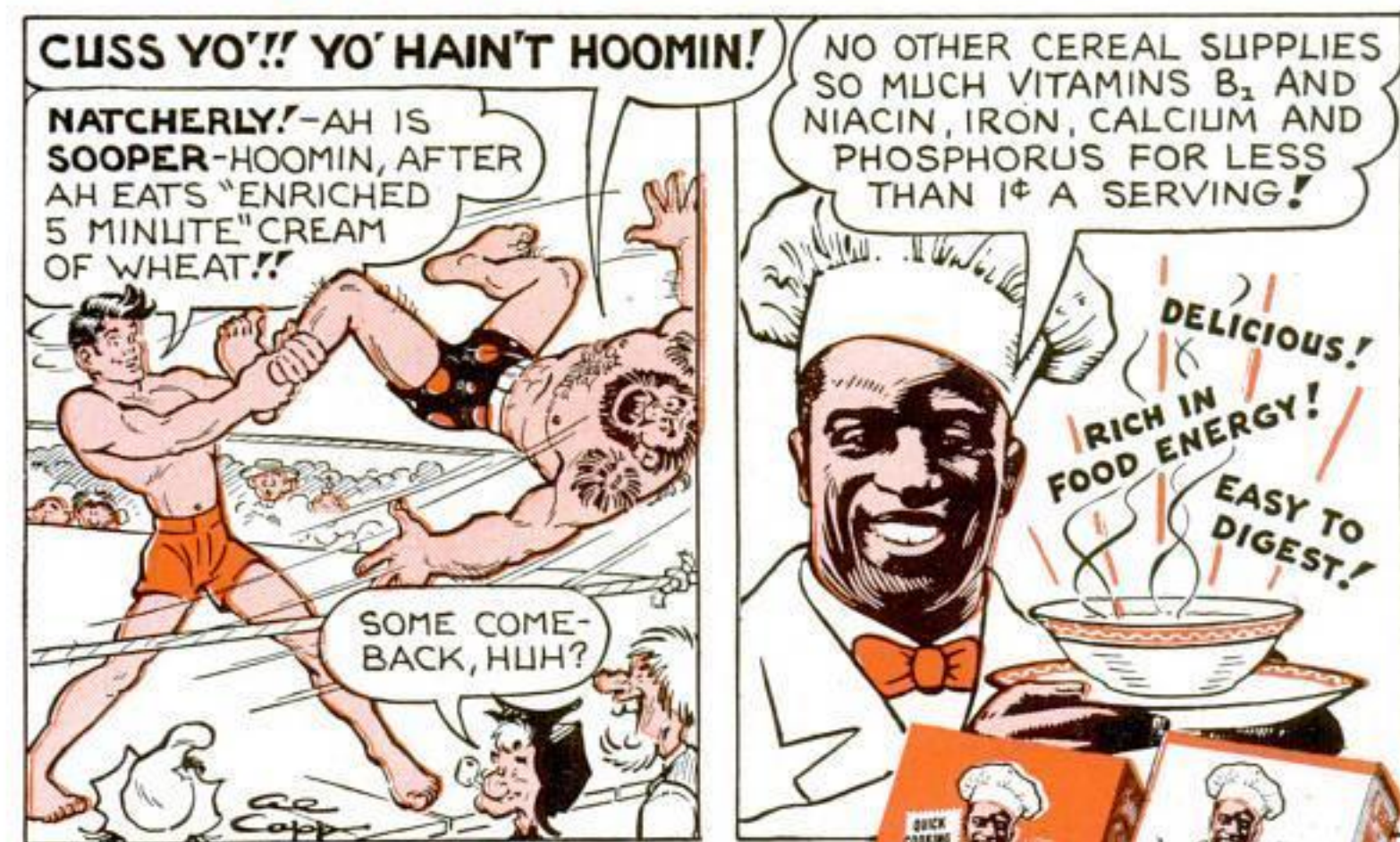
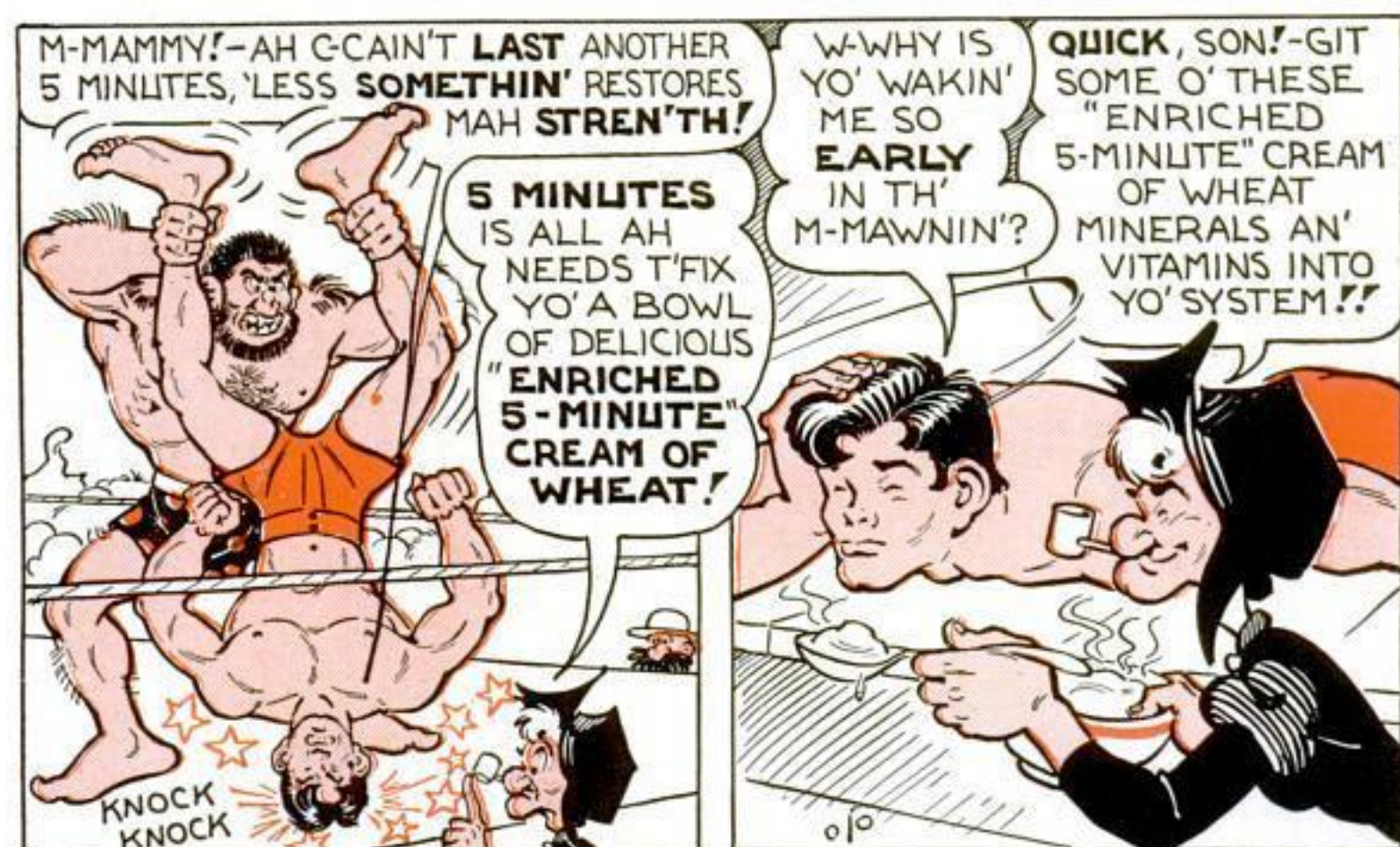
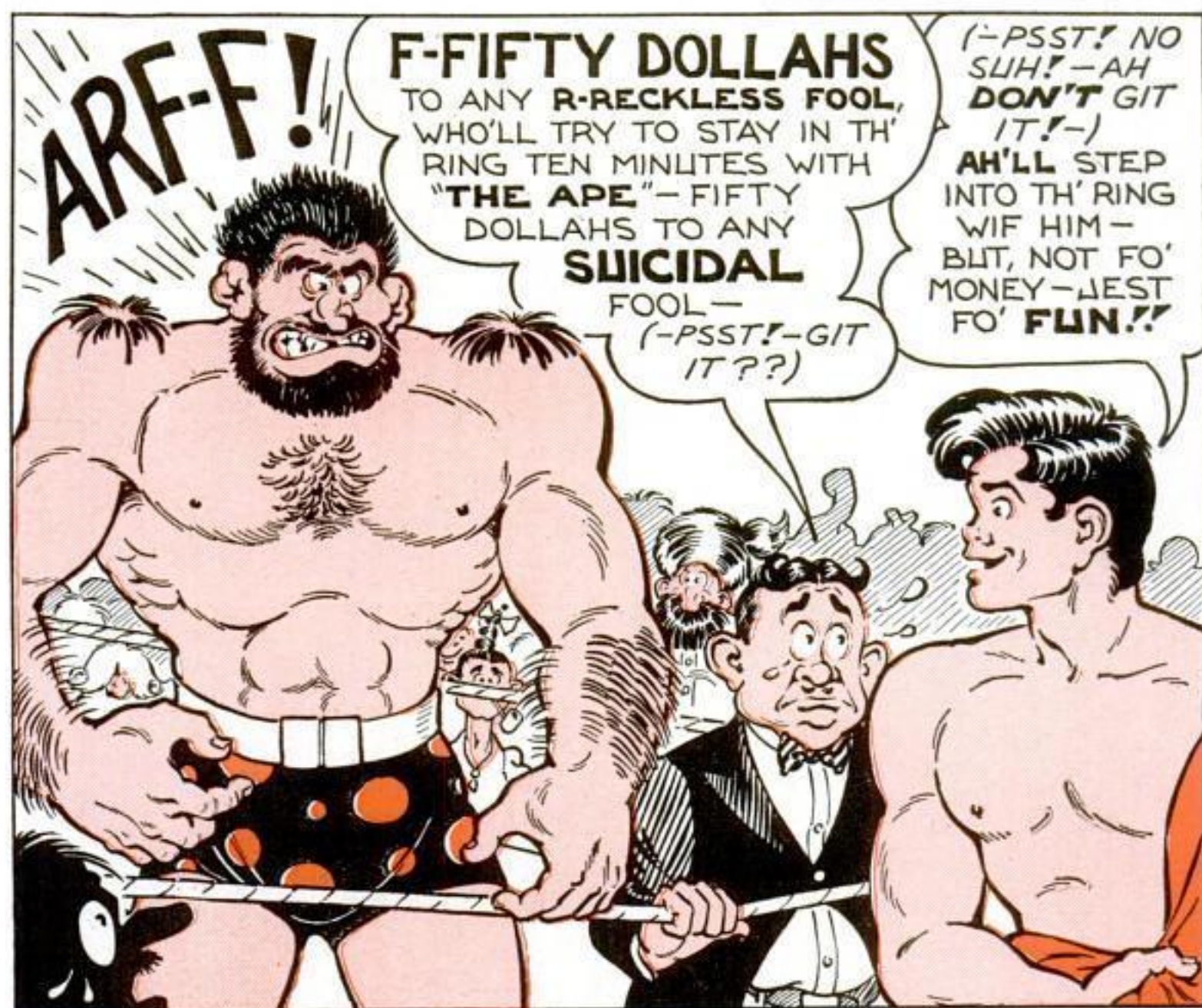
average age is 19, are among the youngest in the after-dark world of entertainment. Singing and dancing in a colorful George Hale revue they scorn sophistication, act fresh and bright, and always look as though they are having a wonderful time. Patriotic as well as pretty, the "Ver-Sighs" have entertained soldiers at the Stage Door Canteen, are Red Cross blood donors and claim to be the only night-club girls whose pictures are used as pin-ups in Army barracks.



# LI'L ABNER

by AL CAPP

GOES TO THE COUNTY FAIR



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## Versailles Girls (continued)



WITH TOP HAT AND MONOCLE DEAN MURPHY IMITATES CHARLIE MCCARTHY

## STAR AT VERSAILLES IS IMITATOR DEAN MURPHY

The star of the Versailles show is Dean Murphy, a 26-year-old impressionist and imitator who started to study law but later switched to impersonating the stars of the stage and screen (see below). A great favorite of both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, he has made 17 appearances at the White House. His impressions of the Roosevelts caused the President to autograph a picture, saying, "To Dean Murphy who looks more like Franklin D. Roosevelt than I do." Mrs. Roosevelt wrote: "To Dean Murphy, who makes me look TERRIBLE." His career well started, Dean Murphy will soon appear on Broadway in the new *Ziegfeld Follies* and later will make his movie debut in M-G-M's *Broadway Melody of 1943*.



MURPHY AS GEORGE ARLISS



AS COMEDIAN JOE E. BROWN



"PRESIDENT FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT"

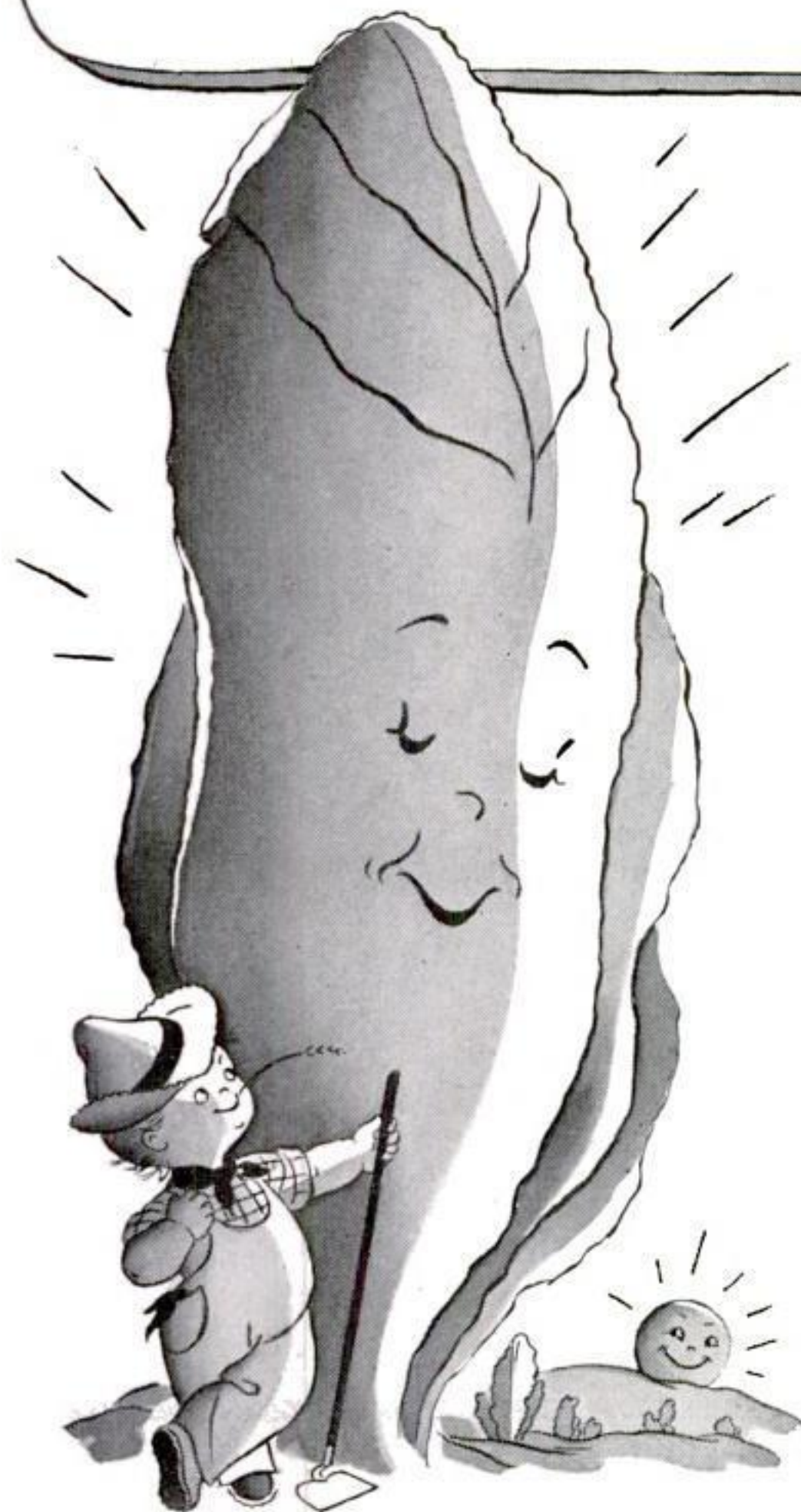


"FIRST LADY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT"



# WHAT IS IT?

(Just ask a Clapp-fed baby!)



**1. It's the splendidest spinach** that ever hugged a vitamin! (Only the freshest, finest fruits and vegetables get a place in Clapp's Baby Foods.)



**3. It's a locked-up kettle** that cooks the foods at Clapp's. The vitamins and minerals would have a hard time getting out! They're kept *in* the foods.



**4. It's a piggy with a purpose!** He's such a fine little pig that when he grows up he'll star in Clapp's Vegetables with Bacon—to give a wonderful tangy flavor to nutritious vegetables.



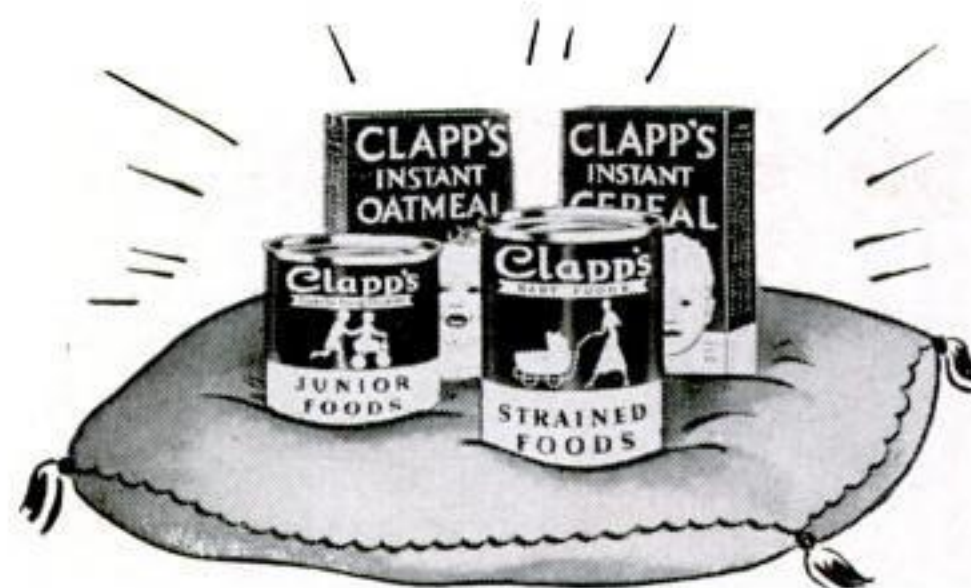
**2. It's a doctor's delight** to know that Clapp's Baby Foods are made just the way he'd want them—just the way that's best.



**5. It's a just-so cutter-upper!** It strains Clapp's strained foods just right for little babies—not too fine and not too coarse. (For older babies, Clapp's junior foods are the ticket. They've a coarser texture—halfway between strained foods and grown-up size pieces.)



**6. It's a baby abeam!** Most *any* baby beams and smiles and coos after a meal of Clapp's Baby Foods. You see, Clapp's makes nothing but baby foods. No wonder they know all the secrets of making foods taste marvelous to babies!



**7. It's Clapp's Baby Foods!** 18 varieties of strained foods for little babies... 15 varieties of junior foods for older babies... 2 kinds of pre-cooked cereals—Clapp's Instant Cereal and Clapp's Instant Oatmeal. Try them! See for yourself how "Babies Take to Clapp's"!







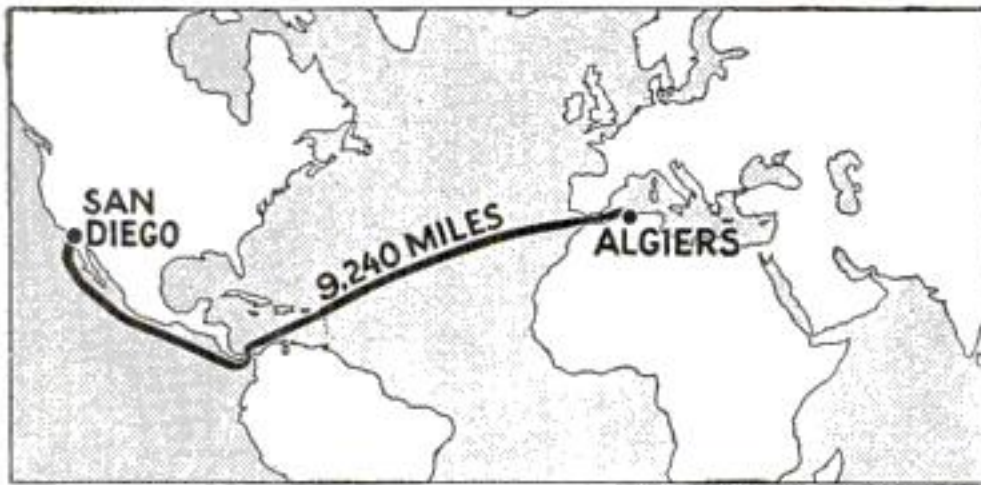
# CONSOLIDATED



# No Spot on Earth is more than 60 Hours from your Local Airport

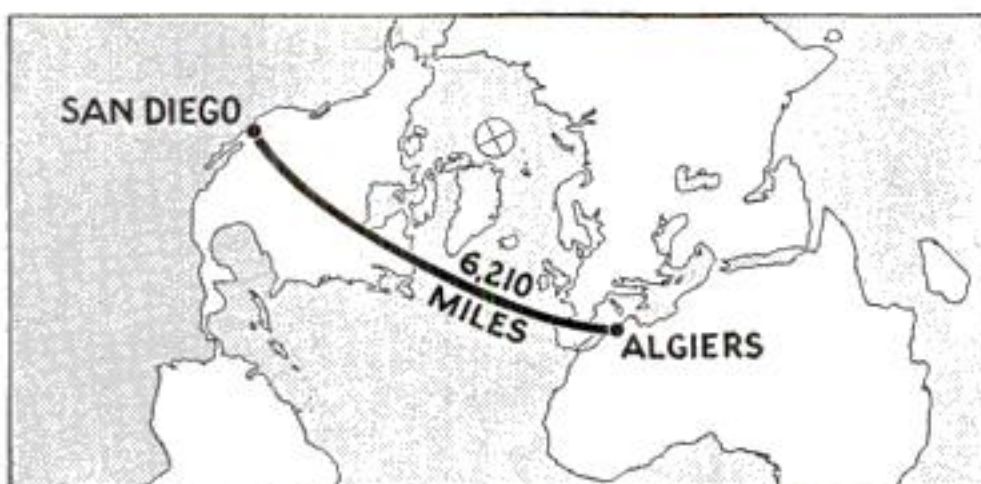
**A**LONG with all that's being said and written about the kind of world we'll be living in after the war, here's one fact you cannot ignore:

"No spot on earth today, however distant, is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport!"



MERCATOR PROJECTION

If a Liberator bomber, built in San Diego, were crated and shipped the 9240 miles to Algiers by sea, it would arrive about a month later.



POLAR AZIMUTHAL EQUIDISTANT PROJECTION

A Liberator is capable of flying the 6210-mile air-line route from San Diego to Algiers in about 31 hours' flying time.

If you doubt it, ask the pilots and crews who are flying today's big long-range planes, ferrying military personnel and supplies to our far-flung battle fronts. They'll tell you that the Atlantic is only 400 minutes wide—that Australia and San Francisco are a mere

35 hours' flying time apart—that you can hop from the U.S., touch Brazil's hump, and come down in Africa, all in 27 hours' flying time.

Or look at one of the new "aviation geography" maps, like those our children are studying in school. These maps make obsolete the maps we have always known. They show us the world as it really is. In this world, because of the plane, Main Street runs from your home town to London, Moscow, and Chungking. Nations and people we once thought remote are now merely hours and minutes away.



From El Paso, Texas, to San Antonio, Texas, is 617 miles—an 18-hour trip by train.

The Airline Route from New York to London is 3460 miles—a 17-hour flight.

Today, of course, the global skyways are reserved for war. But after the war, when freedom of the air returns, trade and travel by plane will become as much a part of everyday life as the use of cars, trucks, busses, railroads, and ocean liners. It is no dream of the future to count on global transportation in giant planes which fly almost with the speed of sound itself. Even today, such planes are being designed.

The Air Age has come, sooner than we thought. Already we have had to learn that wars must be won with the aid of the new Air-Age geography—not in spite of it. And we are beginning to see that the peace we win must be built on a clear understanding of this new global geography and how it can work for us.

## AIR-AGE TIMETABLE

FROM	TO	AIRLINE MILES	HOURS
New York	Berlin	3960	20
Chicago	Singapore	9365	47
New York	Capetown	7801	39
San Francisco	Wellington	6759	34
Washington	Moscow	4883	24
London	Rome	887	4½
New York	London	3460	17
London	Berlin	574	3

The tens of thousands of men and women who make up the U.S. aircraft industry believe that America must be supreme in the air—to win the war today, to win the peace tomorrow.

They know that air power alone will not win the war. But they find it difficult to imagine a nation which possesses the finest planes, and the most planes, going down to defeat.

## Consolidated Aircraft Corporation

San Diego, California • Fort Worth, Texas  
Tucson, Arizona • New Orleans, Louisiana  
Member, Aircraft War Production Council

## QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

The famed Liberator (B-24) is a Consolidated bomber, built by mass-production methods, on moving assembly lines, at the huge Consolidated plant in San Diego and Fort Worth. The two Consolidated Navy patrol bombers known as the Coronado and Catalina also are built at San Diego.

The 4-engine Liberator Express, (transport version of the Liberator bomber), is built at the Consoli-

dated plant in Fort Worth, Texas. This giant plane, with its trans-oceanic flying range and multi-ton cargo capacity, is daily shuttling military supplies to our global battle fronts.

"... today we are flying as much lend-lease material into China as ever traversed the Burma Road, flying it over mountains 17,000 feet high, flying blind through sleet and snow." From the President's address to Congress, Jan. 7, 1943.

Consolidated designed and perfected the Liberator, which is also being built, today, by Ford and North American. Consolidated Catalina patrol bombers are also built in the United States by the Naval Aircraft factory at Philadelphia and in Canada by the Canadian Vickers Ltd. and Boeing.

Major General "Jimmy" Doolittle was the first American aviator ever to take off, fly, and land "blind". He did it in 1929, piloting a Consolidated training plane known as the NY-2 Husky.

At the Consolidated plant in San Diego, there are testing laboratories in which the temperature is maintained at 80 degrees below zero.

One of the test pilots on Consolidated's staff has to his credit over 20,225 hours in the air. His total flying time equals more than 852 full days, or two and one third years.

# AIRCRAFT

DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF THE LIBERATOR,  
CORONADO, CATALINA, LIBERATOR EXPRESS





Governor John W. Bricker, Ohio's favorite-son candidate for 1944, addresses a banquet in Canton, Ohio, marking the McKinley centennial. The speakers' dais was transformed into a

replica of the famous front porch from which McKinley campaigned in 1896. Said Bricker: "The greatest need of the nations of the world today is a leader like William McKinley."

# McKINLEY CENTENNIAL

## OHIO, MOTHER OF SEVEN PRESIDENTS, IS EXPECTANT AGAIN WITH GOVERNOR BRICKER

The State of Ohio, which shares with Virginia the honorary title "Mother of Presidents," has given birth to seven U.S. chief executives: Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, Taft and Harding. Since Harding's Administration, Ohio has been trying to break the tie with Virginia. In 1940 the State had high hopes for its senior Senator, Robert A. Taft, but they died when the Willkie movement suddenly came to life. This year, on the 100th anniversary of the birth of William McKinley, Ohio is trying again. Her favorite son for the 1944 presidential race is three-time Republican Governor John W. Bricker.

Bricker's early-bird campaign for the 1944 Republican nomination was launched on Jan. 28 as the culminating event of the McKinley centennial in Canton, Ohio. As chief orator of the evening, he addressed the 600 guests at a banquet from a replica (above) of the front porch on which McKinley began his successful presidential campaign in 1896. Bricker's keynote was that the world needed another leader like McKinley, and he let the audience draw its own inference as to who that might

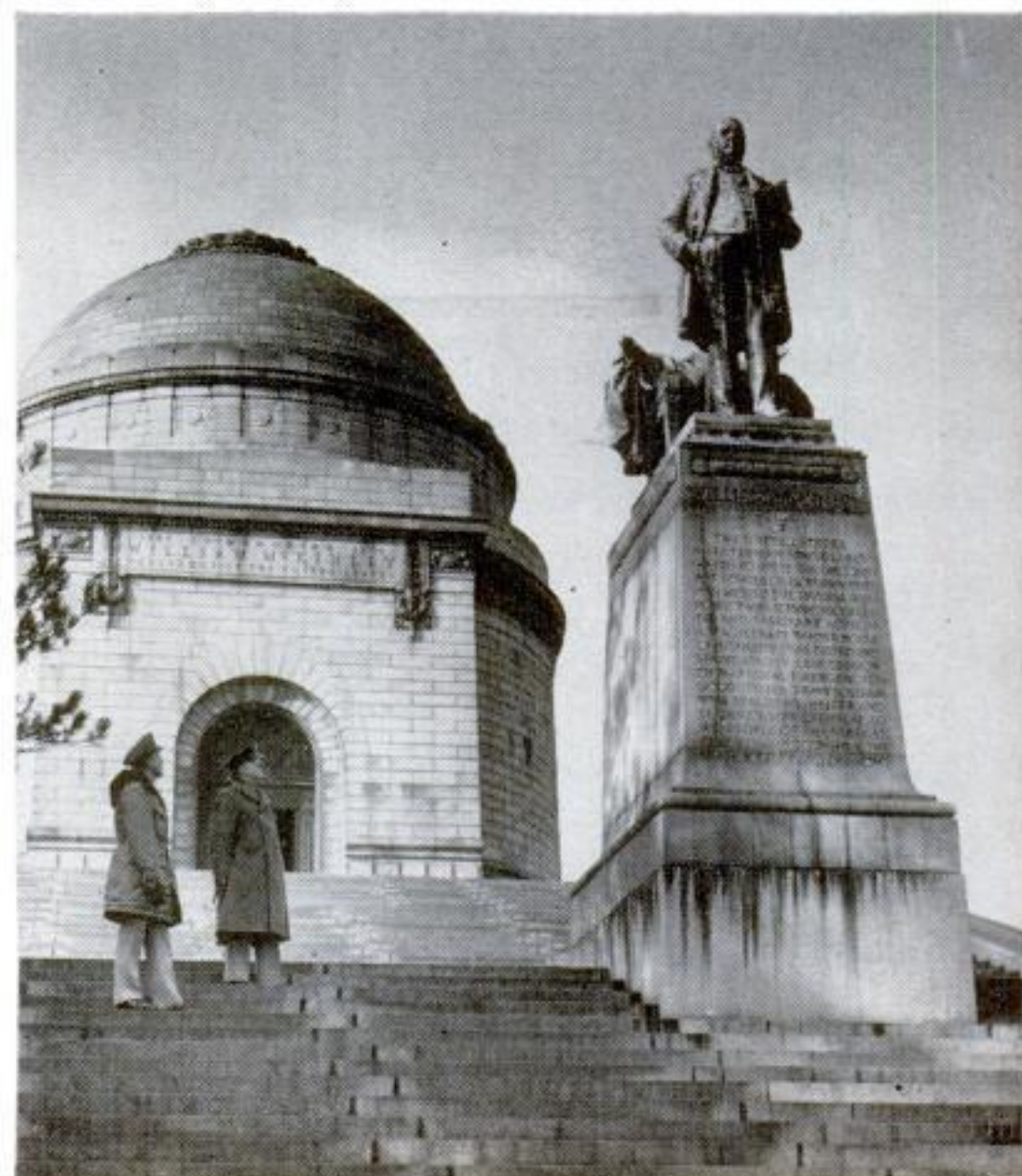
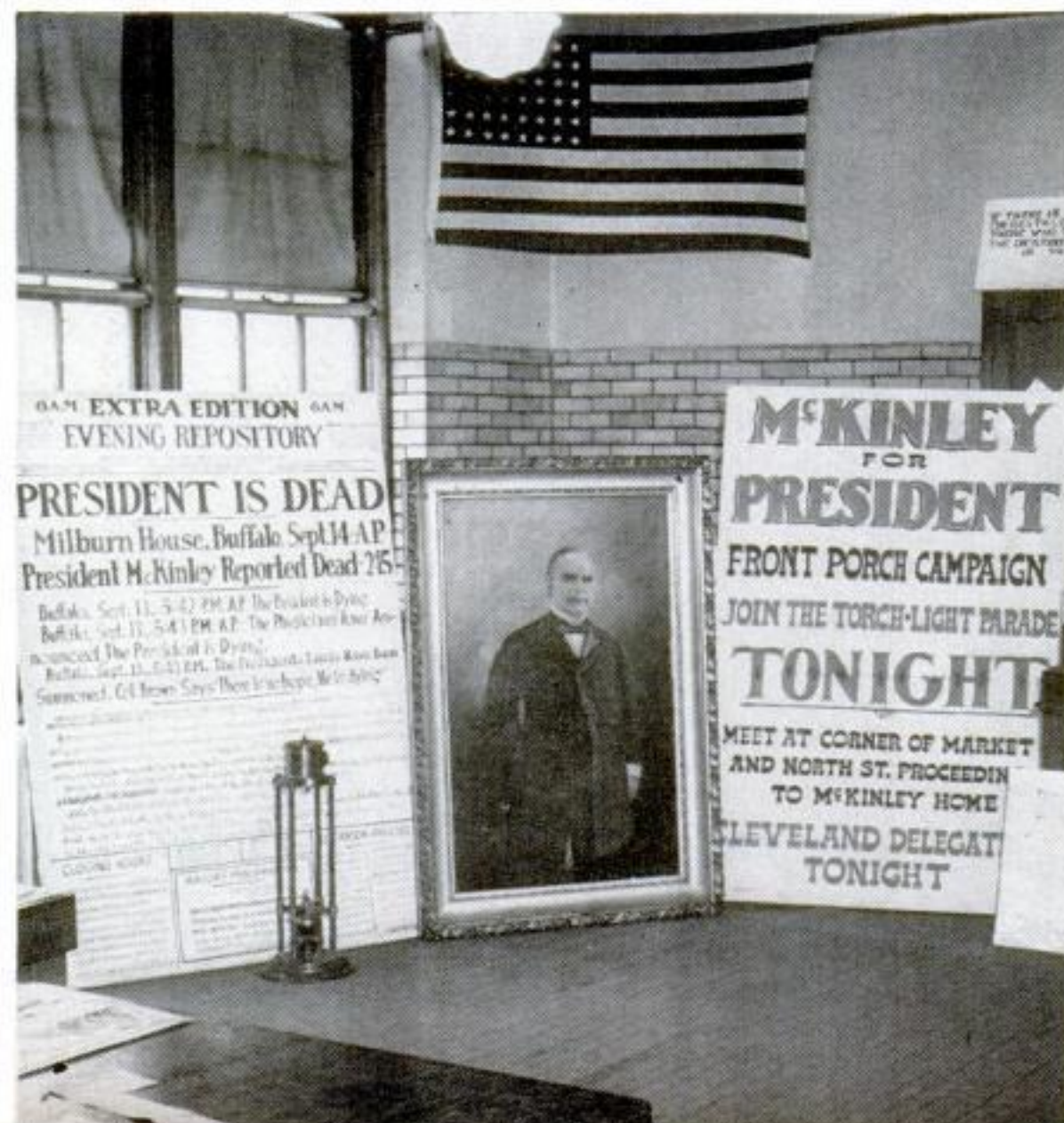
be. Most of them realized that McKinley's career, which is pictured on the following pages, has been paralleled to date by Bricker's. They both began as lawyers, entering the bar at 24. Their careers were temporarily interrupted by military service, McKinley fighting in the Civil War, Bricker in World War I. Both were extremely active in local Republican politics, with rich reward. McKinley became Governor at 48, Bricker at 45. In matters of policy they have common ground on the defense of private enterprise, pre-war "isolationism" and party loyalty. In the imperialistic aftermath of the Spanish-American War, McKinley in one of his last speeches declared that isolationism was no longer possible. Politically-wise Bricker has not committed himself on this issue as it confronts the U.S. today.

In addition to the formal banquet for Governor Bricker, the town of Canton had a full week of McKinley centennial festivities. Bands played, high-school students paraded, the schools and the stores held exhibits and a pageant depicting McKinley's life was staged to raise money for the beautification of his memorial (below, right).

**McKinley memorabilia** exhibited at Canton included his letter press (left) and his old desk

**Newspaper replica** shows extra of Canton paper when McKinley died. Sign at right was used locally to advertise the "front porch" campaign.

**Monument and memorial** for McKinley in Canton were dedicated in 1907. The memorial is final resting place of the 24th President.







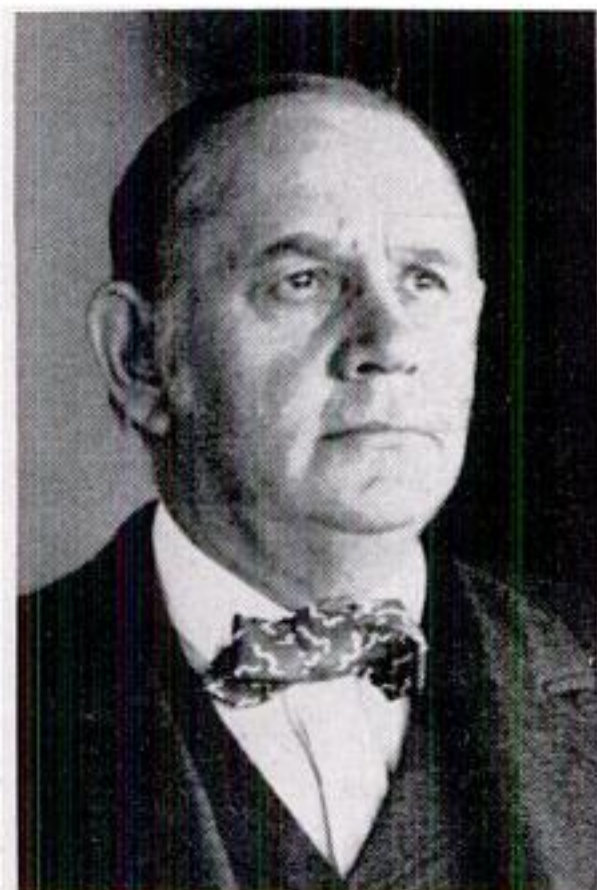
The birthplace of McKinley was this house in Niles, Ohio. He was born on Jan. 29, 1843, the seventh of William and Nancy McKinley's nine offspring.



A private at Civil War's start, McKinley emerged as major in 1865.



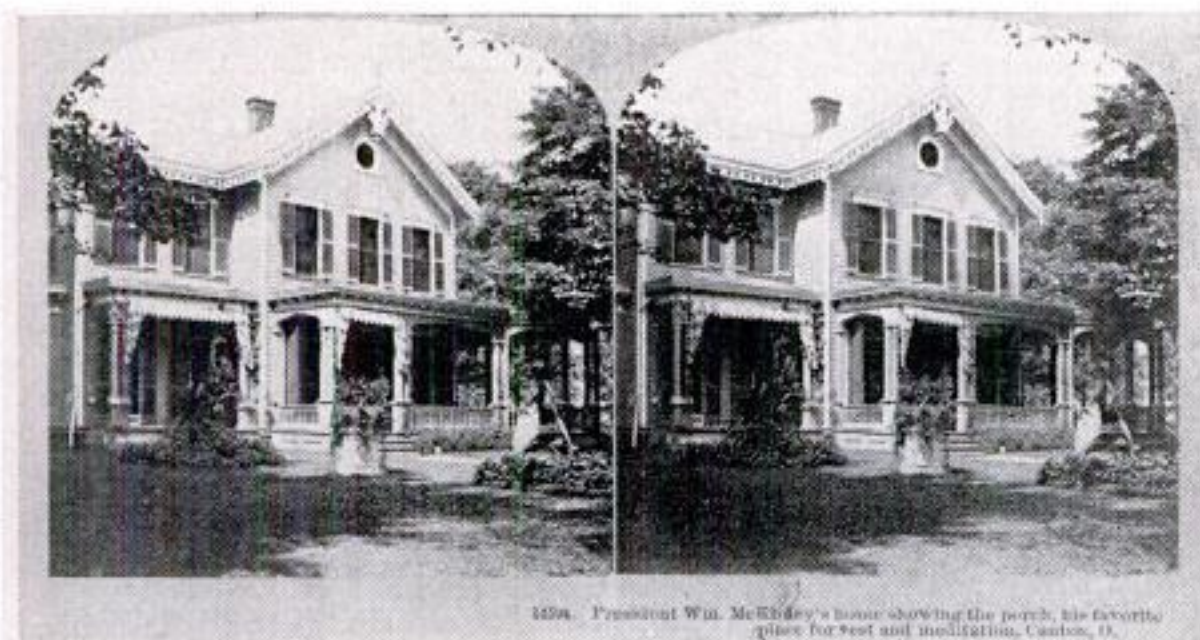
Governor of Ohio in 1891. He was an 1892 presidential "dark horse."



Mark Hanna, an Ohio businessman, ran McKinley and his campaigns.



Ida Saxton, a banker's daughter, married McKinley, Jan. 25, 1871.



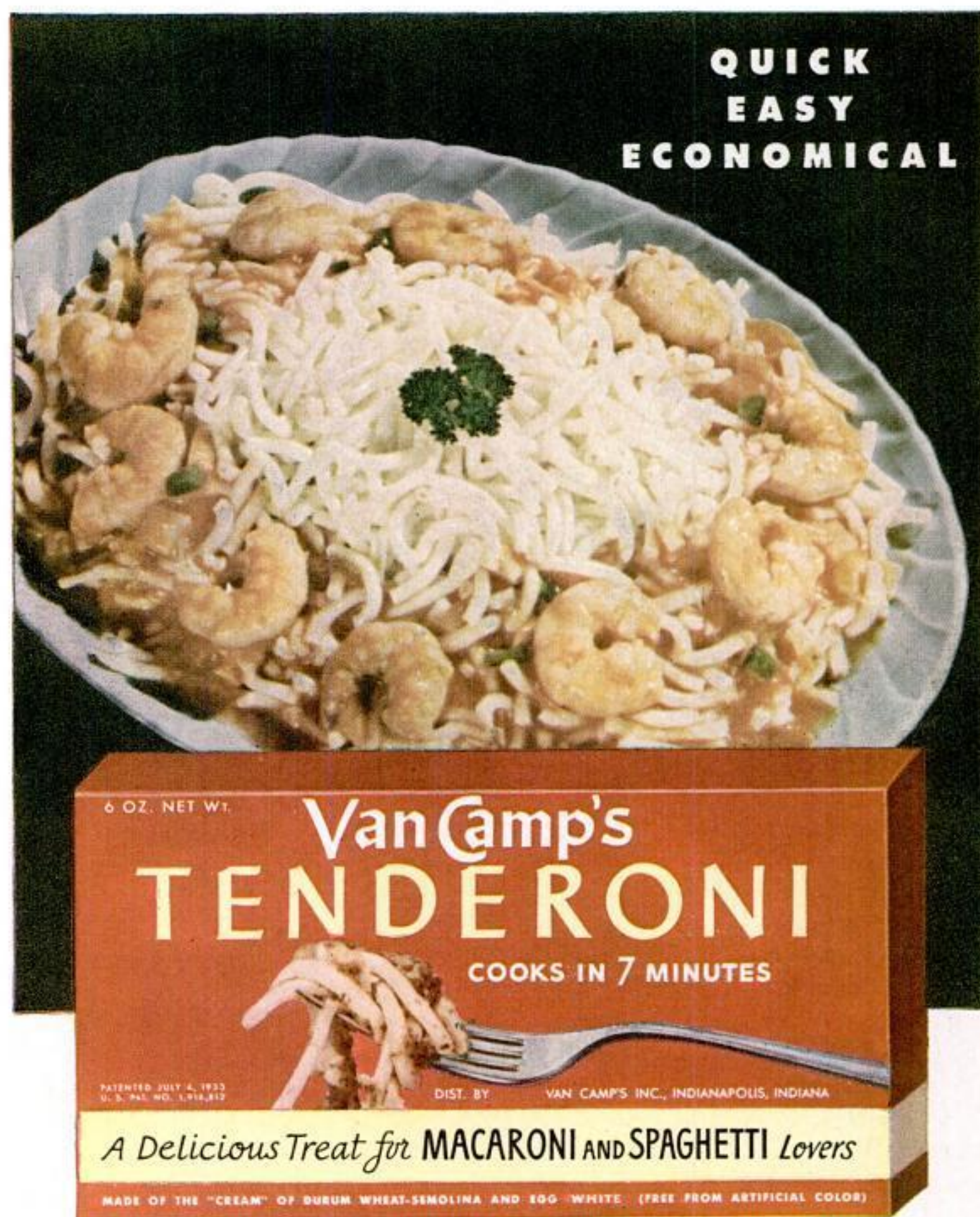
From the porch of his Canton home, as pictured in this 19th Century stereopticon slide, McKinley began making his presidential campaign in 1896.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

# Van Camp's TENDERONI

The new and delicious treat for  
**MACARONI and SPAGHETTI lovers**

**Tender — but not dough-y**



Try this easy **LENTEN** recipe

## **TENDERONI with SHRIMP Creole**

- |                                    |                                 |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 (6 oz.) package Tenderoni        | 1½ cups canned tomatoes         |
| 2 tablespoons butter               | 2 whole cloves                  |
| 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper | 1 teaspoon salt                 |
| 1 cup chopped celery               | ¼ teaspoon pepper               |
| 2 tablespoons chopped onion        | ½ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce |
| 1 small can (5¾ oz.) shrimp        |                                 |

Cook Tenderoni according to directions on package. Melt butter in a saucepan; add green pepper, celery and onion, and cook until soft, about 10 minutes. Add tomatoes, cloves, salt, pepper and Worcestershire Sauce, and simmer until mixture is of sauce consistency. Remove cloves. Remove black line from shrimp, and add shrimp to sauce. Cook until shrimp are heated, about 10 minutes, and serve on a platter with hot Tenderoni. Makes 6 servings.

**TENDERONI makes your meat go further**

Made and distributed by the makers of the famous Van Camp's Pork and Beans





## FOUND:





that real old-time Buckwheat deliciousness—in a food that fills a wartime need!



I sure get a bang from that different tang In the taste of Buckwheat Cakes.

And I get a kick from how easy and quick This Pillsbury batter makes!



Sometime in your life you've tasted buckwheat pancakes—or have you? Ever taste Pillsbury buckwheats?  There's the real thing! And in these hard-working, hard-driving days, they certainly hit the spot.  Plenty of food-energy—vitamin B<sub>1</sub> and iron—and a tangy tang that puts new zest in any meal. And the Pillsbury folks really have worked out a formula that seems to have every ingredient in just the proportion to produce a flavor you'll smack your lips over!  Yes, try buckwheats for a change! Easy to make 'em with Pillsbury's Buckwheat Pancake Flour.  Just add milk or water and it's ready for the griddle. Get a package of Pillsbury's at your grocer's today.

© PFM CO. TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Pillsbury's BUCKWHEAT PANCAKE FLOUR

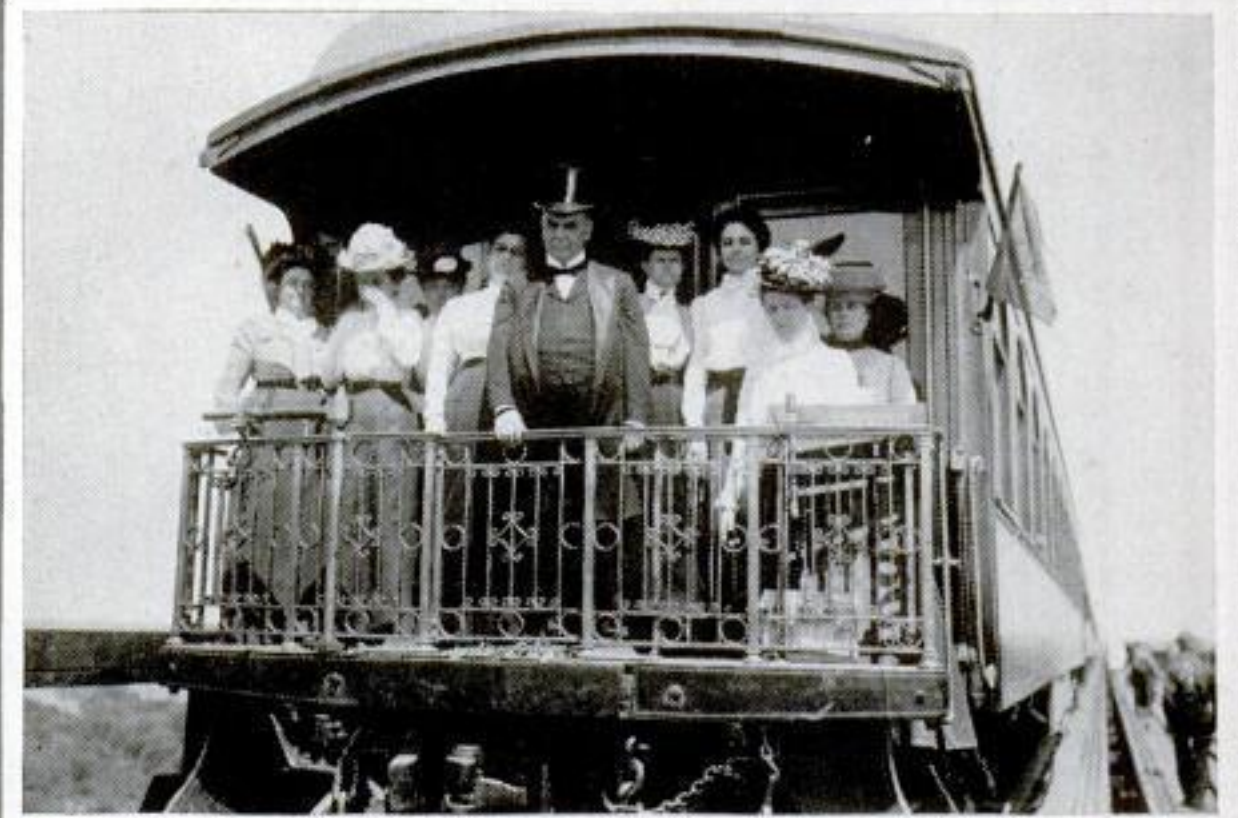
(and . . . Pillsbury's Pancake Flour . . . also ready-prepared . . . without Buckwheat)



First "E" award in milling industry to Pillsbury's Springfield, Ill., Mill



## McKinley Centennial (continued)



On campaign trip in 1896 McKinley's private train stops at Des Moines for a rear-car speech. His opponent was W. J. Bryan, the big issue "gold."



President McKinley poses with Vice President Garret Augustus Hobart, New Jersey lawyer, who died Nov. 21, 1899 before the end of his first term.



Peace Protocol after Spanish War is signed by Secretary of State Day on Aug. 12, 1898 as McKinley, officials and White House staff watch ceremony.



Admiral Dewey, hero of the Philippines, is welcomed home in 1899 by President McKinley at the Capitol and receives the nation's sword as a tribute.





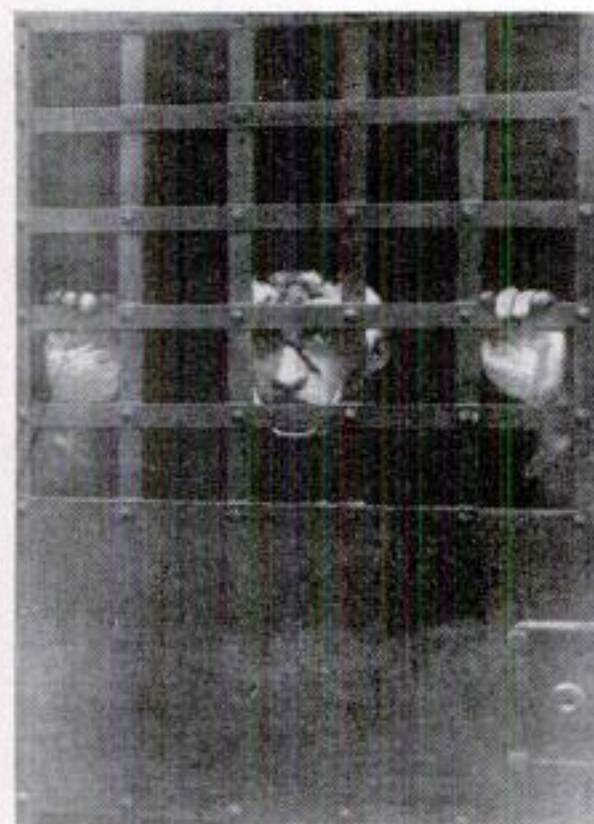
Temple of Music, Buffalo, where McKinley was shot, Sept. 6, 1901.



Last picture of McKinley taken as he mounted steps of the Temple.



Assassination as shown in a contemporary painting. Killer approached, his right hand bandaged with a handkerchief, and shot McKinley twice.



The killer, Anarchist Czolgosz, was jailed at once, then executed.



Vice President Roosevelt arrives in Buffalo. McKinley died Sept. 14.



State funeral of McKinley was held on Sept. 17. Here his casket is borne up steps of the Capitol after a solemn procession from the White House.

## FORGOTTEN! (because your hair is Gray?)

*\*Clairol swiftly, surely, secretly eliminates the heartaches of gray or graying hair!*

It isn't that they mean to be unkind. But somehow, no one ever thinks to include an "older woman" in gay plans.

Don't let gray hair cheat you of the friends and success you were meant to have. Be a vital part of things today. There's a pleasant, easy, exciting way to forget your hair was ever a gloomy gray. It's the Clairol way!

With one simple application, Clairol Shampoo Tint completely colors every visible gray hair. One delightful Clairol treatment will transform those drab, dull locks to a new, natural-looking shade... a shining glory that will help you look years younger.

**CLAIROL IS QUICK**—It cleanses, conditions, and permanently colors every visible gray hair all at the same time. Takes little longer than ordinary shampoos.

**CLAIROL IS DEPENDABLE**—Each of Clairol's 23 natural-looking shades is laboratory-controlled, produced under the supervision of skilled specialists. Clairol shades are uniform, always assuring a perfect match.

**CLAIROL KEEPS YOUR SECRET**—Because it completely avoids that tell-tale "dyed" look of old-fashioned methods. **NO OTHER PRODUCT** gives such natural-looking results.

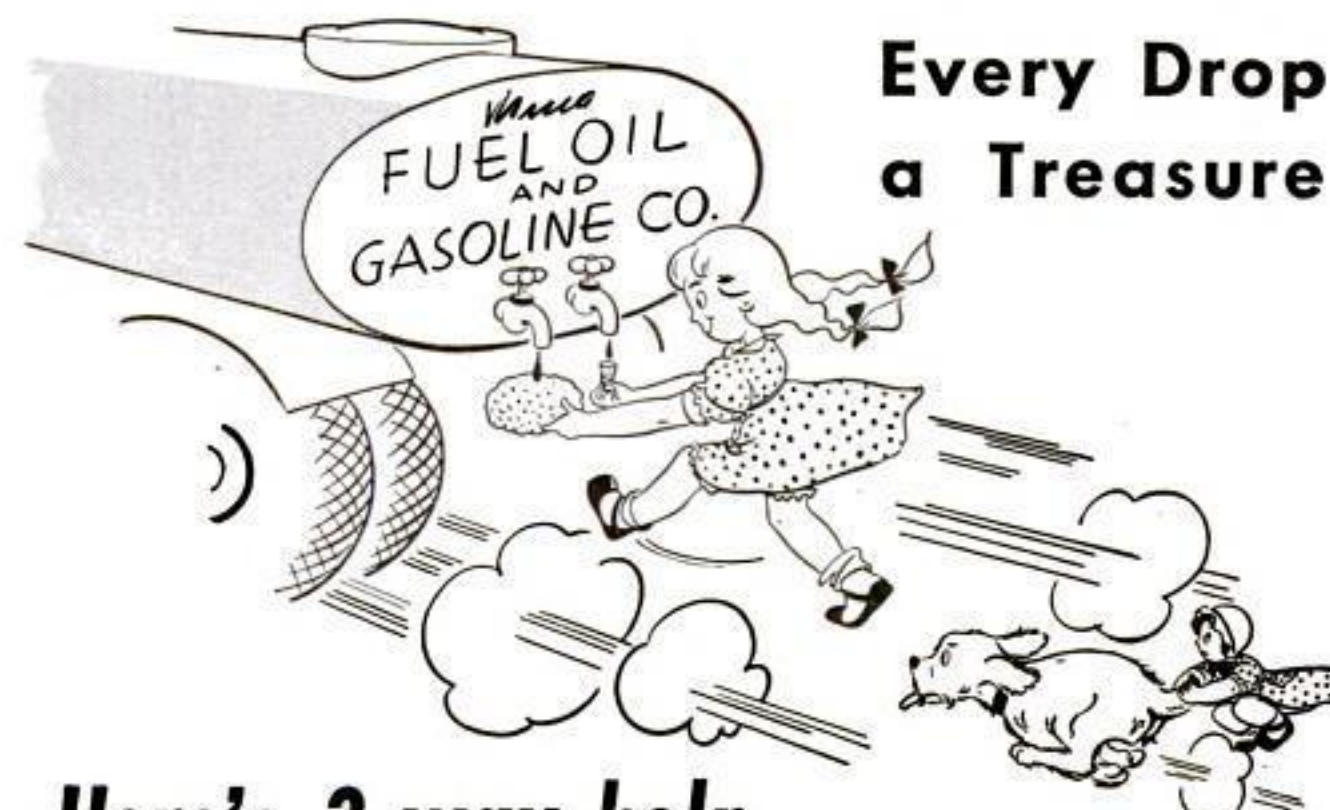
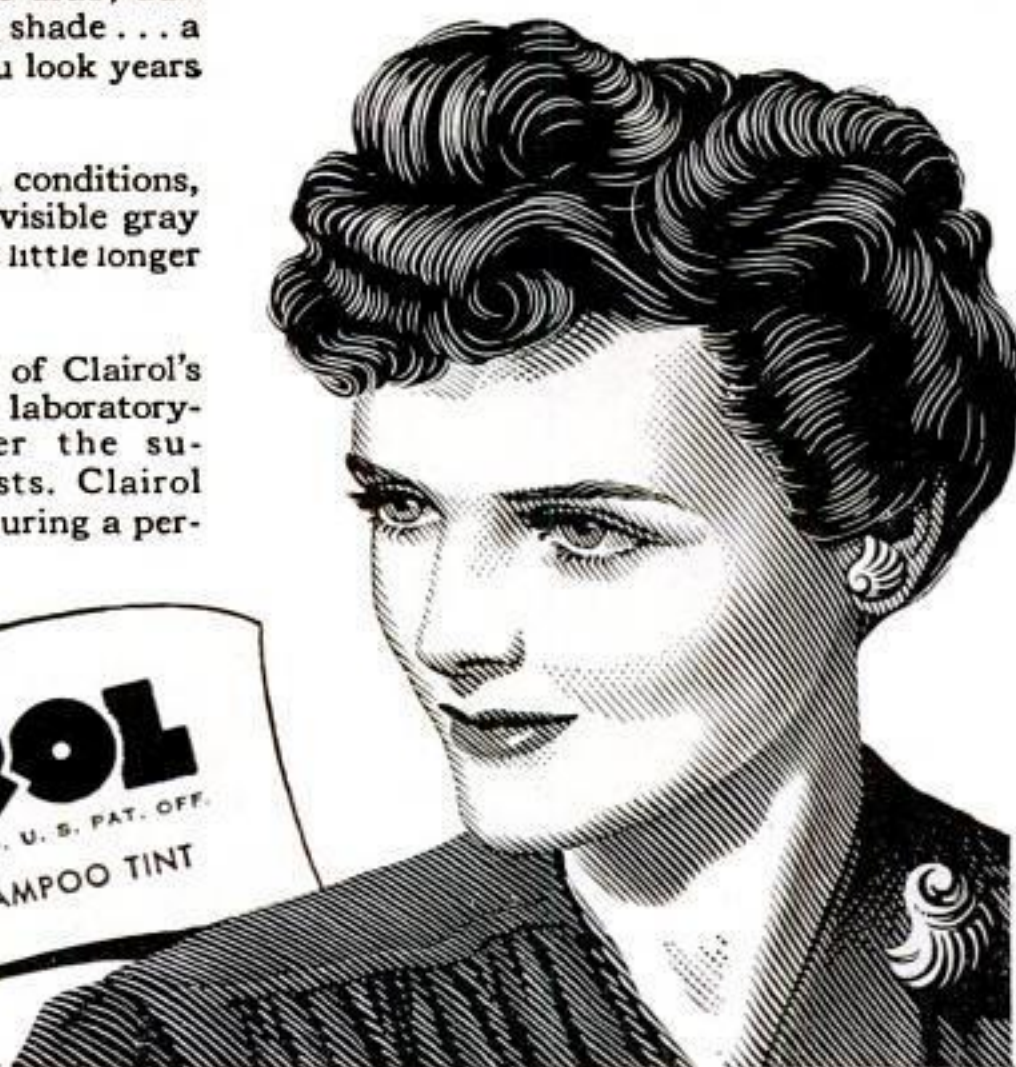
**FREE** ... "11 Secrets of Beautiful Hair." This fascinating booklet gives you eleven ideas of a hair specialist; tells you how to bring out the full beauty and radiance of your hair, scientifically. It's Free. Just write:

CLAIROL, INC., Dept. L-5, P. O. Box 1455, Stamford, Conn.

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\*CAUTION  
USE ONLY AS DIRECTED ON THE LABEL



**Here's 3-way help**

Look for the same good Sun Sweet in a new war-time bottle.



**in feeling "like a million"**

Enriched by the constant sun and mineral laden soil of California, you can depend upon this fruit juice for a trio of food benefits. Mineral, Vitamins (b and g)—for resistance. Carbohydrates—for quick, abundant energy. Laxative Effect—to sweep away poisons.

**SUN SWEET PRUNE JUICE**  
The Growers' Own Brand



**Also — 3-WAY HELP between Meals**

MOTT'S Apple Juice—Pure juice of the pick of New York fruit. MOTT'S Jellies—Dual Flavor for double enjoyment. Seven tasty combinations. MOTT'S Cider Vinegar—Pure apple. Excellent for table use or cooking.

3 of the famous

**MOTT'S PRODUCTS**

Produced by the Distributors of Sun Sweet Prune Juice



# SECRETARY OF WAR!



**N**o uniform adds glamor to her job. There's no publicity, no medal . . . she's just in there slugging. Of course you say of her, comfortably, "I don't know what I'd do without her" . . . but man, don't be silly! Without her you'd be sunk!

Those endless accurate pages of estimates, specifications, contracts, production schedules . . . those neat conference digests . . . that blizzard of forms . . . the appointment lists . . . the end-of-the-day dictation . . . think how she handles it all, and comes in smiling next morning for more.

Of course we'd like to urge you to give her a brand new L C Smith, to help make her

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But most of all we want to pay just a word of tribute because we know it is richly deserved. Here's to a girl doing one grand job . . . your own private "secretary of war."

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# CHINESE PAINTING

Professor Chang shows how he does it in eight minutes flat

The pictures on these pages were posed specially for LIFE by one of China's greatest painters, Professor Chang Shu-Chi of the National Central University of Chungking. Here he shows how he turns out one of his Chinese masterpieces in exactly eight minutes. In picture below he starts the painting at 3:30. At right he holds finished painting at 3:38.

Speed is only part of Artist Chang's technique. It took him 31 years to perfect his art to the point where every brush stroke is a vitally important step toward building a finished painting. Because these pictures are painted on silk with watercolor and lines cannot be erased, the greatest problem is to see that every minute stroke is done just right. If one little brush line goes wrong the whole picture is ruined and must be begun all over again.

Chang Shu-Chi is now in the U.S. to raise money with his pictures for China Relief. To date he has sold more than \$15,000 worth of paintings like the one on this page, at prices ranging from \$25 to \$500.



**START** Exactly at 3:30 (note clock) artist wets brush with right amount of water, begins painting.



**1 MINUTE** With movements so fast camera does not clearly show hand, birds begin to appear.



**2 MINUTES** The birds now are all done and the artist begins swift painting of wisteria.



**3 MINUTES** Artist picks up fresh brush to paint green leaves to contrast with blossoms.



**Finished picture** of birds on a branch of wisteria is shown completed by Professor Chang Shu-Chi exactly eight min-

utes after he began it. Chang first started painting at age of 9. Now at 40 he is one of China's most honored artists.



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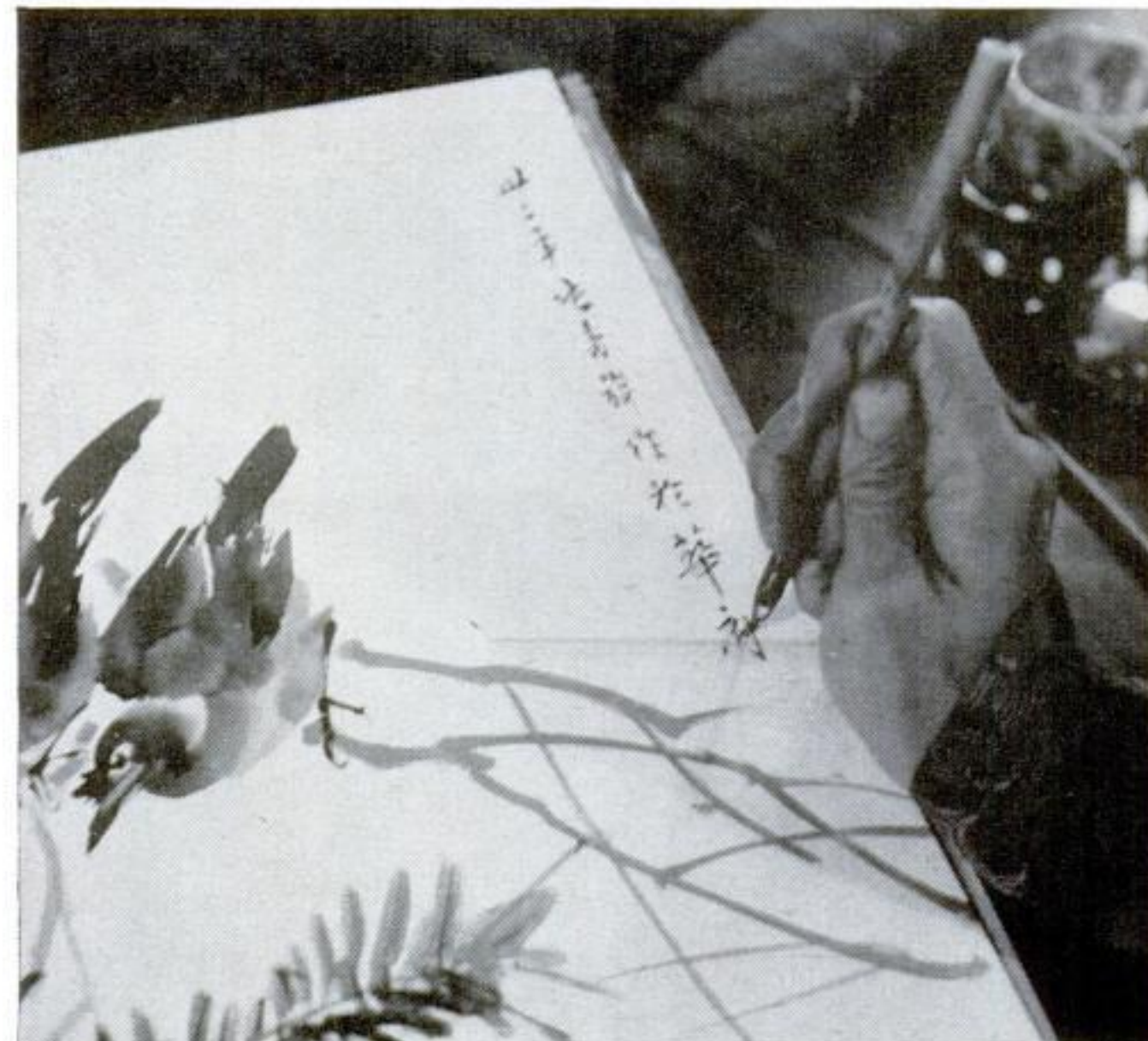
## Chinese Painting (continued)



**4 MINUTES** Still another brush is used to paint branches beneath the birds. Claws of birds have already been drawn to clutch the branch.



**5 MINUTES** Deep tones are added to blossoms to give them variety of color and feeling of sunlight. The cups hold water to moisten brushes.



**FINISH** In the last three minutes Artist Chang adds a few final strokes, then takes up a heavier brush to write his signature in Chinese characters.



# From Alice...to Eddie...to Adolf!

The drill whirs in Alice's hands . . . shaping a swift new plane . . . for Eddie to fly.

In Alice's mind is the memory of Eddie looking handsome as he left to join his squadron . . . the sweet sound of his words as he talked of the home they would some day have together.

They'd have it now if it weren't for Adolf. *Alice and Eddie know why they're fighting.*

Such are the human stories that lie behind the overwhelming production of planes, ships, tanks and guns that America is now pouring forth to beat the Axis.

In our fighting industries, millions of loyal Americans have turned their peacetime skills into wartime production. Texaco resources are already producing vast quantities of vitally important 100-octane aviation gasoline . . . chemicals for war explosives . . . high quality lubricating oils for the Navy, Army and Air Corps . . . and a host of other products.

To win, we all willingly drive our cars slower to save gasoline and tires, buy war bonds and stamps, conserve our food, clothing, metal.

For this is every American's war . . . Alice's, Eddie's, yours, ours. On one point we are all resolved: *it won't be Adolf's.*

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# Van Heusen Shirts







FRECKLE-FACED JACK JENKINS IS HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST CHILD STAR. IN "THE HUMAN COMEDY" HE STEALS SCENES FROM MICKEY ROONEY, CAPTIVATES FILM AUDIENCES

## MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

# *The Human Comedy*

SAROYAN WRITES A MOVIE

In record-breaking time the name of William Saroyan has become a legend wherever books are sold or plays presented. At 34 he has had published hundreds of stories and ten books. Seven of his plays have been seen on Broadway. Now he has written a motion picture. In M-G-M's *The Human Comedy* the movie public will be introduced to Saroyan's philosophy that the world is wonderful and the people in it beautiful.

As a writer Saroyan has captured public attention, not only for his ability to write a three-act play in three days, but also for his statements like: "I am the greatest writer in the world." In 1940 he became the bad boy of American letters when he declined the Pulitzer Prize awarded to his play *The Time of Your Life*.

True to form, Saroyan has this year pulled another of his literary tricks. Most movies are adapted from novels already published. But Saroyan, reversing the usual pro-

cedure, went first to Hollywood and wrote *The Human Comedy* as a movie, then turned it into a novel. This month both book and screen versions appeared simultaneously. As a book, *The Human Comedy* is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection and has jumped quickly into the best-seller class.

As a movie, *The Human Comedy* is a rare experience on the screen. The simple wartime story of an American family, it is filled with Saroyan's understanding of people and his love of life. Directed by Clarence Brown, the film is sensitively acted by a cast headed by Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan and Fay Bainter.

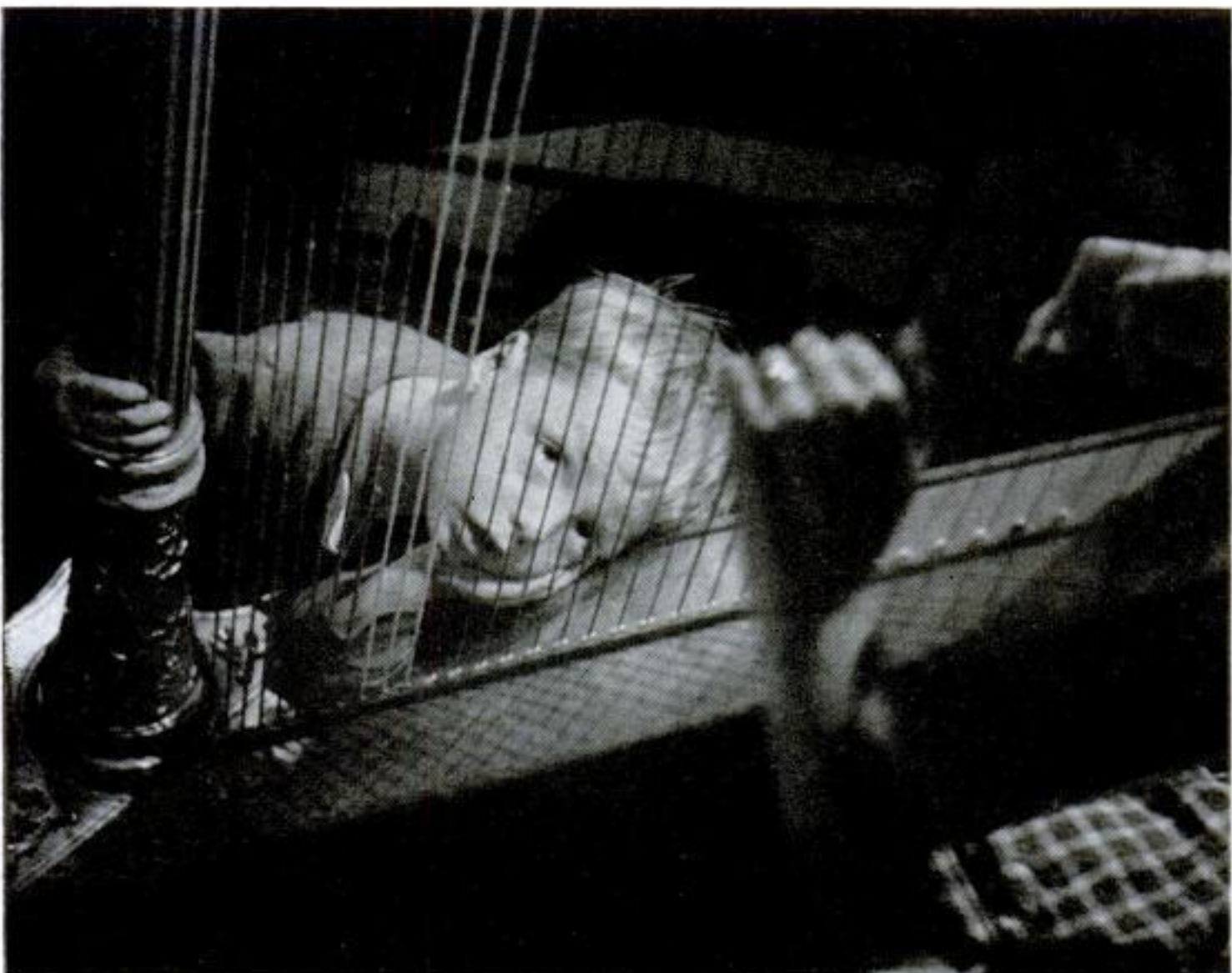
Big discovery in *The Human Comedy* is freckle-faced, 5-year-old Jack Jenkins (*see above*) who overnight has become a child star. Better known to everyone as "Butch," he almost steals the show. But his actress mother, Doris Dudley, says: "He's the same little punk he always was."



**"The Human Comedy" (continued)**



The story of **"The Human Comedy"** is about the Macauley family who live in Ithaca, Calif. Kindly, loving and simple, they are the sort of characters about whom Saroyan usually writes. Youngest son is 4-year-old Ulysses (Jack Jenkins) who likes to watch gophers digging in his backyard and wave to people on trains. Here he is dejected because no one will wave back.



After supper in the Macauley home, daughter Bess plays the piano while her mother plays the harp. Ulysses watches them both, fascinated. Although a little sleepy, he wants to ask some questions before being put to bed. Patiently Mrs. Macauley tries to explain the absence of oldest son Marcus, who is in the Army, and her husband, who has been dead for two years.



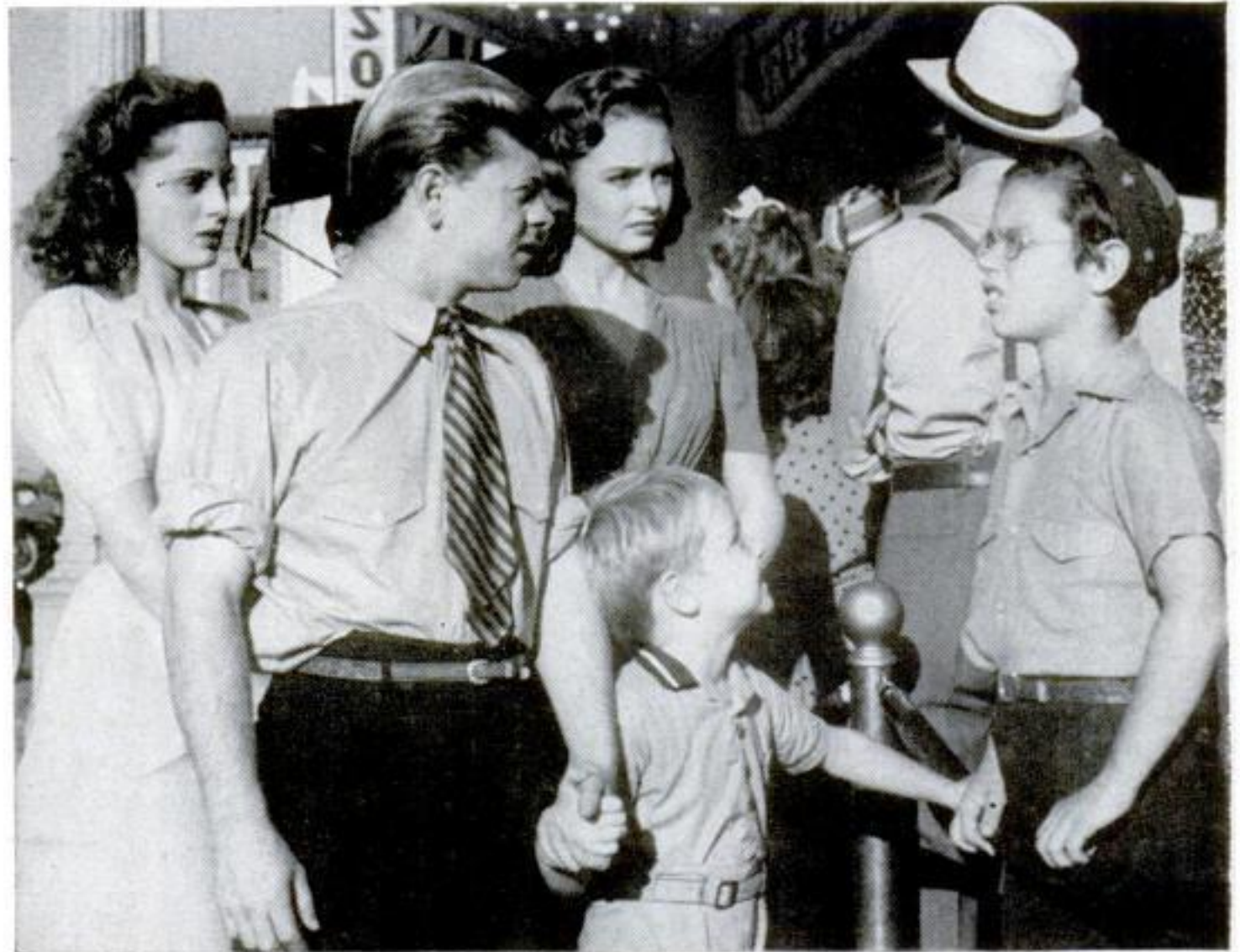
Riding home, Ulysses sits on the handle bars of brother Homer's bicycle. Homer (Mickey Rooney) goes to high school, runs the low hurdles, has a crush on a pretty girl, but learns most about life from his after-school job as a messenger for Postal Telegraph. The movie is filled with simple episodes, finds its drama in the pattern of life in a small town during war.



Ulysses' faith in human nature is restored when a cheerful Negro on his way to the South returns the greeting by singing and waving. The little boy runs back home whistling one phrase from the Negro's song over and over again. He stops to reflect on his experience, then kicks up his heels like a frisky colt. This is characteristic of Ulysses when he is happy.

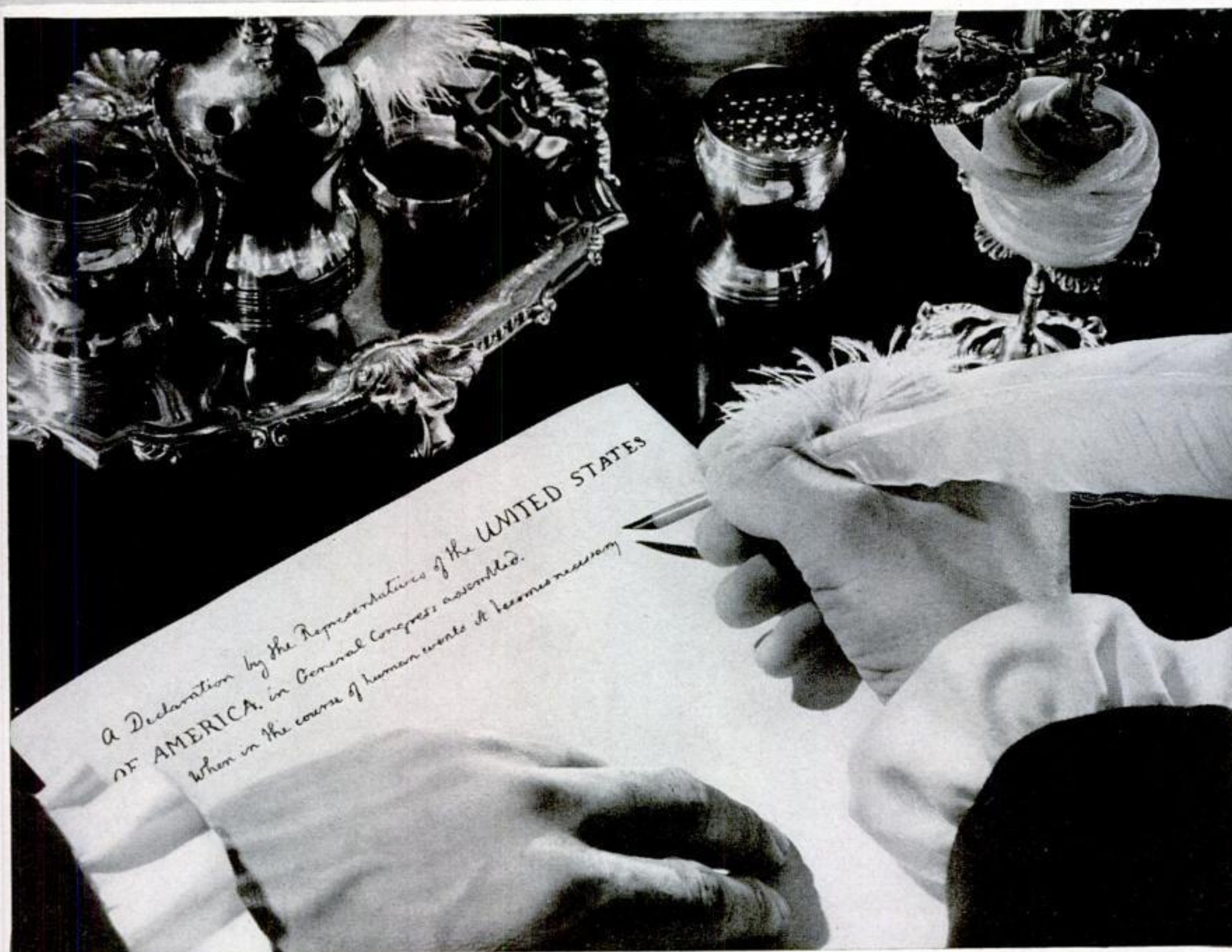


Ulysses and his friend, Lionel (Darryl Hickman), the town's backward boy, stand in front of a drugstore watching a "mechanical man" who is advertising a patent medicine. Ulysses begins to cry. His brother, Homer, finds him and asks if he is afraid. Ulysses then links the word "afraid" with his emotions, senses a new experience. Happily he cries, "I'm afraid!"



Out for a walk on a Saturday afternoon, Homer and Ulysses stop to talk with bespectacled Lionel, who is standing in line outside of a motion-picture theater. He has no money and Homer asks him why he is waiting there if he can't buy a ticket. Lionel, with true Saroyan philosophy, says: "I was lonesome. I saw these people standing here, so I stood with 'em."





## What can a man believe in?

A red-haired lawyer from Virginia sat in a lodging house in Philadelphia. Through the window he saw more than streets and houses. He saw a nation that was to be. He dipped his quill pen and wrote:

"... that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

The pen scratched on, to the final words:

"... we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

Thus Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. The events that gave birth to it have long ceased to be an issue. But the inspiration lives forever. When free America is threatened, we'll defend it with "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." This is our pledge. Believe in it always.



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# WAACS & WAVES

Photographs for LIFE by Martin Munkácsi



OUT FROM THE WAVES AT DAYTONA BEACH COME THREE ENLISTED WAAC LIFESAVERS. MOST WAACS AT THIS CAMP SWIM EVERY DAY AND LIFEGUARDS ARE USUALLY VERY BUSY

Martin Munkácsi is considered by his devotees the world's greatest photographer of women. To give him a chance to convince LIFE's readers of his abilities, LIFE turned him loose on the Waacs and the Waves. His pictures of these militant young women at various training camps are printed here.

You might think that the girls above, running out of the water are the Navy's Waves. They are not.

They are the Army's Waacs. This is not inappropriate, however, because the Waacs, alone among U. S. female military corps, are liable to service overseas.

By last week, the Waves and Waacs were no longer military experiments. They were military realities, having appeared for duty with startling effects at Army and Navy posts all over the country. Undoubtedly they were doing good work, but old-time officers

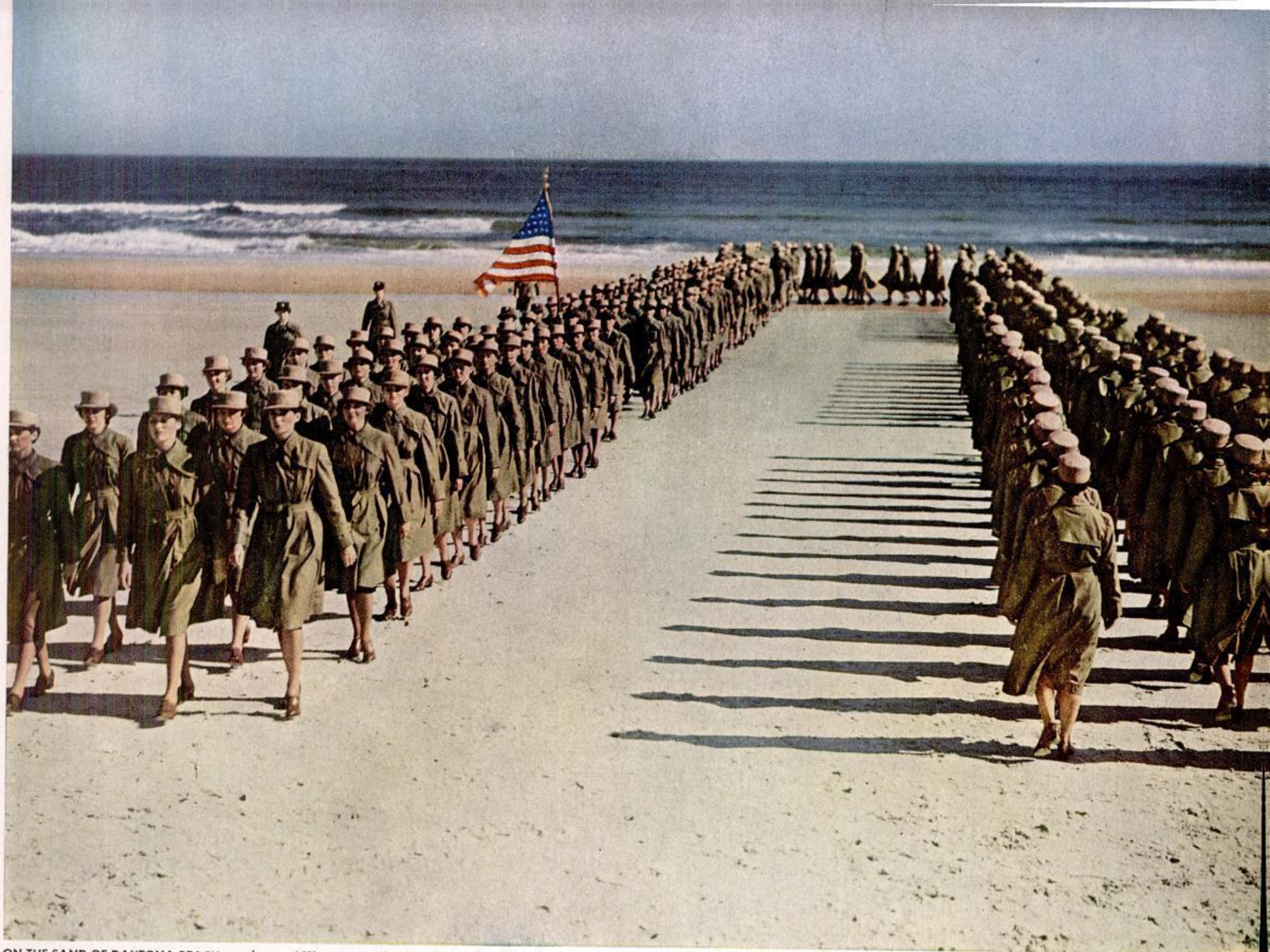
and enlisted men still could not get used to them. Said a marine commanding officer at a marine base when informed that female marines were to be sent him, "Damn it all; first they send dogs; now it's women." At Des Moines, Iowa, even the civilians were emotional. One old man leaped out of a window and killed himself, leaving an estate of \$60,000, rather than move out of his hotel to make way for Waacs.



LIFEBOAT IS ROLLED UP ON THE BEACH by members of the Waacs' lifesaving corps. At Daytona Beach, as at their other camps, enlisted Waacs learn military customs, sanitation, com-

munication, map reading and details of keeping track of property. Later they may become experts in cooking, administration, communications, truck-driving or other specialized jobs.



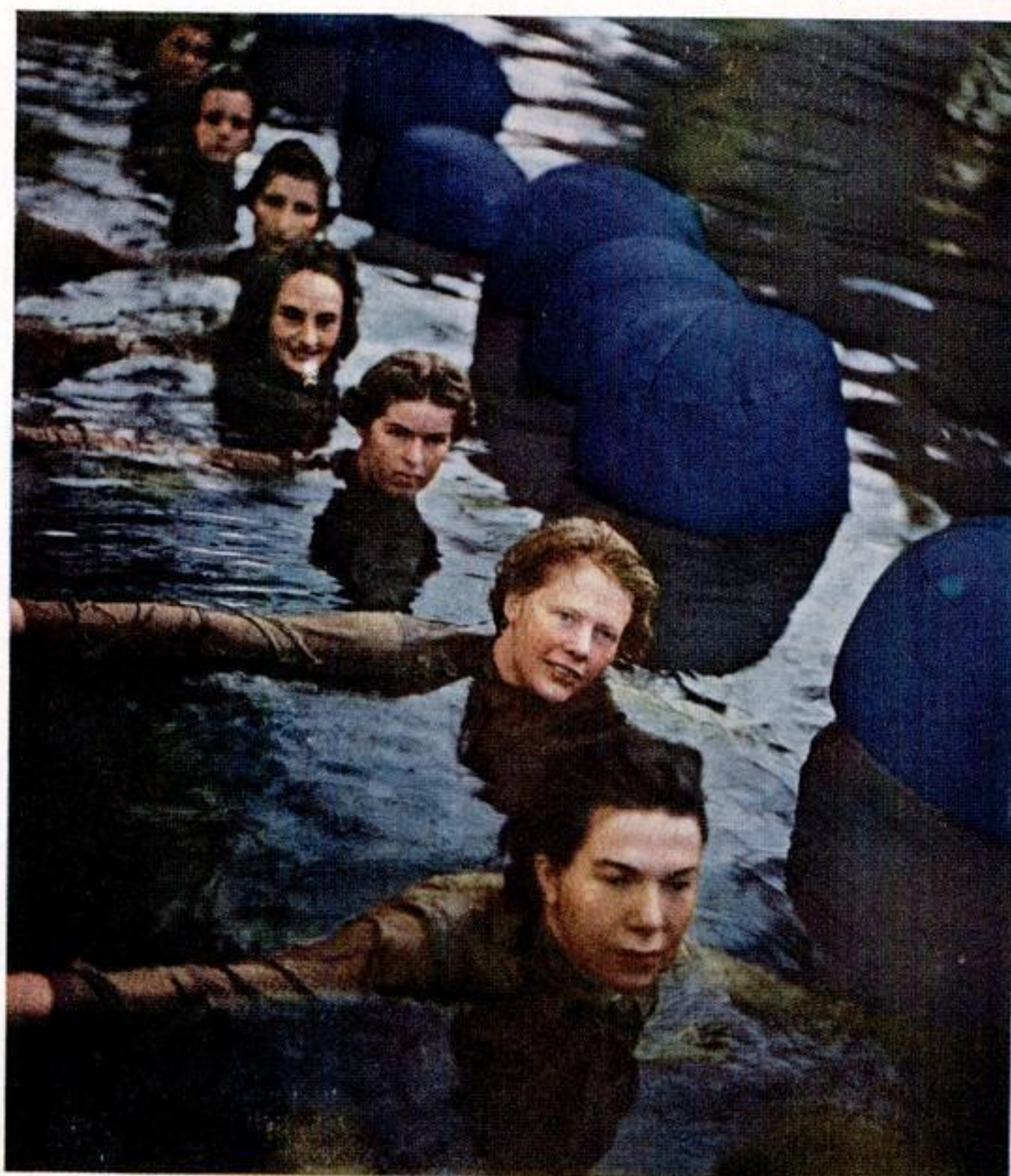


**ON THE SAND OF DAYTONA BEACH**, a column of Waacs, proudly carrying an American flag, parades in formation. Although Daytona is in Florida, winter wind and sun are chilly and

the girls' convertible raincoats are comfortable. When this picture was taken, these Waacs had been in training only one week and this was the first time they had ever passed in review.



**STANDING ON SPRINGBOARDS** of a swimming pool, barelegged, barefooted Waacs prepare to demonstrate how barrack bags may be used as life protectors. The instructor is at right.



**INTO THE WATER THEY JUMP**, holding empty bags over their heads and smartly forcing air into bags as they hit the water. Filled this way, a bag is buoyant enough to keep a girl afloat.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





**ON THE DRILL FIELD AT SMITH COLLEGE**, Navy Waves parade the U.S. flag and the flag of their school. Name of school has since been changed to Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School (WR).



**OFFICERS' COFFEE MESS** is in administration building, which is Smith Alumnae House. L. to r.: Lieut. Commander Moss, Lieut. (j.g.) Wilde, Lieut. (j.g.) Maisch and Lieut. (j.g.) Rich.



**DOWN A GENTLE HILL** beside Paradise Pond, a platoon of Waves marches from classroom on the campus to drill fields, which they share with the college. Once arrived at the field, the girls

will drop their books, go through a rigorous two-hour session of drill. They are apprentice seamen for a month, then become midshipmen until they graduate and are commissioned,





AFTER-DINNER SINGING TAKES PLACE ENTHUSIASTICALLY IN A ROOM ON THE "MAIN DECK" OF THE HOTEL NORTHAMPTON, WHERE MANY WAVES IN TRAINING AT SMITH ARE LIVING

## WAVE OFFICERS TRAIN AT SMITH

Unlike Waacs, Waves have separate training centers for officer candidates and enlisted women. Waves here are training at Smith College, Northampton, Mass. to be officers. Other officer candidates are in training at Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass.

To be a Wave officer, a girl must have had at least two years of college, be between 20 and 50 years old,

and pass a difficult physical examination. At the officer-candidate school she will learn naval law and traditions, naval organization afloat and ashore, and take a thorough course in ships and aircraft. If she is commissioned, she will be an officer in an organization which already has 4,000 women on active duty, thus freeing at least that number of men for sea duty.

A MOCK COURT-MARTIAL IS STAGED BY AN ADVANCED INDOCTRINATION CLASS IN NAVAL LAW. THE CHARGE AGAINST THE CULPRIT IS "WILLFULLY, MALICIOUSLY" STRIKING AN OFFICER







**COMPLETE PHYSICAL EXAMINATION** is given every Wave assigned to Oklahoma A. & M. before going on active duty, even though other physicals have already been given at enlistment

centers. In general Waves are healthy. In the first three months of the school at Oklahoma A. & M. only six were given discharges for sickness. These six got their fare back home paid.



**BEING "SHOT AT SUNSET"** is a novel experience to new Waves but they bear up bravely. Injections are for smallpox, tetanus and typhoid, and doctors say that, unlike male sailors and

soldiers who are timid, not a Wave has ever fainted. In little more than an hour more than 650 of them can be thus treated. In this picture they have already received their uniforms.



# IN OKLAHOMA WAVES LEARN NAVY CUSTOMS

When the enlisted Waves shown on these pages got off the train at Stillwater, Okla., ready to enter the Naval Training School on the campus of Oklahoma Agricultural & Mechanical College, they looked like a bunch of girls going to a college prom. Although advised to travel light, they came lugging suitcases, hat boxes, overnight bags and even trunks. They wore veils and furs. They chattered and giggled about what it was going to be like to be in the Navy.

But they soon learned better. There were no porters at the station to carry luggage. They were loaded into buses and a cattle truck for the trek to their dormitory, the U. S. S. *Willard*, formerly Willard Hall. There they were given physical examinations and injections (left), uniformed, taught how to sit and march and started on their naval indoctrination courses.

In a short time the girls shown here, trained as yeomen, were ready for active duty. Along with other Waves who have learned such things as aviation mechanics, meteorology, parachute rigging, supplies and accounts at other Navy schools, they are prepared for working with sailors. They even know Navy terminology. To superior officers they answer, "Aye, aye, Lieutenant." They know what "hit the deck" and "double to the rear" mean. They are even aware of the enigmatic phrase, "You're flying an Irish pennant," know it is Navy for "Hitch up your shoulder strap, your slip's showing."



**WAVE MESSENGERS SIT PRIMLY** on duty during the morning watch on the "quarterdeck," name for the foyer leading to the

dormitory. Terminology is nautical. Floors are "decks"; the dormitory is the "ship." Leaving the station is "going ashore."



**WEARING HAVELOCKS AND HEAVY NAVY COATS**, protection against Oklahoma winter weather, Waves line up to march to their classes. Only an hour a day is actually assigned for drilling.



**THROUGH INDOCTRINATION COURSES**, Waves learn Navy's way of thinking and acting. This is a class in types of ships and aircraft, and instructor is explaining the intricacies of a torpedo.





**MAIL FROM HOME** is the Waves' greatest single form of recreation, as it is for soldiers, sailors and marines stationed everywhere. Here a seaman assigned to duty as mail clerk passes out the latest batch of letters. When spoken to, enlisted Waves are always addressed, not by their first names, but solely by last names.



**WAVES' RUBBERS ARE PARKED** along this long corridor aboard the U.S.S. *Willard* after carrying their owners through a heavy blizzard downtown to Stillwater on liberty. Below, after a weekend in Oklahoma City, the girls gather to "shoot the breeze" (bull session), sprawling over double-decker bunks.



## WAACS & WAVES (continued)

# WAVES ARE ALLOWED TO PLAY AS WELL AS WORK

**T**he life of a Wave is not designed to be like that of a nun. The Navy approves of an active social existence, and, unlike the Army, permits enlisted women to date with officers. No Wave, however, is allowed to be married to a man in the Navy when she enters the service. Though make-up is largely up to the girls' discretion, Waves are not expected to wear eye-shadow or mascara. Heels can be only 1½ in. high for work and skirts not too short. Silk stockings are worn only for dress-up. A \$200 clothing allowance leaves the choice of underwear up to the girls themselves.

Even in Stillwater the Waves find time for recreation. Between 6:30 and 7:30 p.m. every evening is free time during which they can visit or dance with sailors and air force men, also in training at Oklahoma A. & M. From Saturday noon until Sunday night comes weekend liberty, when they are permitted to go anywhere within a radius of 50 miles from their campus, provided, of course, they are in their bunks on the U. S. S. *Willard* by 12:30 Saturday night. On special occasions, either if invited to stay at the home of a relative or friend, or if accompanied by another girl, a Wave can get permission to spend a weekend in Tulsa or Oklahoma City.

But not many of the girls go awandering over a weekend. After hard studying, they prefer to hope for a letter from home (left), and then to "hit the sack" (right) peacefully and happily for a long Sunday's dream.



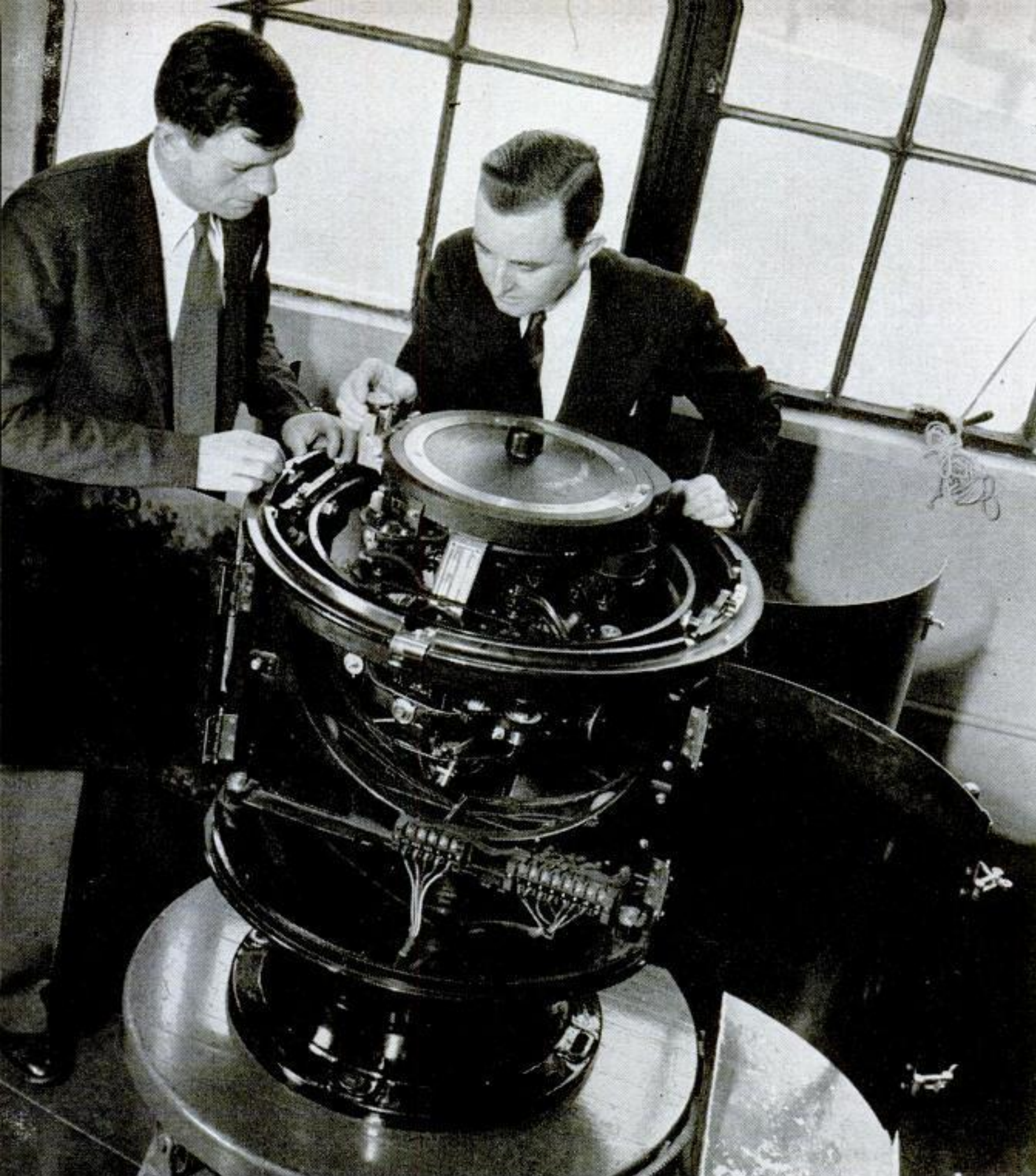
**AN ENLISTED WAVE'S "BAG"** contains two wool suits, raincoat with wool lining, reserve and navy blue shirts, four ties, navy and white-crowned hats, waterproof hawlock, handbag, gloves, service shoes. Pumps with 2-in. heels are optional for dress.





BENEATH A REGULATION NAVY  
BLANKET, APPRENTICE SEAMAN  
JOYCE UZZELL "HITS THE SACK"



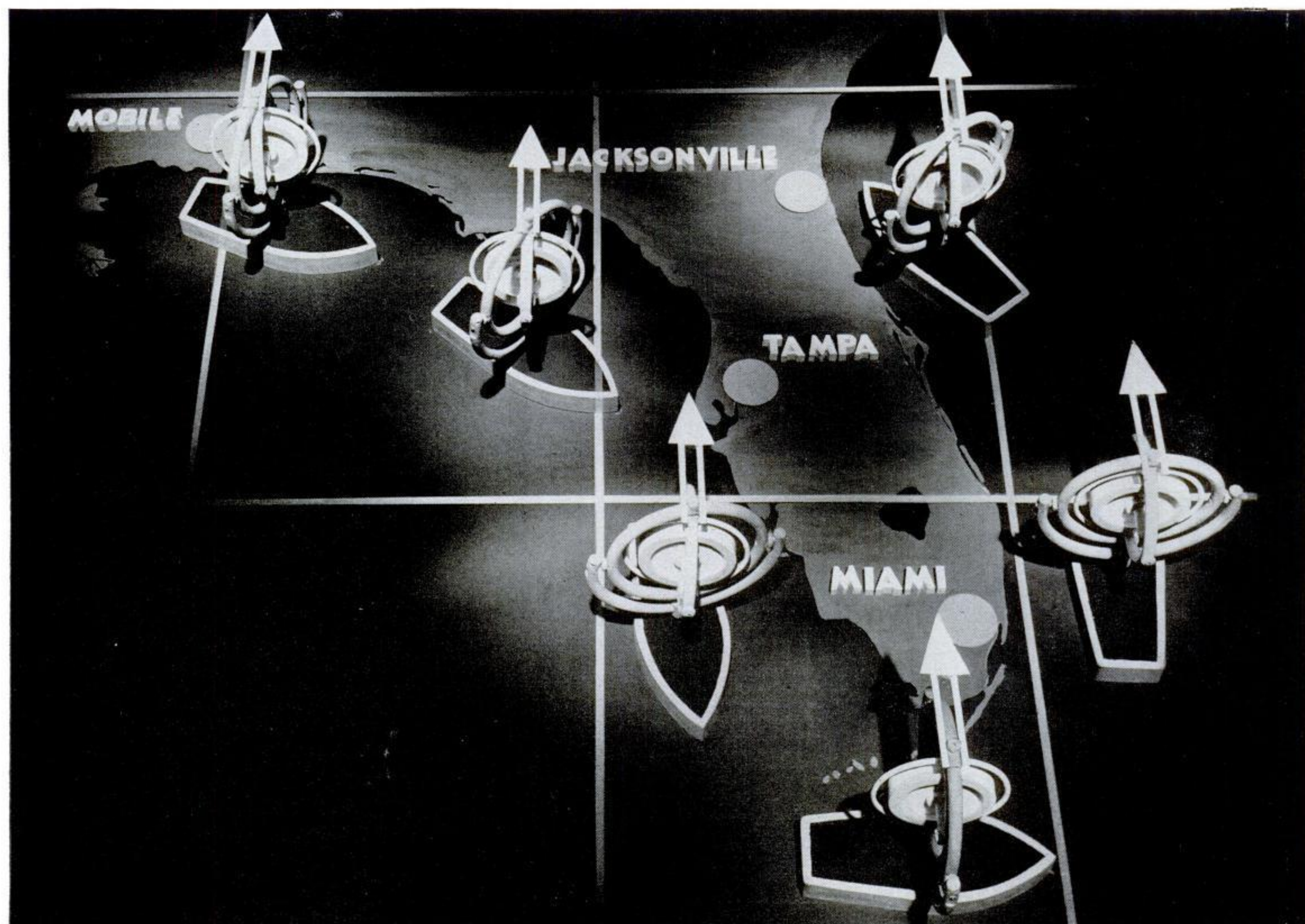


INTRICACY OF MARINE GYROCOMPASS IS REVEALED WHEN THE SIDE COVERS ARE REMOVED

# THE GYROSCOPE PILOTS SHIPS & PLANES

**A**ll over the world the prime offensive weapons of the U. S., ships and airplanes, are guided and steadied on their courses by gyroscopes. Intricately weighted, a gyroscope becomes a gyrocompass, more accurate and reliable than a magnetic compass, and the instrument upon which all naval ships and many merchantmen depend for precise navigation. Installed in pairs, gyroscopes are the heart of an airplane's automatic pilot which can fly a plane automatically on a predetermined course more accurately than any human.

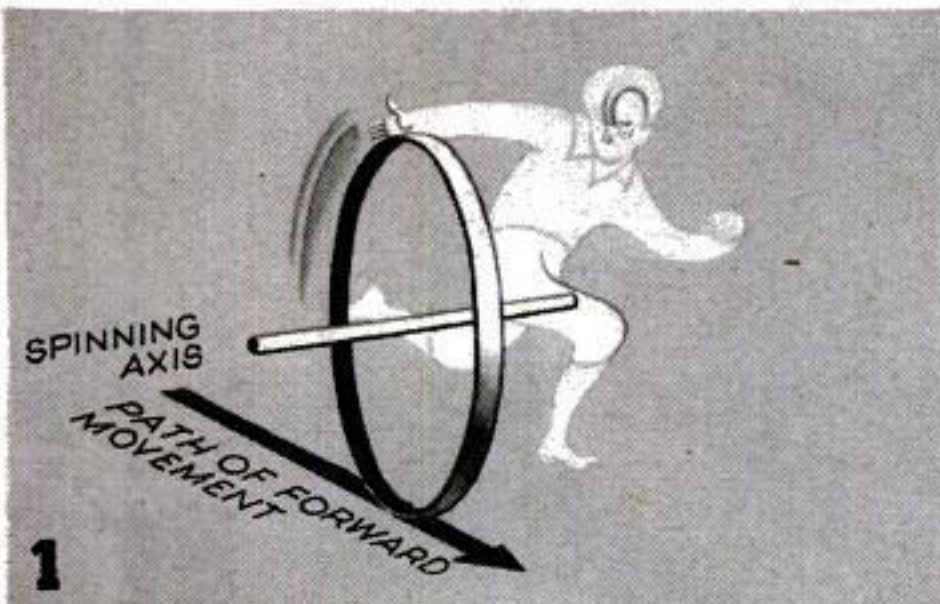
Because the 600,000 gyroscopes in the world's ships and airplanes make it man's primary navigational instrument LIFE here explains the gyroscope's basic principles. Essentially a gyroscope is nothing more than a wheel. Spun at a high rate of speed, it exhibits two characteristics upon which all of its applications are based. The first is its tendency, once spinning, to resist any attempt to alter its plane of rotation. A child's hoop or a bicycle, both of which are elementary gyroscopes, will behave in the same way. Once rolling along, a hoop will resist any push against its vertical axis (*see sketch opposite*) that would force it out of its original plane of rotation. If sufficient force is exerted to change its plane of rotation, the gyroscope then exhibits its second characteristic—precession. Instead of yielding in the direction of the force, the wheel swings, or precesses, on the axis at right angles to the axis against which the force is exerted. Similarly, a spinning hoop, as shown opposite, remains upright but changes its direction.



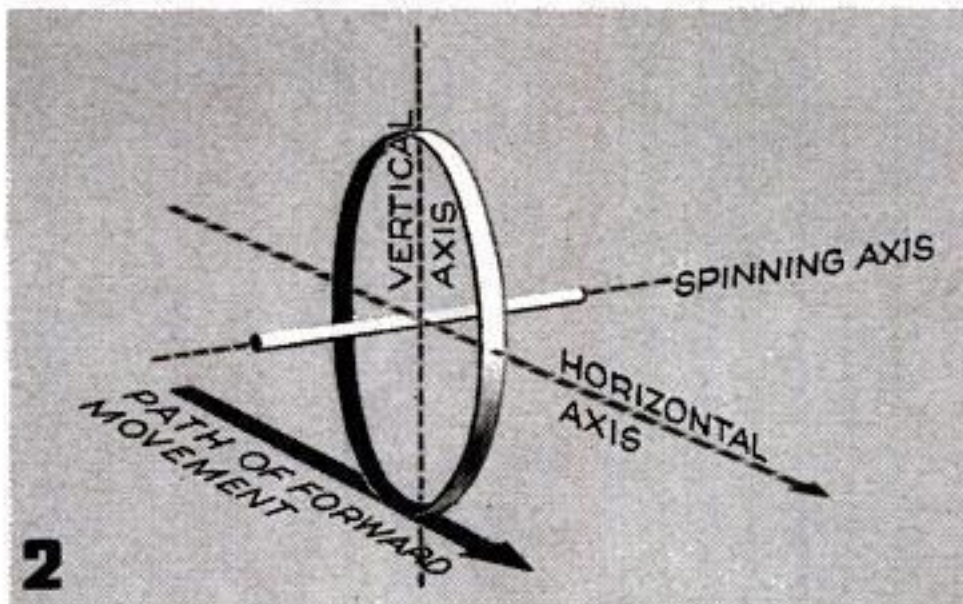
AS MODEL SHIP SAILS FROM MOBILE TO JACKSONVILLE, GYROCOMPASS, ITS AXLE UNAFFECTED BY TURNS OF SHIP, POINTS STEADILY TOWARD TRUE NORTH IN DIRECTION OF ARROW



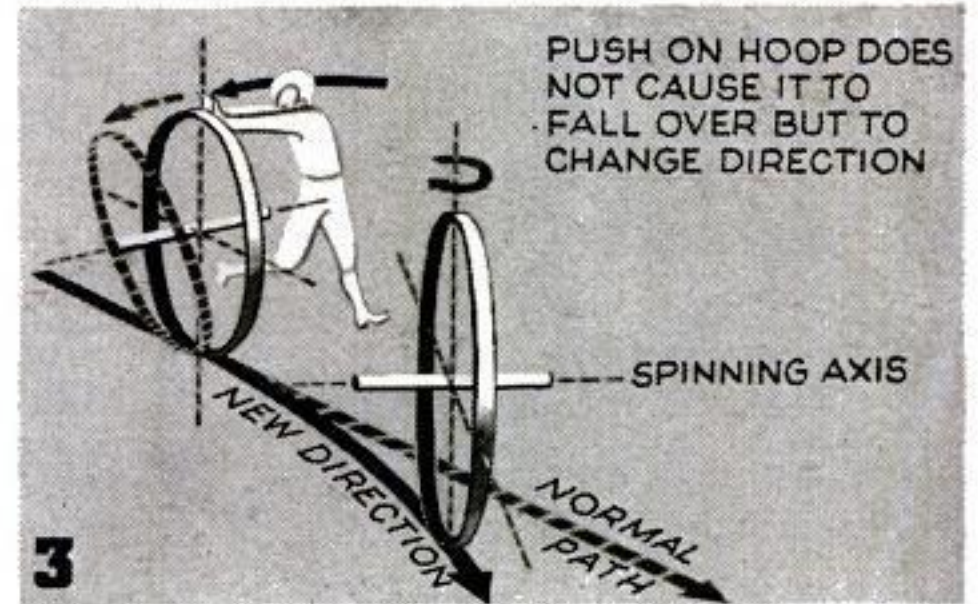
## HOOP IS SIMPLE GYROSCOPE



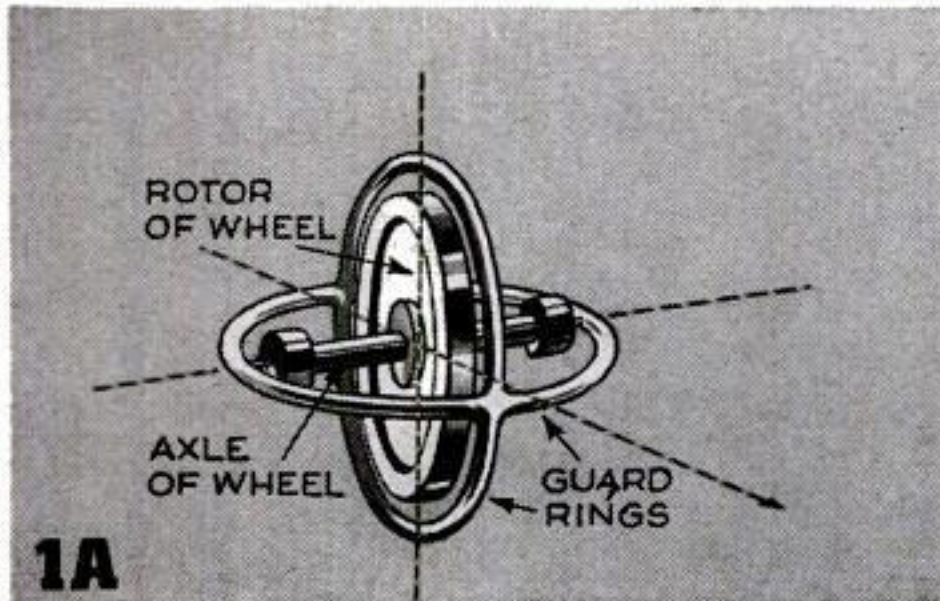
**1** Child's hoop is simple form of gyroscope. Once revolving, it resists attempt to push it sideways and seeks to maintain its original plane of rotation until it loses speed.



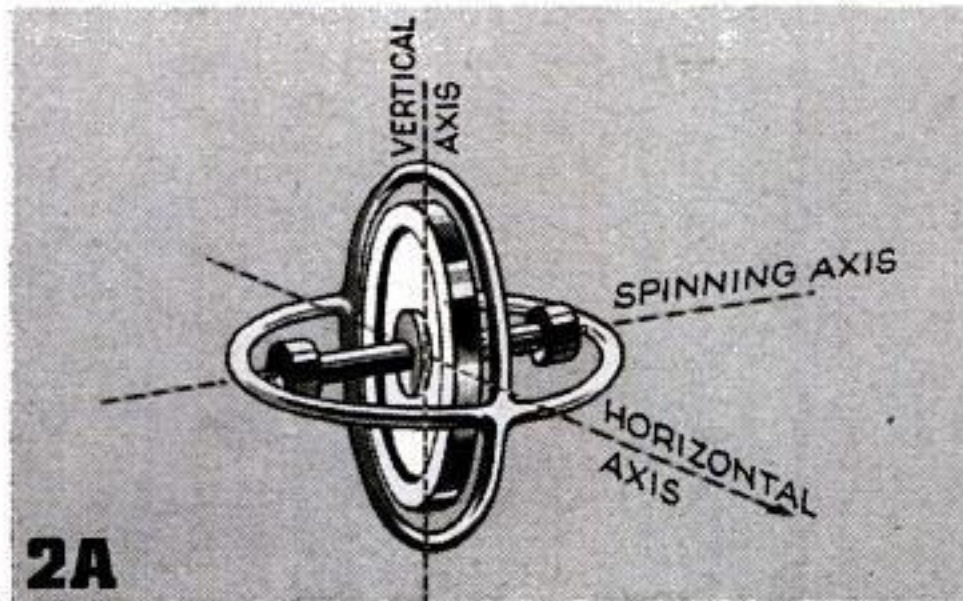
**2** Spinning hoop, like gyroscope below, has three axes, at right angles to one another. Pressure around horizontal axis makes hoop or gyroscope turn around vertical axis.



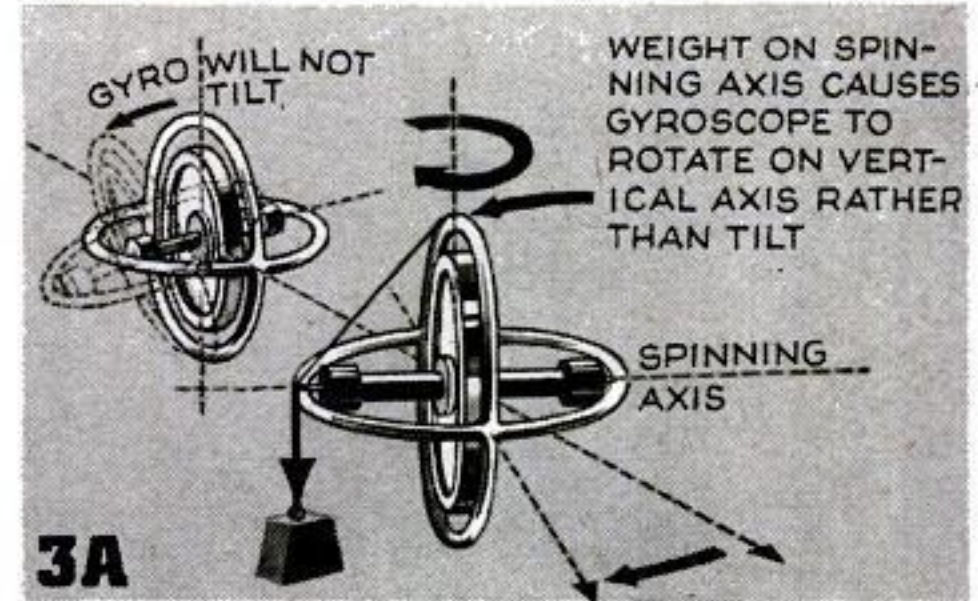
**3** Precession is shown when hoop resists boy's sidewise push (pressure around horizontal axis) and instead of falling, turns around vertical axis at right angle to horizontal axis.



**1A** Model gyroscope is duplicate of hoop at top. Once spinning, it resists any force tending to alter the plane in which it revolves. Resistance depends on gyro's speed and weight.

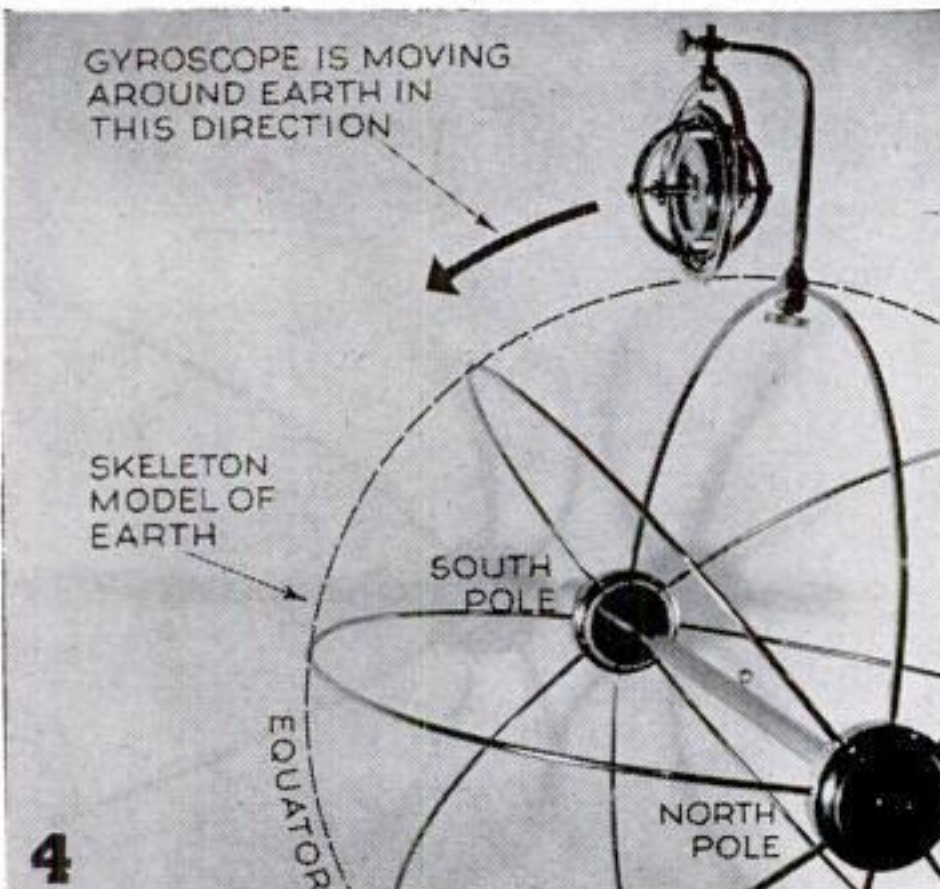


**2A** Three axes at right angles are same on gyroscope as on hoop. Spin of wheel exerts force around the spinning axis, which resists force around horizontal or vertical axis.

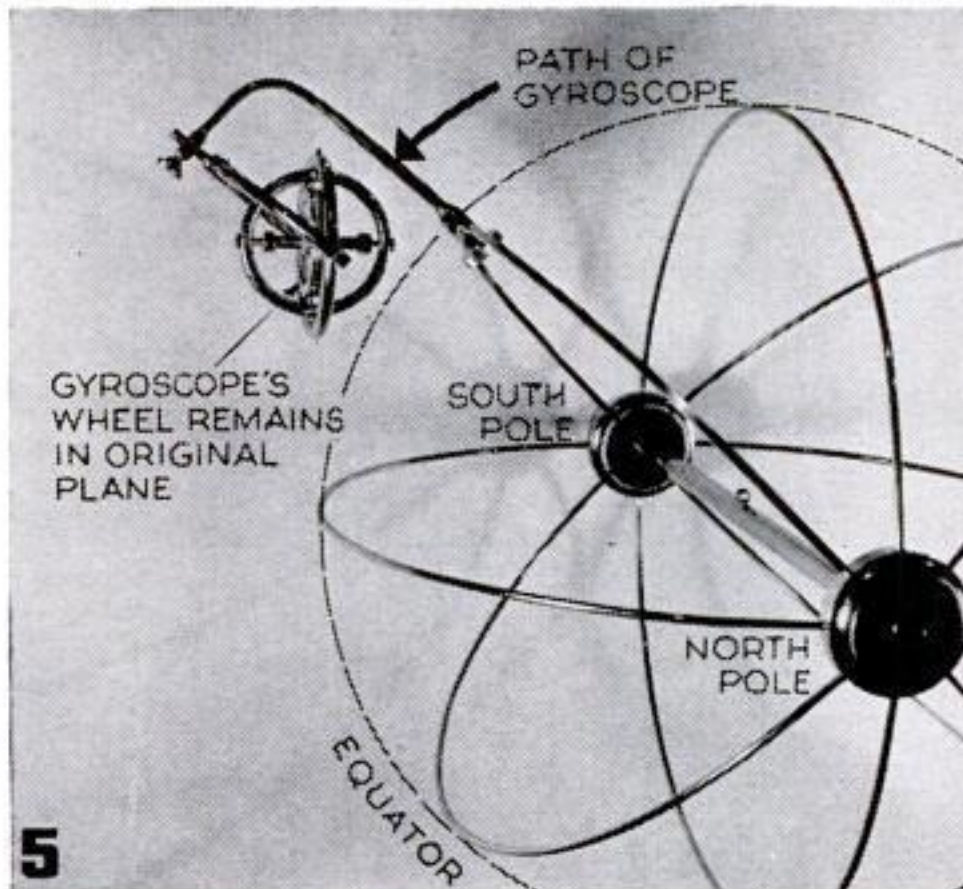


**3A** Gyroscope precesses around vertical axis under force of weight around horizontal axis, which corresponds to boy's push (above). Precession is basic in gyrocompass, below.

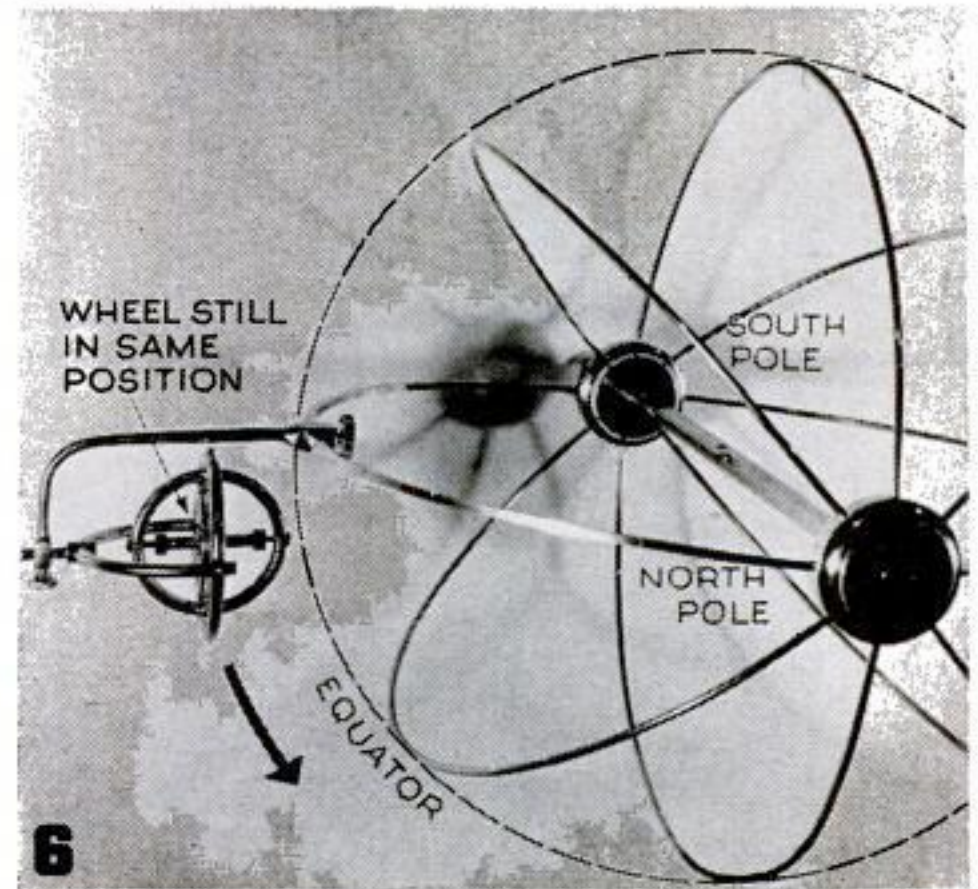
## MODEL EXPLAINS GYROCOMPASS



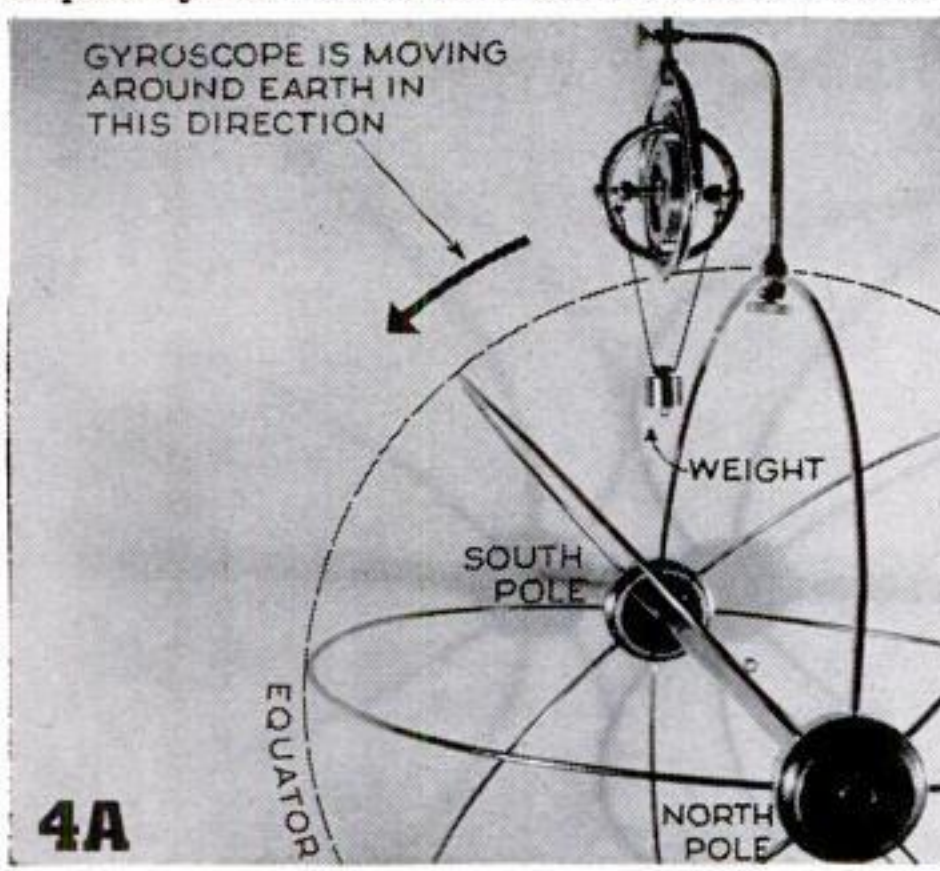
**4** Model of earth in skeleton form here supports a spinning gyroscope on its equator. Camera is placed as if it were out in space beyond the North Pole. Earth revolves eastward.



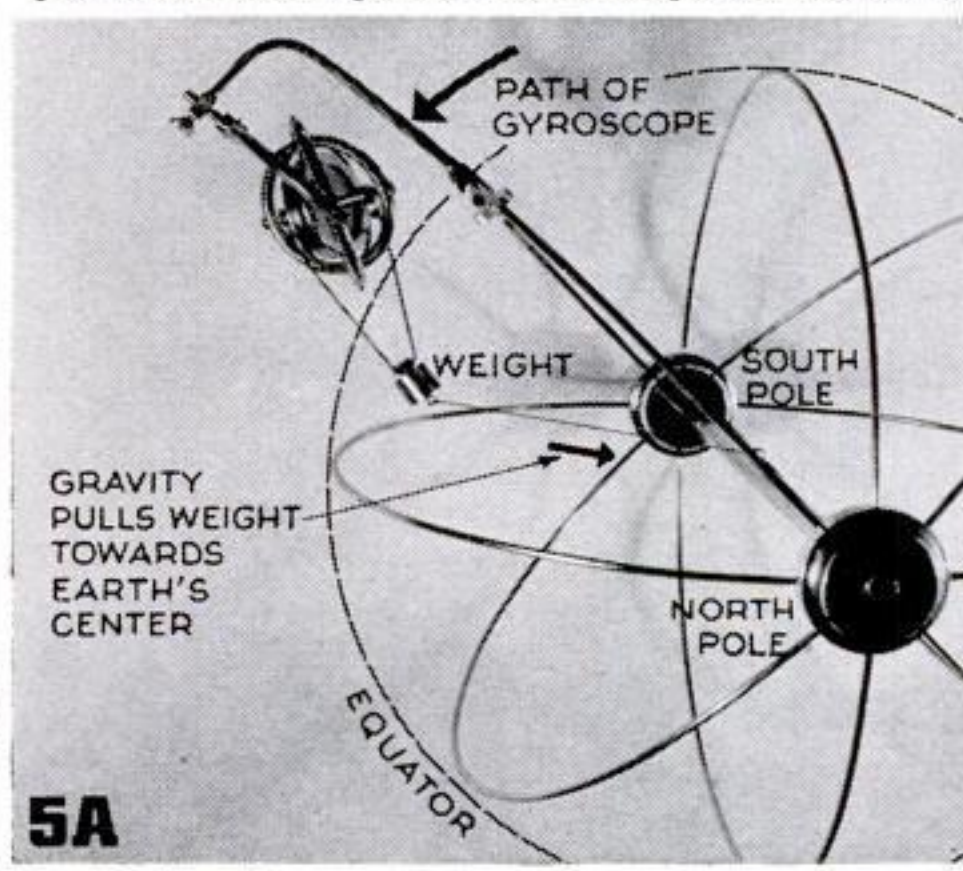
**5** Free-spinning gyroscope here resists force of the revolving earth applied to it through its supports. Like hoop in picture No. 1 at top, it maintains its plane of rotation.



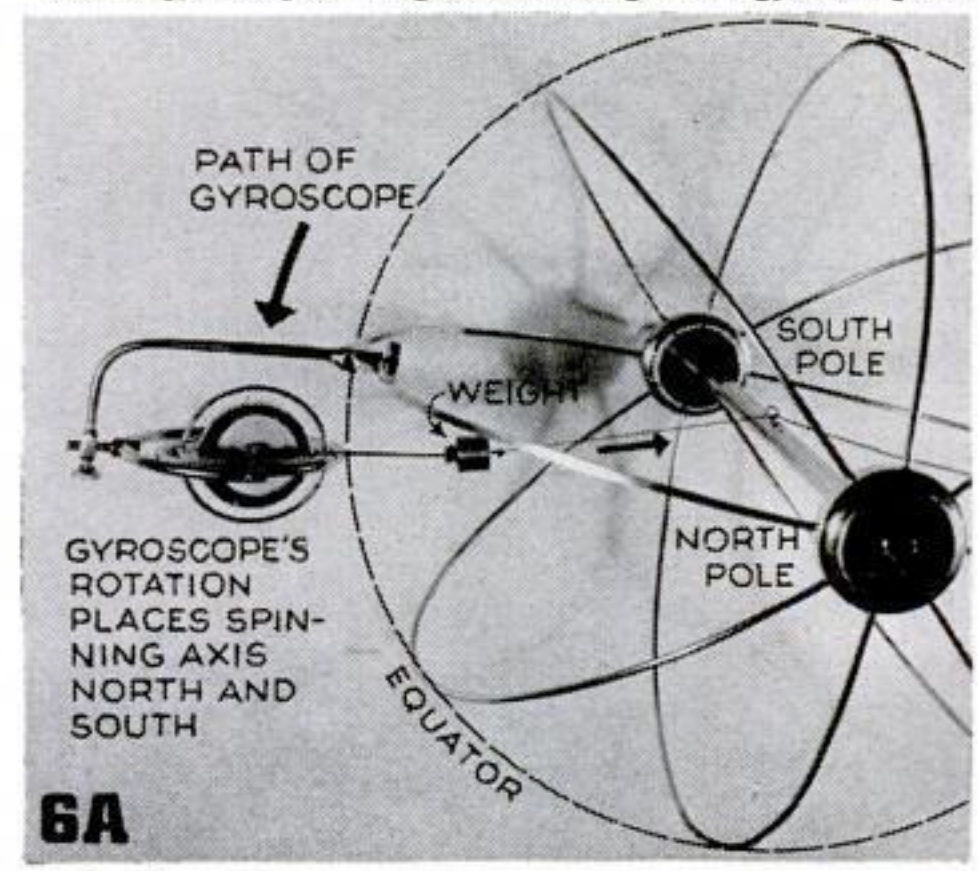
**6** Earth's quarter-turn leaves gyroscope rotor spinning in same plane in which it started in picture 4, left. In series below, gyroscope is weighted, making it into gyrocompass.



**4A** Weighted gyroscope starts in same position as unweighted gyroscope above. Real gyrocompass has more complex weighting system than model, but principle is identical.

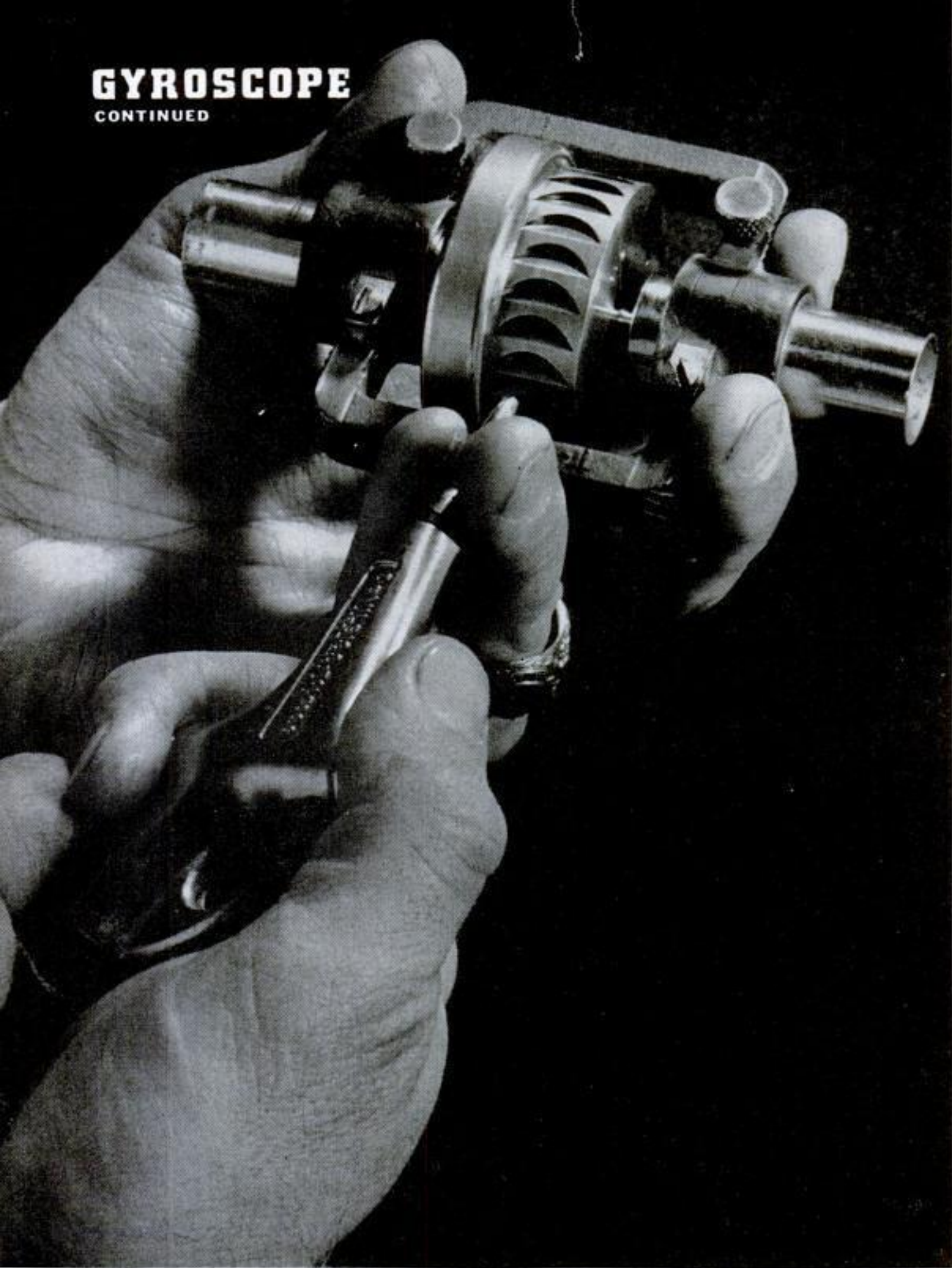


**5A** Force of gravity (represented by elastic) pulls weight toward center of earth. Weight exerts force around horizontal axis as in 3A, top series. Gyroscope begins to precess.

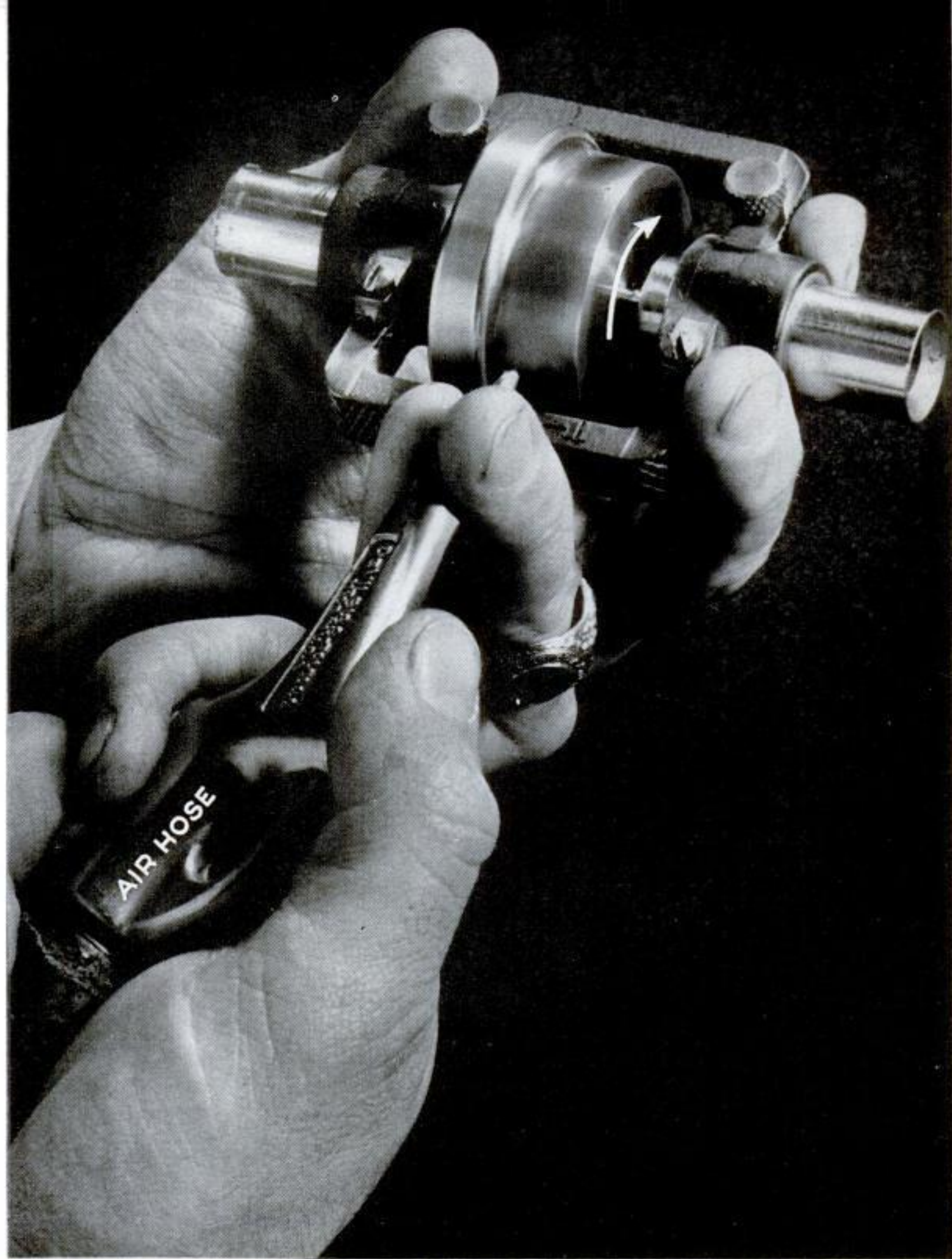


**6A** Axle of gyroscope points north as a result of completed precession. Actual gyrocompass is weighted by mercury to cause precession and hold true north as in picture opposite.

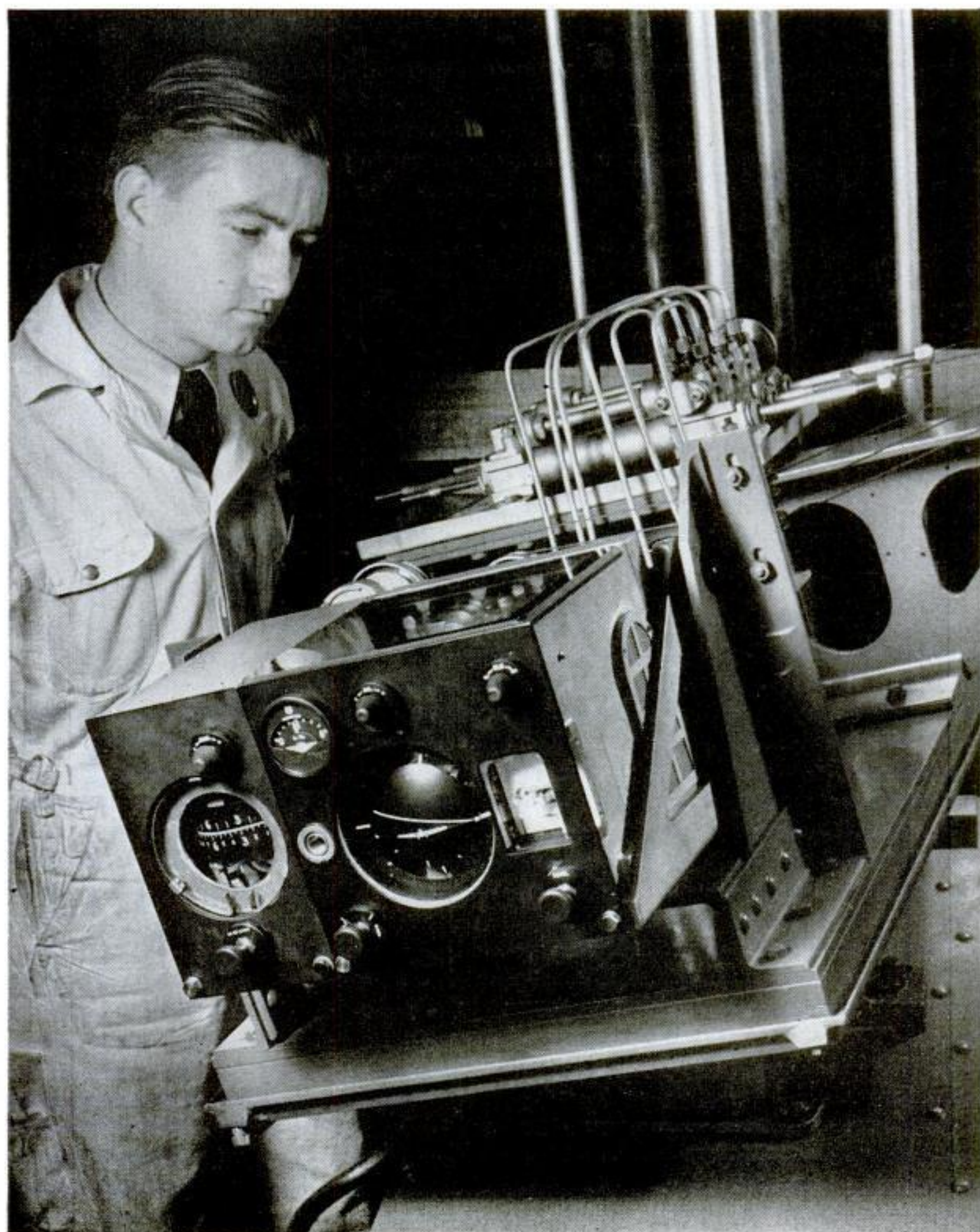




AIRCRAFT GYROSCOPE WHEEL IS 12 OZ. AIR-DRIVEN TURBINE. NOTCHES CATCH AIR



WITH THE AIR STREAM TURNED ON, THE WHEEL SWIFTLY DEVELOPS ITS TOP, 12,000 R. P. M.



GYROPILOT ASSEMBLY COMBINES A DIRECTIONAL GYRO, LEFT, AND A GYRO-HORIZON, AT RIGHT

## ELMER SPERRY MADE FIRST GYROCOMPASS

**T**he gyroscope is no more novel and mysterious than the familiar and fundamental laws of gravity and motion which govern it. Those laws were enunciated by Sir Isaac Newton before 1700. Tops, wheels and windmills are gyroscopes. So is the earth, on which there would be no orderly cycle of seasons if its spinning axis were not gyroscopically fixed in space, pointing in the direction of the North Star. But until 1911, the gyroscope was distinguished principally as a toy and as a laboratory curiosity by which the earth's rotation could be visually detected. In that year, Elmer Sperry showed the U. S. Navy how the free-spinning gyroscope wheel could be harnessed to the rotating earth (*see page 81*), and installed the first gyrocompass in the dreadnaught *Delaware*.

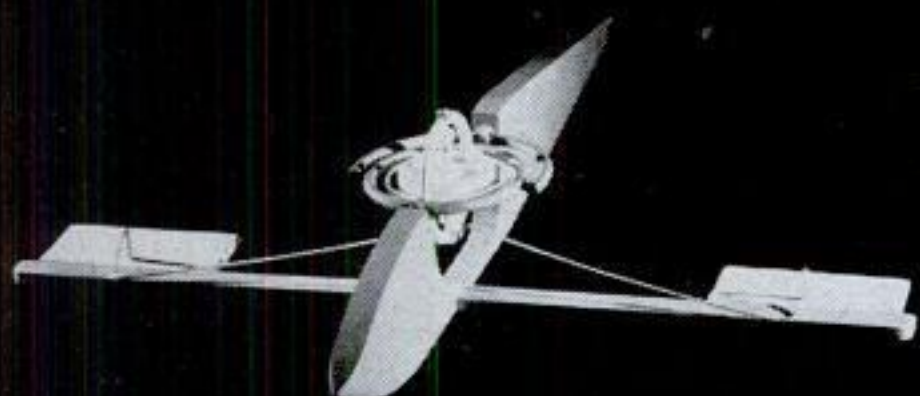
The Sperry Gyroscope Co., Inc., which today has no peer in its field, is thought by many to be a producer of stabilizers for damping the roll of ocean-going ships. Sperry did equip a few yachts and installed a 600-ton system in the Italian liner *Conte di Savoia*. Fame of the stabilizers has obscured the much more important fact that Sperry has made the gyroscope the basic instrument of sea and air navigation. In a marine gyrocompass the 55-lb. wheel is the rotor of an electric motor and spins at 6,000 r.p.m. Unlike the quivering needle of the magnetic compass, which hunts the magnetic pole 150 miles south of true north, and is deflected by innumerable influences including ship's wiring and smokestack temperature, the gyrocompass finds true north and holds it without a waver. In many ships the gyrocompass, linked through a power-applying mechanism to the rudder, takes over the helm.

The wheel in an aircraft gyro weighs only 12 oz. and is driven by pumped air at 12,000 r.p.m. It is too small at its speed to function as a north-seeking gyrocompass. The vertically spinning directional gyro is therefore set not on north but on a magnetic compass heading, which is corrected two or three times an hour. The directional gyro is paired with another gyroscope, the gyro-horizon (*left*), which spins horizontally and shows the plane's position relative to the horizon. Between them, when they are hooked together as a gyropilot, they keep the plane in level flight and on a steady course (*see opposite page*).



## GYRO KEEPS PLANE LEVEL

### LEVEL FLIGHT



HORIZONTAL GYRO-HORIZON HOLDS AILERONS NEUTRAL

### LEFT BANK



GYRO LEVELS PLANE BY CONTROLLING THE AILERONS

### RIGHT BANK



GYRO HERE DEPRESSES RIGHT AILERON, RAISES LEFT

### LEVEL FLIGHT



GYRO-HORIZON HERE HOLDS THE ELEVATORS IN NEUTRAL

### DIVE



TO BRING THE NOSE UP, GYRO RAISES THE ELEVATORS

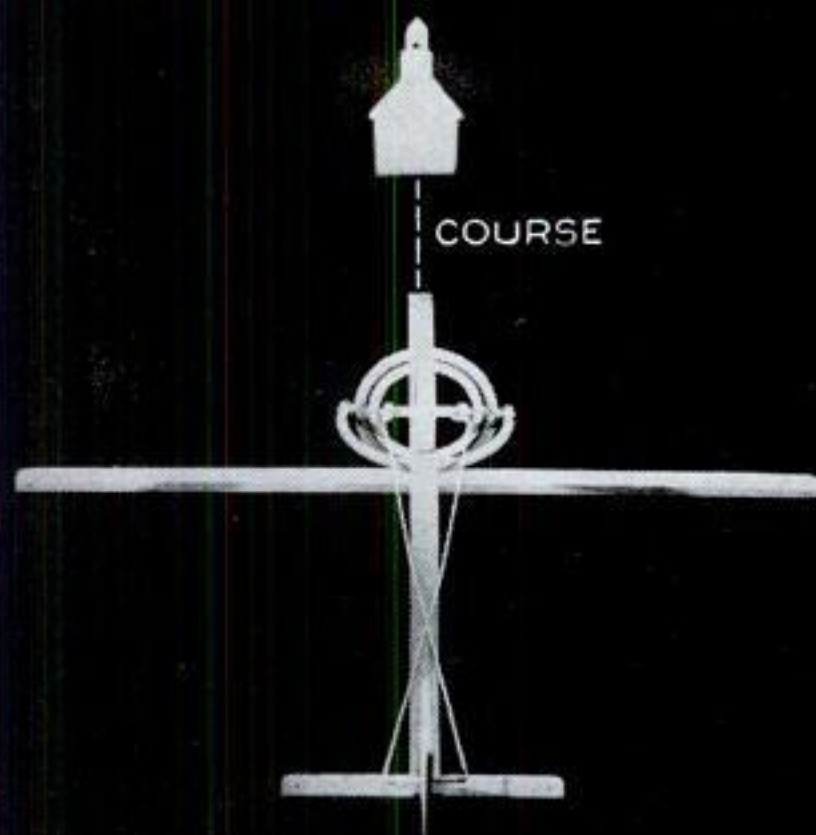
### CLIMB



TO LEVEL NOSE DOWN, GYRO DEPRESSES THE ELEVATORS

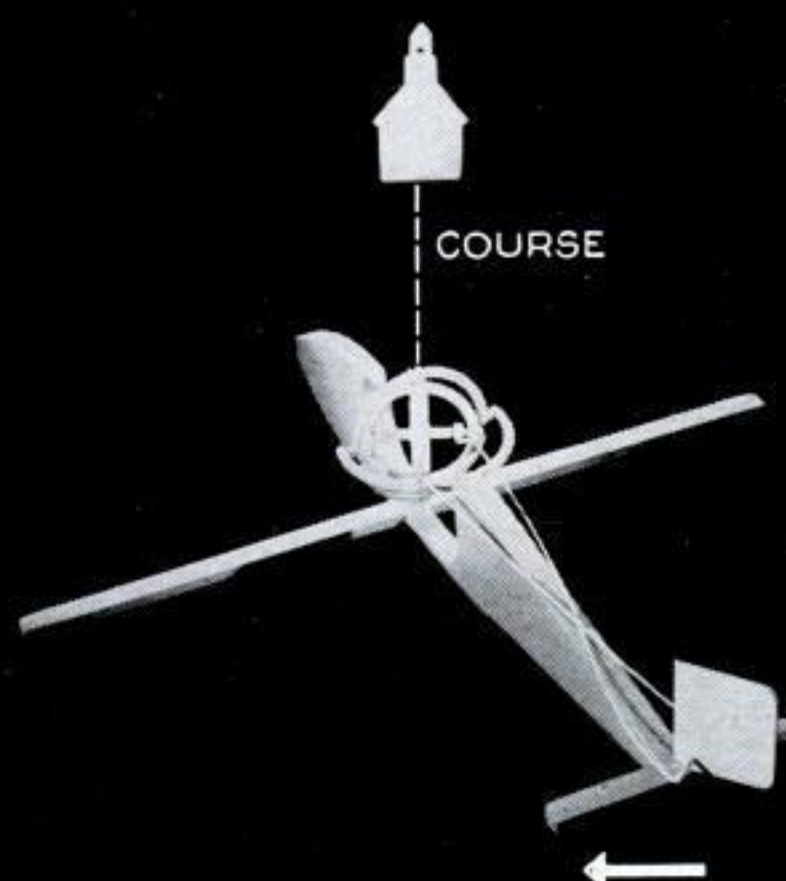
## GYRO HOLDS PLANE ON COURSE

### ON COURSE



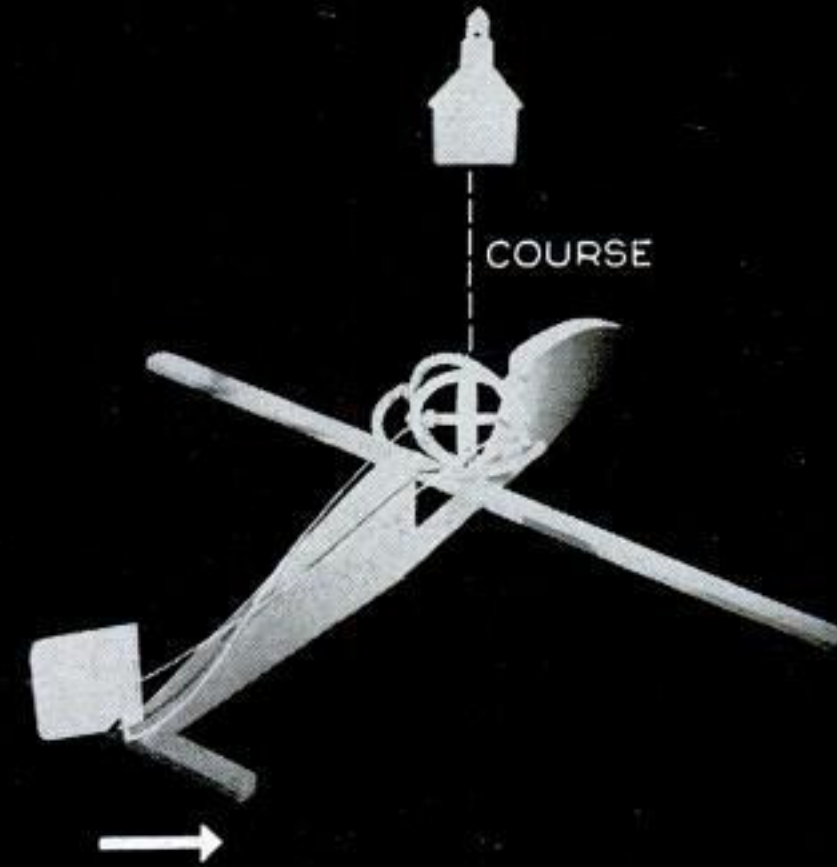
DIRECTIONAL GYRO POINTS DEAD AHEAD ON COURSE

### OFF TO LEFT



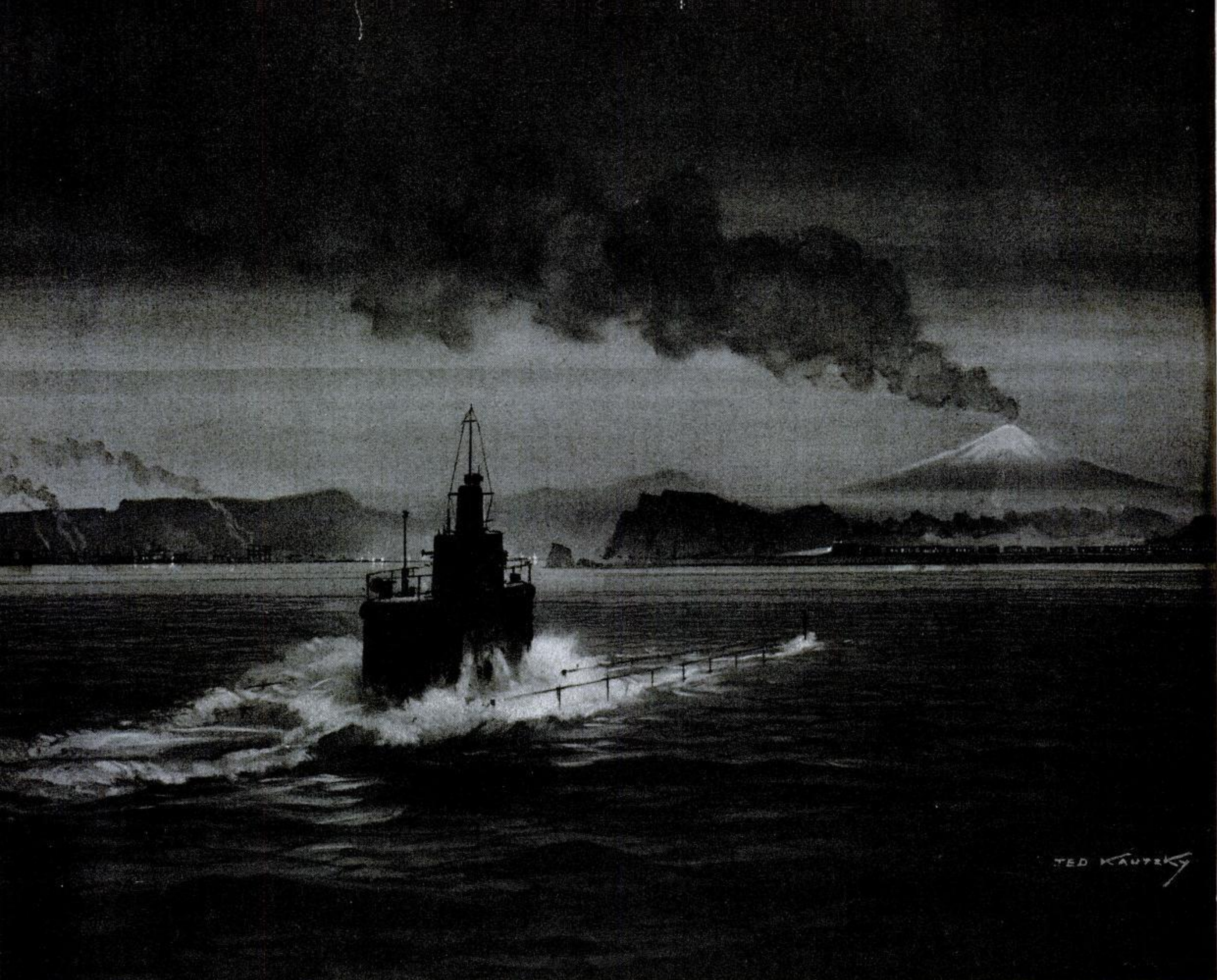
TO CORRECT HEADING, THE RUDDER SWINGS TO RIGHT

### OFF TO RIGHT



TO RETURN TO COURSE, GYRO SWINGS RUDDER TO LEFT





TED KAUFMAN

OFF THE COAST OF JAPAN THE AMERICAN SUBMARINE SURFACES AT SUNSET TO WATCH THE BUSY FACTORIES, THE HARBORS, THE LIGHTS AND A TRAIN CHUGGING ALONG COAST

# WEST TO JAPAN

U. S. SUB PATROLS THE JAP COAST, WATCHES JAP HORSE RACES AND SINKS 70,000 TONS OF JAP SHIPPING

by JOHN FIELD

*This story has 50 heroes and one heroine. The heroes are the officers and men of an American submarine. The heroine is the ship herself. More than 300 ft. long, with ten torpedo tubes and a surface speed of better than 20 knots, she was commissioned about a year ago. Since that day, she has led an exciting and secret life. On one cruise, to the shores of Japan itself, she sank 70,000 tons of Jap shipping. This is the story of that cruise.*

Somebody saw a girl standing on Ford Island, her bright red skirts blown by the trade winds off the mountains. "Take a good look, boys," he said. "It's going to be a long time before you see a woman again."

The sub was moving slowly down Pearl Harbor. Past the drydocks and the machine shops, the camouflaged buildings and the waving sailors on other ships, out to the open sea. Around her played the little PT's, like guarding porpoises, and

farther out toward the horizon, lookouts on old four-piper destroyers watched her through glasses. In the bright sunlight most of her crew walked the narrow gangplank along her deck, getting their last look at the land, the sky and the ocean. Soon the ship would be "locked." Then all hatches, except those leading to the conning tower, would be closed. Nobody would be allowed on deck except officers and lookouts admitted to the bridge. For the men imprisoned below, the limits of the world would become the limits of their machinery-cluttered little ship. So it would be for the duration of the trip.

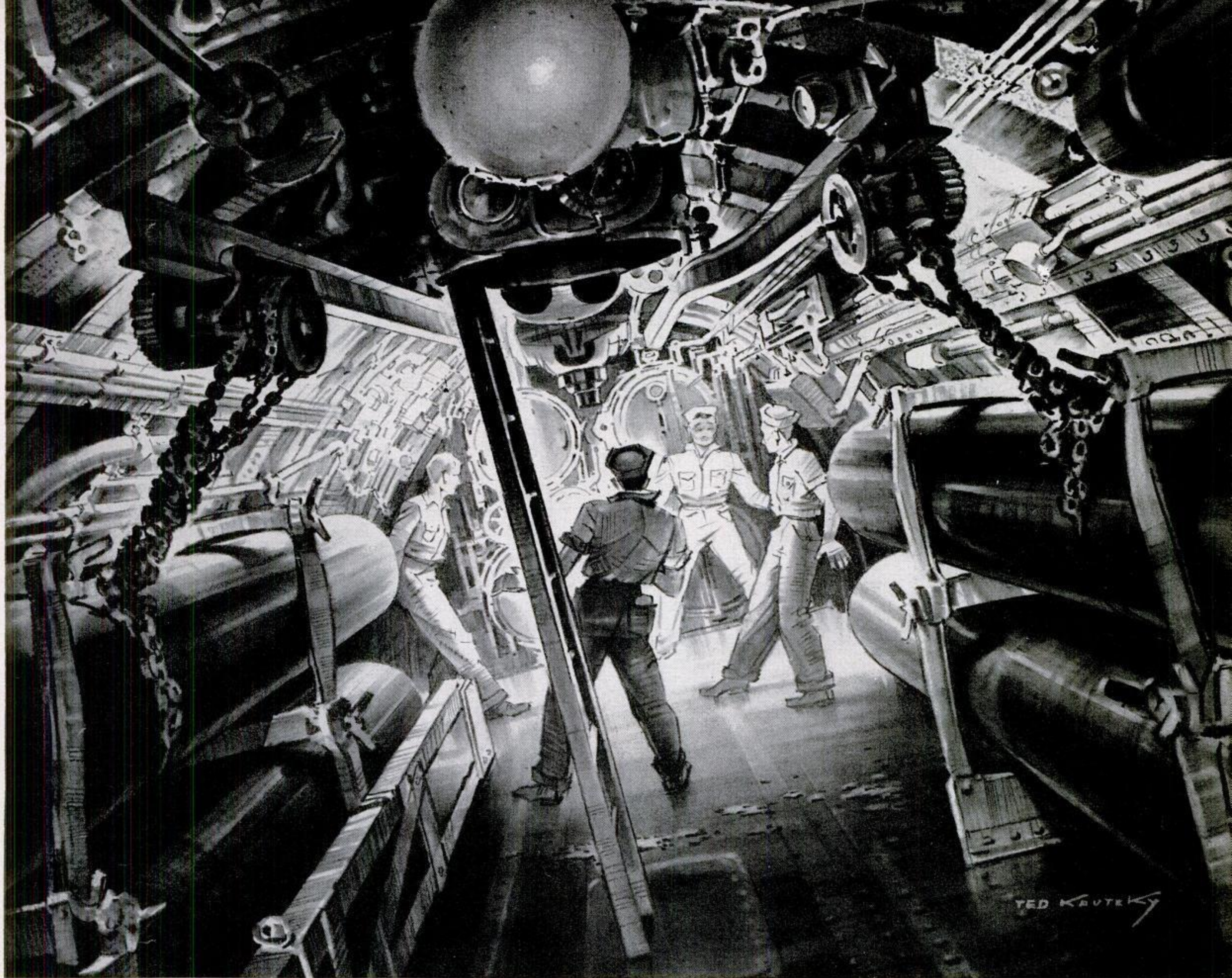
## Provisions for a long trip

And it would be a long trip, the men knew that. Provisions had been coming aboard for days and were now stored everywhere, even in the torpedo

rooms—frozen chickens and turkeys, choice cuts of meat. With all that food aboard the men knew they would be at sea for a long time. They didn't know where they were going but there were rumors, soon confirmed. Said the loudspeaker: "We have been directed to proceed to a position just off the coast of Japan. I need not remind you men that we are embarked on a dangerous and important mission."

The men looked at each other—not the casual look-over as in port or ashore, but carefully, sizing each other up. On a job like this the kind of men you are with is terribly important. What they saw was a crew of 50 men and officers, all in perfect health. There was Captain Klakring (Lieut. Commander Thomas Burton Klakring Jr.) who talked like a divinity student and had the courage of a grizzly bear. There was Lieut. Herman Kossler, the "exec," a Southern gentleman from Vir-





IN FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM, TORPEDOMEN BRACE THEMSELVES AGAINST ATTACK. INTERIORS OF SUBMARINES ARE CLUTTERED WITH MACHINERY, LEAVING LITTLE LIVING SPACE

ginia who was nicknamed "Hoimon." There was Lieut. "B. B." Bowers from Annapolis. The "B. B." stood for "body beautiful." There was Ensign Gil Rohrback of Seattle who was called "Rhythm" because he was chief phonograph record changer. Among the crew the most popular was 200-lb. Grif Pifer, ship's cook, who cooked in a galley less than a third the size of a Pullman dining-car galley. It was so small Pifer could touch all four walls without moving. The crew called it "Pifer's Pickle Plaza."

The sub rode to the west on glassy waters. The Pacific's long blue swells rocked her gently as her Diesels pushed her along the ocean's surface. On the bridge the officers sunbathed, wearing shorts and sunglasses. Albatross with 8-ft. wingspreads flew alongside them and schools of flying fish glinted in the sun. At night the phosphorus was bright enough to read by. Giant cumulus clouds hung on the horizon.

But every mile to the west meant an increase in tension. A submarine is a lone wolf on a prowl. Every ship and every plane is against her. Her task is to be seen by nobody, neither friend nor foe.

Below decks the men got used to the routine. There were frequent practice dives when the "Christmas tree" (electric indicator board with green and red lights which showed open or shut condition of hull openings and valves) was aglow and sailors stood by the torpedo tubes. The captain gave his orders quietly: "Rig ship for diving."

All hands sprang to their diving stations. Every man had a specific job to do, even the cook, who secured the sink. The diving planes were rigged, the hatches "secured," the operating gear tested. To the control room came reports by telephone: "Torpedo room rigged for diving."

"Engine room rigged for diving."

Now it was time for all men on the bridge to go below, the captain following last. In the control room the diving officer gave his order: "Sound the alarm."

Throughout the ship the strange, ringing klaxon sounded, freezing every man to attention. More orders followed: "Open main ballast vents"; "Open vents on bow buoyancy"; "Secure main exhaust lines." Then at last came the awaited signal: "Take her down."

The klaxon blew again, and there was a sudden tilting forward of the decks and a quietness as the Diesels stopped and the motors came on. Then a straightening out and a feeling of peace under the sea, broken occasionally by a blast of water being shifted from one tank to another by the trim pump.

"Steady at 50 feet," murmured the captain.

#### Portable phonographs play continually

The men were happy though a little nervous. There were no radios, but portable victrolas in the "dinette" (mess room) and torpedo rooms played

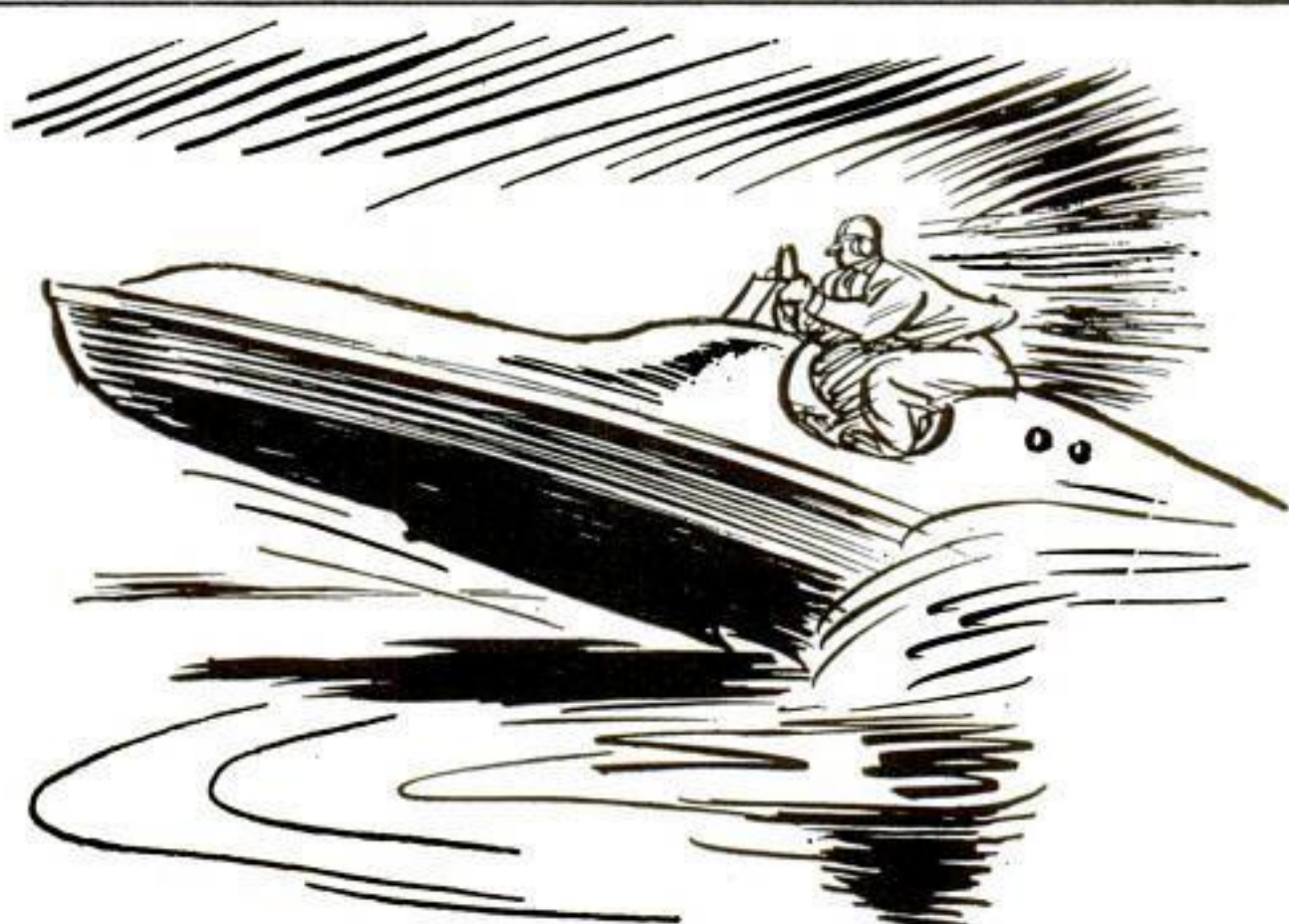
all day long. The favorite song was *Oceana Roll* sung by Beatrice Kay. Not many of the men liked it but for some unaccountable reason they played it continually. Then there was *Everything I Love* and Bing Crosby's *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now*. The crew thought it appropriate.

What did most to keep up the crew's morale was the wonderful food. Says Ensign Rohrback, his eyes shining: "We ate the best of everything—fresh pastry every day, pies, cakes, hot rolls, biscuits, muffins, things like that. We'd have frozen strawberries for dessert. Fresh steaks, turkey, meat twice a day, chicken every other week." When the sub got into enemy waters and was forced to stay submerged during the day, both breakfast and lunch were eaten underwater. As a result, they were light meals with the big eating saved for dinner on the surface. Then the fresh air blew down from the conning tower and everybody took big, deep breaths. To Pifer, the cook, it seemed that the men were always eating and that he was always busy. Day and night he maintained an "open icebox" stocked with cold meats, cheese, peanut butter, jams, jellies, coffee, chocolate and tea. His day began at 5 in the evening and ended at 10 the next morning. Sixteen 10-inch pies were baked each night for the next evening's meal. He cooked with dehydrated milk and served powdered milk to drink. On the entire cruise he used more than 600 dozen eggs.

Such eating tended to make the men philos-



# Famous Highs by C.A. Voight



## Motor Boat high!

TO SET A NEW WORLD'S MOTOR BOAT SPEED RECORD YOU'D HAVE TO BEAT 141.74 MILES PER HOUR! BUT TO SET A NEW HIGH IN BOURBON ENJOYMENT—JUST SAMPLE THE SMOOTHNESS OF TODAY'S TEN HIGH, THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"!



## Batting high!

SINCE 1894 NO ONE HAS EQUALLED HUGH DUFFY'S BATTING AVERAGE—A SIZZLING .438! AND NO WHISKEY HAS EVER EQUALLED THE SMOOTHNESS OF TEN HIGH, THANKS TO "DE-ROUGHING."

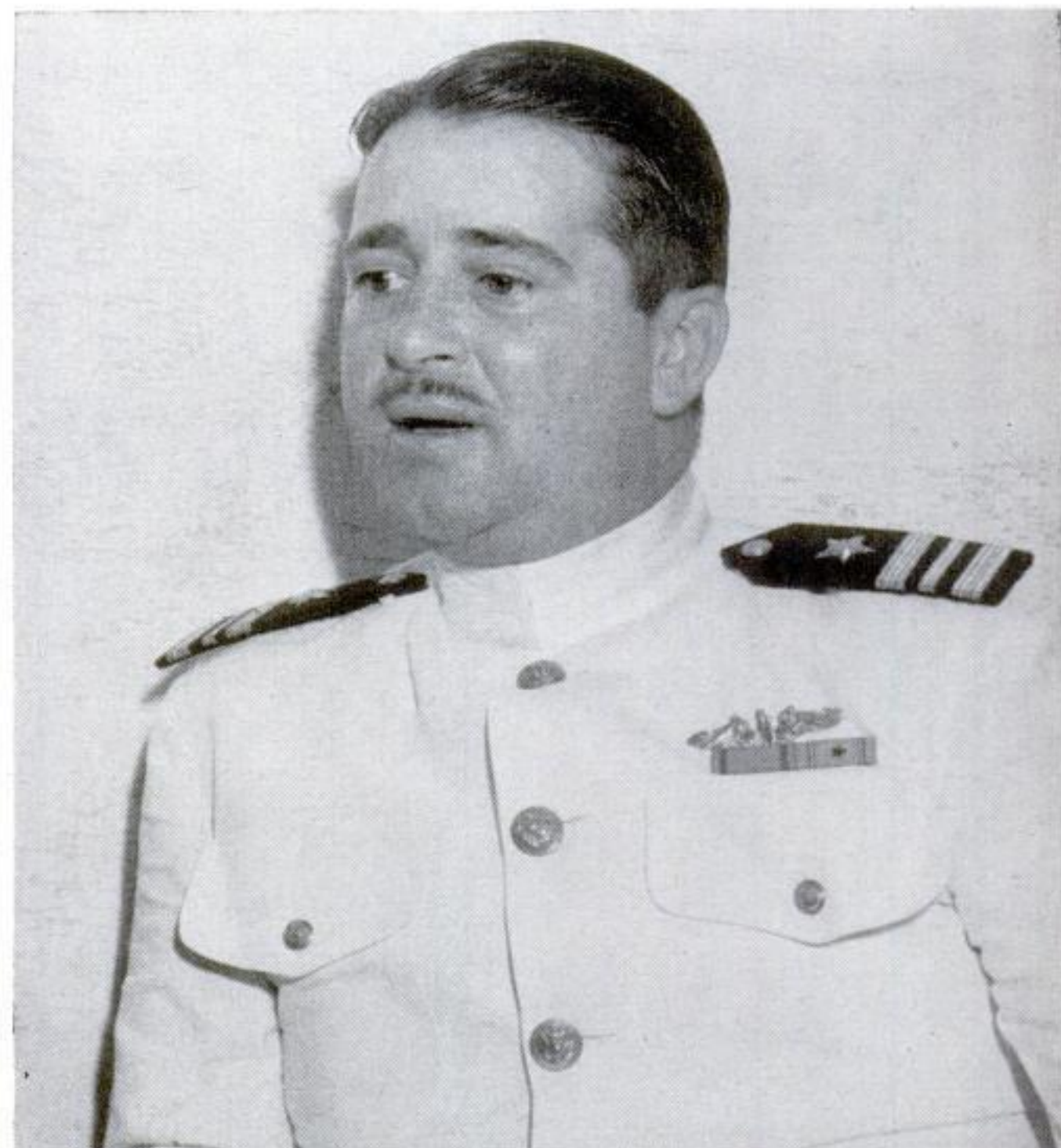
# ..and Ten High!

A new high in whiskey smoothness!



Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of TEN HIGH there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of TEN HIGH is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of TEN HIGH may sometimes be delayed.

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



Lieut. Commander Thomas Burton Klakring, sub's captain, was a bold leader and took daring chances. But he was so personally shy that he called the newspapermen "Sirs."

## WEST TO JAPAN (continued)

ophers. As the miles between them and home lengthened, they liked to sit around after dinner, talking about their homes, their cities, their States; whether Washington was better than California, or Brooklyn than Philadelphia. They talked about the last shore leave—how much they drank, the girl, the good time, the lousy time, the money spent, the people they met and how they were treated. They talked about their future and their aspirations. Some 25% wanted to go back to finish their education. Many wanted to stay in the Navy and continue sub work. The only ones who did not want to change their lives were the farmers. They wanted to go right back to their farms.

Sooner or later all conversations got around to girls. They were proud of their pin-ups. "Body" Grable was the favorite. Some Lamours, some Lana Turners, no Carole Landis. They did not pin up their own girls; those were put safely away in lockers or on a shelf where they could be looked at, quietly and secretly, when the going was a little tough. In the torpedo rooms there were special spots for hanging up pictures of Tojo and Yamamoto.

Most of the time on the long trip to the west, the weather was hot. The men wore shorts on the bridge and below. Many enlisted men wore dungarees. There were no uniform requirements. Whenever the weather had a little chill in it, college or high-school athletic sweaters were broken out. Later, after the sub had been in action, the men began wearing what they called "lucky clothes"—clothes they wore the last time they hit and sank a ship. Always, too, some of the men were growing beards. Usually they grew them for a few days, had their pictures taken, then cut them off. Beards were too itchy and sticky to wear for long.

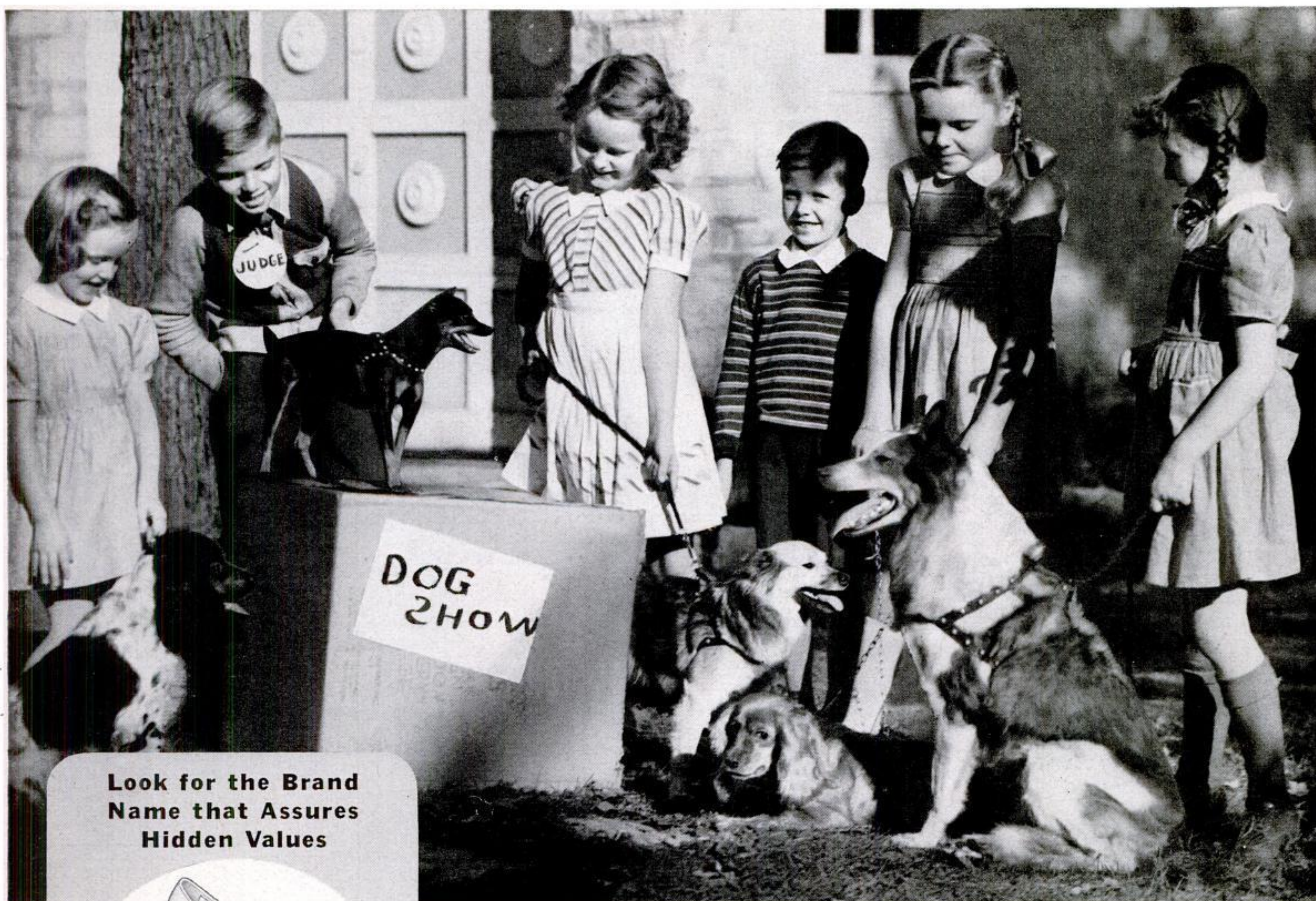
## Fresh fish from the Japs

Occasionally, when outward bound, the cook served fresh fish. This was when they happened to run into a Jap fisherman. They would simply come up alongside and relieve the unhappy Jap of his catch. One time they surfaced right next to a Jap fisherman and came up with his fish nets draped over the conning tower and deck. Another time a lookout in the conning tower was struck in the face and knocked off balance by a flying fish. Stunned, the fish fell and hit a junior officer on the back of his neck. The officer picked it up and gave it to the quartermaster who sent it below by a signalman to the cook who prepared it. The captain ate it.

All this time the sub was moving farther to the west. The clock was set back and back. No ships or planes appeared on the vast emptiness of the ocean. For all the wide space of sea and sky, the sub might have been on a practice cruise in peacetime. But the loud-speaker system and the daily morning newspaper (which indiscriminately changed its name with each edition, sometimes appearing as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88





Look for the Brand  
Name that Assures  
Hidden Values



What the WEATHER-BIRD standard  
of value means to you . . .

1. **LONGER WEAR**—best materials available . . . expert workmanship . . . plus extra reinforcements in *hidden parts*, as well as in parts you can see.
2. **LASTING FIT**—because Weather-Birds hold their shape and thus keep their fit longer.
3. **FOOT-FORMED LASTS**—ample toe room and heels of the right height help growing feet develop normally.
4. **COMFORTABLE FLEXIBILITY**—due to exclusive manufacturing processes and construction features.
5. **AUTHENTIC STYLES**—for every purpose—every purse.

## ***MAKE-BELIEVE is fun!***

. . . but **NOT** when buying children's shoes  
**Make sure they're right for growing feet!**

**T**WO pairs of children's shoes can look alike—but one can be a much better pair for growing feet than the other. The difference in them is made by *hidden values* . . . better fitting lasts . . . best materials available . . . expert workmanship . . . plus extra reinforcements in the *hidden parts* as well as in parts you can see!

You can't see the hidden values in any pair of children's shoes. But *make sure you get*

**THE QUALITY  
IS THERE IN  
EVERY PAIR**

them—because they are the secret to longer wear and *lasting fit*.

Insist on children's shoes with the name WEATHER-BIRD or PETERS

DIAMOND BRAND stamped in the shoe. Either name *guarantees* the best value, through and through, that more than fifty years of quality shoemaking experience can put in a shoe.

Peters, Branch of International Shoe Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

# **WEATHER-BIRD**

*and Peters Diamond Brand*

## **SHOES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS**



HELP UNCLE SAM—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



# "I've Crossed the Ocean for Edgeworth!"



A stranger stopped me on the street and—with a Scotsman's "bur-r-r"—He said: "I beg your pardon but—perhaps you'd point out, sir—The way to a tobacconist's—I'm from a ship, you see, An' dinna know ma way around"—I said: "Sure! Come with me!"

Well, I bought a pack of Edgeworth, and I wish you'd heard his laughter. "Why Edgeworth is the verra thing," he said, "that I've come after—'Tis fine tobacco for ma pipe, but scarce abroad—no joking, I have to come 3000 miles to find such fragrant smoking."



Copr. 1943, Larus & Brother/Co.

WE sympathize with the pipe smokers in England, Scotland, Australia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark—and other foreign countries. For since the war it has been hard to get their favorite Edgeworth—the tobacco for which they used to pay 60¢ and 70¢ a pocket tin—because of the import duty.

But you are still privileged to enjoy America's Finest Pipe Tobacco for only 15¢. Edgeworth, by the way, is now packed in the new Seal-Pak pouch. It fits your pocket comfortably—and, best of all—it keeps America's Finest Pipe Tobacco in flavor-fresh condition.

Enjoy a generous sample at our expense. Write Larus & Brother Company, 403 22nd Street, Richmond, Va.

"AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO"



Lieut. Kossler, executive officer who won the Silver Star, stands on the sub's deck.



Ensign Rohrback suffered one of few injuries, broken toe, falling out of bunk.

## WEST TO JAPAN (continued)

the New York Times, sometimes the Submarine Morning Bulletin, sometimes Radio Tokyo) gave the exact position of the ship in the Pacific, and the men watched with fascination as that position drew closer and closer to Japan.

At last they were in a position of danger, working their way through the protecting cordon of fishing boats, patrol boats and destroyers, which the Japs throw around their homeland and main bases at distances of several hundred miles to sea. Now the sub moved on the surface only at night. All day long the men huddled below, an officer's eye glued to the periscope. From time to time they raised the periscope, "walked it around," making a sweep of the sea. Far forward and far aft the torpedomen, most superstitious of all sailors aboard subs, polished, oiled and caressed their deadly torpedoes with paternal affection. It was even rumored that some of them kissed the ugly black fish goodnight. On all of them they had written such messages as "To Tojo, Special Delivery" or "This is from Susie" or "Here's one from my Dad." The phonographs did not run quite so steadily. The "bull sessions" were shorter. In the heat of the engine room and motor room, the mechanics worked without talking, keeping the Diesels by night, the motors by day, running as smoothly as a cat's purr. Up on the bridge at night, the winds were sharply colder and the phosphorus was gone. Ahead lay Japan.

They saw Japan for the first time at dawn after a long night run on the surface. It was a dark view of a dark shoreline crowned with distant smoking mountain peaks, which the crew thought might be volcanic smoke. They did not get much of a chance for sightseeing then, because the sub submerged as daylight came on and the danger of patrol planes grew acute.

## They watch the coast of Japan

But in the days and weeks to come they were to get to know the coast of Japan well. Ensign Rohrback says that he could go back to Japan after the war and act as a tourist guide, pointing out the factories, towns and athletic pavilions. At night they lay off the shore watching trains run along a coastal track, or picking out the familiar lights in certain cities and country homes. They observed that black-outs in the cities were very effective, but they were surprised to find how much empty space there was in Japan, how much territory was not city. They had expected every inch to be populated, but for many miles of the coastline there was no sign of habitation, just a few empty desolate roads. To them it looked like the coast of Alaska.

They became sentimentally attached to familiar things like factories, wharfs and docks. But the greatest thrill the men got was watching horse races at an amusement park near the beach. Says Captain Klakring, "I figured they'd probably have horse races on Sundays and sure enough they did. Aboard the sub we placed some bets on the ponies, but unfortunately we were just a little too far away to be sure which horse won." After such experiences the men used to ask for shore leave.

The first victim for the sub was an enemy freighter traveling all alone down the coast. It was a routine shot but served as good practice. The sub sneaked in close, got a complete look with her periscope. The torpedomen stood by their posts. Then came the order they had been waiting for: "Stand by to fire torpedoes. Fire One. Fire Two." There was a slight crunch as the torpedoes left their

THEY JUST NATURALLY GO TOGETHER!

DOUGHNUTS and COFFEE



PANCAKES and VERMONT MAID SYRUP



● YES, pancakes and Vermont Maid Syrup go together... and how you'll go for them when you taste that true maple sugar flavor! It's love at first bite! Get a jug of delicious Vermont Maid today. Packed in Vermont.



Vermont Maid Syrup



WE USE COLMAN'S IN OUR COOKING. THE EXTRA FLAVOR IT GIVES ALWAYS MAKES A HIT!

Mrs. Ameche's delicious "Colman's Broil"

Blend 2 tbsps. Colman's (dry) Mustard with 1 tbsp. lemon juice till smooth. Then slowly stir in 2 tbsps. melted butter or margarine and mix till smooth. Broil hamburger on one side till half cooked, then turn and spread unbroiled side of meat with mustard sauce. Then complete broiling. (Minute steak, ham slice, lamb chops also superb cooked with this sauce.)

Free Recipe Booklet—

Atlantis Sales Corp., Sole Distributor, 3447 Mustard St., Rochester, N.Y. Please send me 12 new Colman's recipes.

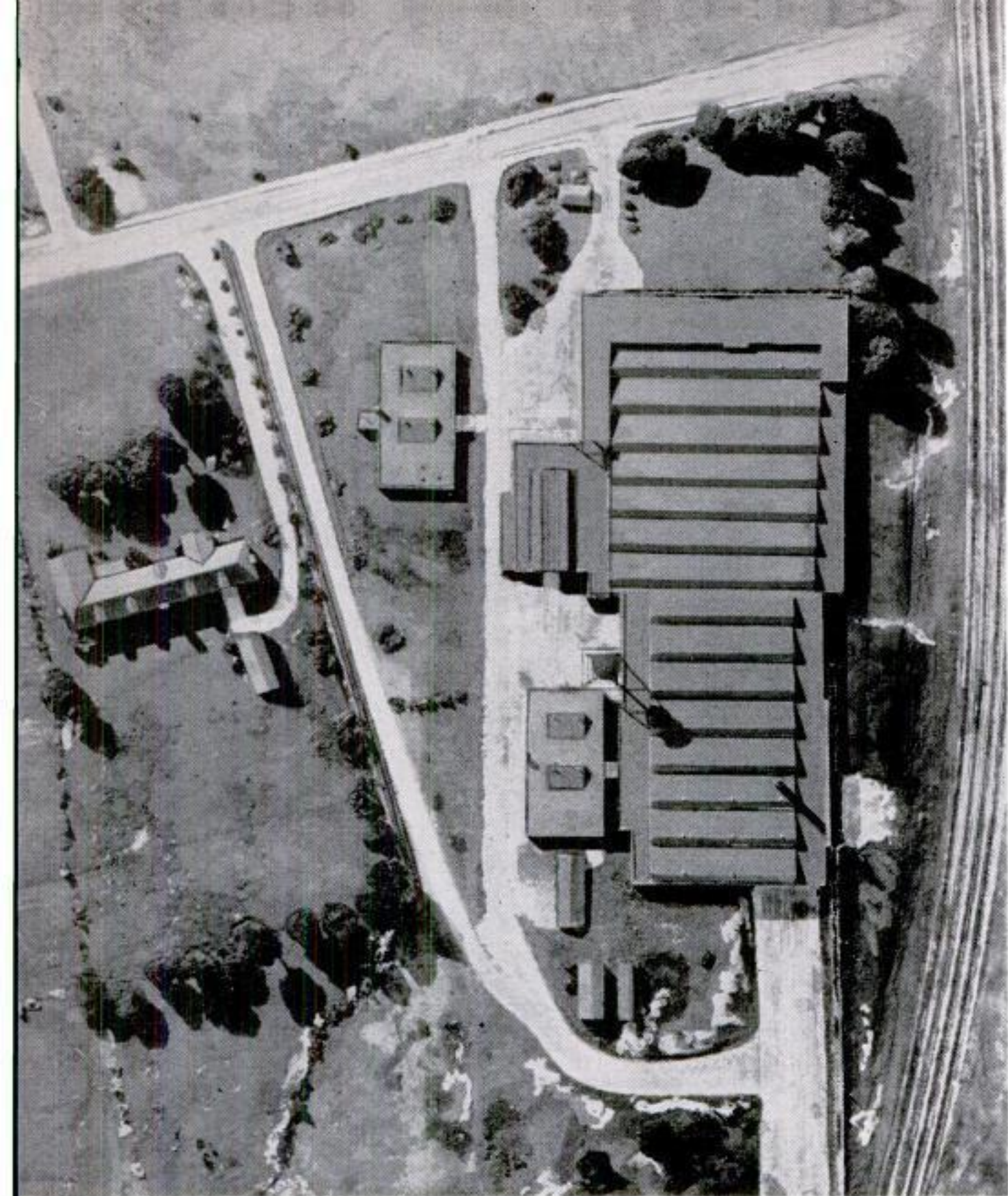


Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90





**NOW YOU SEE IT.** Before the camouflage experts went to work, this factory—a model, for test purposes—was photographed from the air on conventional panchromatic film. The bomber's eye would see what you see—a perfect set-up for destruction.



**NOW YOU DON'T.** With camouflage materials—false structures, netting, cloth streamers, paint, and artificial trees—the experts have fooled the camera, and the bombardier. To the aerial camera loaded with panchromatic film, even the marks of erosion on the slope by the railroad track have disappeared.

## Kodak Infrared Film spots the “make believe” of enemy camouflage

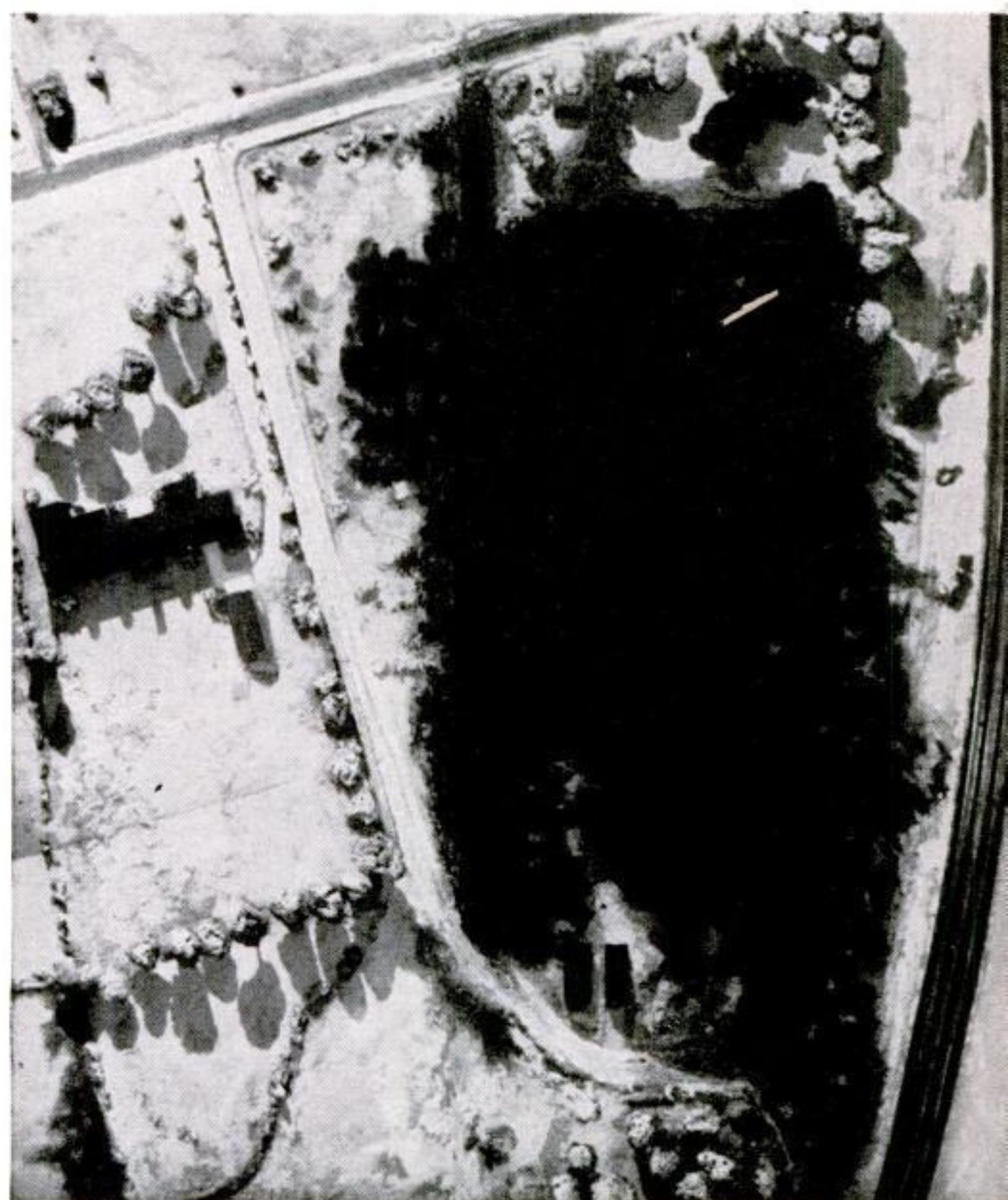
**C**AMOUFLAGE is the highly developed art of pulling the wool over an enemy's eyes... an art which is finding old methods ineffectual, in this war.

This is in a measure due to Kodak's development of a type of film whose vision goes far beyond that of the human eye.

Natural grass and foliage contain chlorophyll—Nature's coloring matter. Camouflage materials lack this living substance. Chlorophyll reflects invisible infrared light rays—and Kodak Infrared Film registers this invisible light, making the natural areas look light in the picture—almost white. In violent contrast, the “dead” camouflaged areas show up dark—almost black—in the picture.

Moreover, Infrared Film is able to penetrate through the haze of a “low-visibility” day, and return from a reconnaissance flight with pictures in clear detail. Here again it far exceeds the power of the human eye.

Working with our Army and Navy flyers and technicians, Kodak has carried this new technique of camouflage detection to high efficiency—and has, for our own use, helped develop camouflage which defies detection... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



**BUT HERE IT IS AGAIN.** With Kodak Infrared Film in the aerial cameras, pictures like this are brought back from an observation flight. On Infrared pictures, the false, “dead” camouflage materials look almost black. The natural landscape is unnaturally light. A trained cameraman, with one look, knows where the bombs should strike.

Serving human progress through Photography



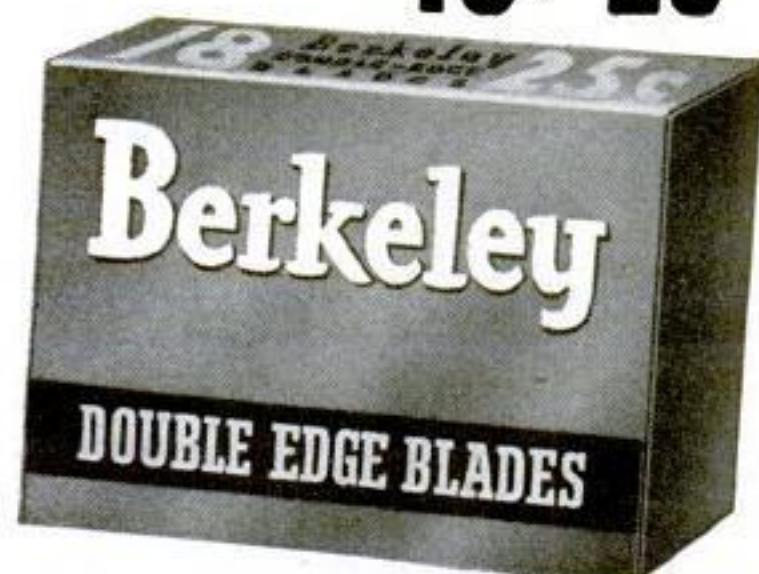
## STOP LOOKING!



HERE'S THE ANSWER for every man who wants better shaves at low cost. Only 25¢ now buys 18 of the keenest razor blades you ever used . . . Berkeley Blades! Switch today. Made of fine watch-spring steel; precision honed. Money-back guarantee!

NO BETTER BLADES  
AT ANY PRICE

18 for 25¢



Consolidated Razor Blade Co., Inc., Jersey City, N.J.  
... Save steel. Make blades go farther. Pat dry with towel after every shave. Use lots of water with soap or shaving cream.

RELIEVE  
**HEADACHES**  
NEURALGIA &  
MUSCULAR ACHES

WITH  
QUICK  
ACTING

**"BC"**

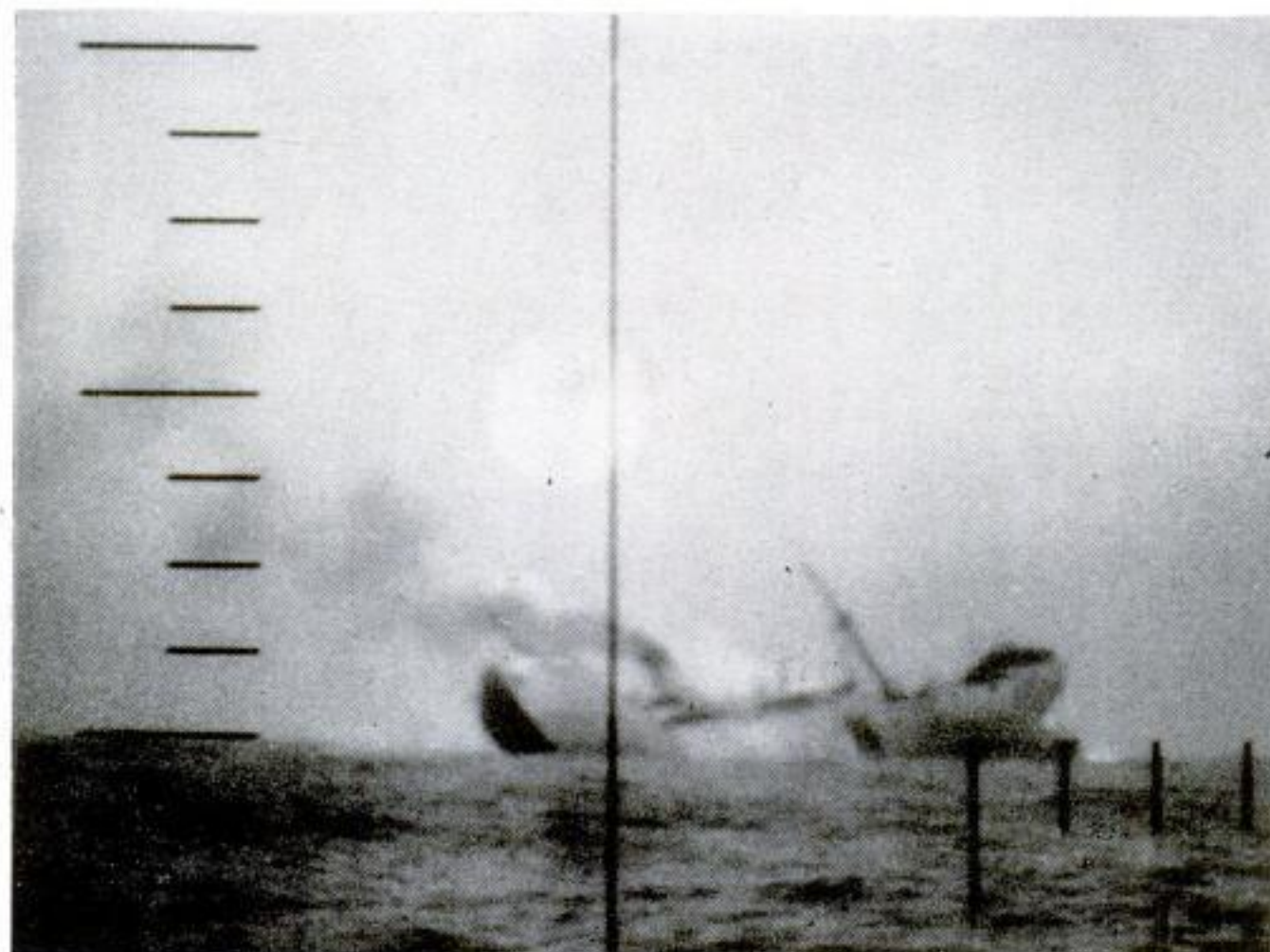
USE ONLY AS DIRECTED  
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10¢ and 25¢

10¢ 10¢  
HEADACHE & NEURALGIA

**Safeway BRUSH TOP**  
SPOT REMOVER

The SPOT REMOVER that cleans clothing, fabrics, home and auto upholstery. 10¢ and 25¢ at all 5¢ and 10¢, dept. and drug stores. Or send 25¢ for large 5-oz. package. Safeway Chemical Co., 6912 Lorain Ave., Cleveland, O.

BRUSHES SPOTS AWAY



Through periscope, Lieut. Schwab photographed sinking ship. Because crew does not see what is going on, an officer gave a running account of battles over loudspeaker.

### WEST TO JAPAN (continued)

tubes. It was as if the ship had hit a small, yielding sand bar. Then came a minute of anxious waiting, with no sound but the swish of water and the purring of motors. Then the explosion, a sharp crack, not a muffled sound. The crew burst out cheering. Watching through the periscope, the captain announced that the freighter was sinking. Lieutenant Ernie Schwab of New York begged permission to take a picture through the periscope. It was granted.

But what followed was not routine. Overhead they heard a destroyer coming closer and the distant rattle, coming closer, of exploding depth charges. Fear was natural for the boys huddled below water, but there was no panic. They sweated and looked at each other and cursed. Their faces were strained and home was a long way away. But a torpedoman broke the spell. "Mr. Rohrback," he said, "you know, I think the Japs have found out where we are." Everybody laughed.

At length the destroyer began to move away. The men looked at each other again, not talking. It was as if all their breath had been knocked out. But they were safe, at least temporarily. Now the men could consider themselves veterans. Their admiration for their skipper and devotion to their ship had increased tremendously. They were ready for bigger game.

The next few weeks marked the beginning of their real work. One day they got in the middle of a Jap convoy of seven merchantmen and numerous naval auxiliaries. The sub approached so close before making her attack that one Jap ship began firing point-blank at her periscope. Another ship swung straight toward her, trying to ram her. But Klakring swung the sub out of the way and got in a fast torpedo hit. Later, after two ships from the convoy had been sunk and the sub had come boldly to the surface, a Jap merchantman began firing with 5-inch deck guns. The fact was reported to the captain who asked the lookout whether the sub was being hit. "No" was the answer. "Well, everything's all right then," said the captain. A

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33



One of eight Jap ships bagged by Klakring's sub sinks stern-first. This and the picture above are blurred because there was not enough light at the time to take clear pictures.

## WHEN YOUR STOMACH



When youngsters abuse their stomachs, don't make matters worse by giving over-doses of antacids, or harsh physics!

Try giving gentle, soothing PEPTO-BISMOL, to help relieve stomach upsets caused by over-indulgence, change of diet, nervous, hasty eating, or bad combinations of food. It's pleasant to the taste! At all drug stores. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

**Pepto-Bismol**

By the Makers of \*Unguentine (Norwich)

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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while YOU are on the "go!"

Dr. Scholl's 4-Way Relief Acts Instantly

1. Sends pain flying
2. Quickly removes corns
3. Prevents corns, sore toes
4. Eases new or tight shoes



MAKE your hours of work and leisure pain-free! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads speedily relieve your misery from corns and gently remove them—while you are on the "go"! Cushioning, soothing, protective, they instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift painful pressure.

NOTE: If corns have formed, use the separate Medications supplied for removing them. The pads alone will give you immediate relief and prevent sore toes, corns, blisters from new or tight shoes—another advantage of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads over old-time caustic liquids and plasters. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Toilet Goods Counters. Cost but a trifle.

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

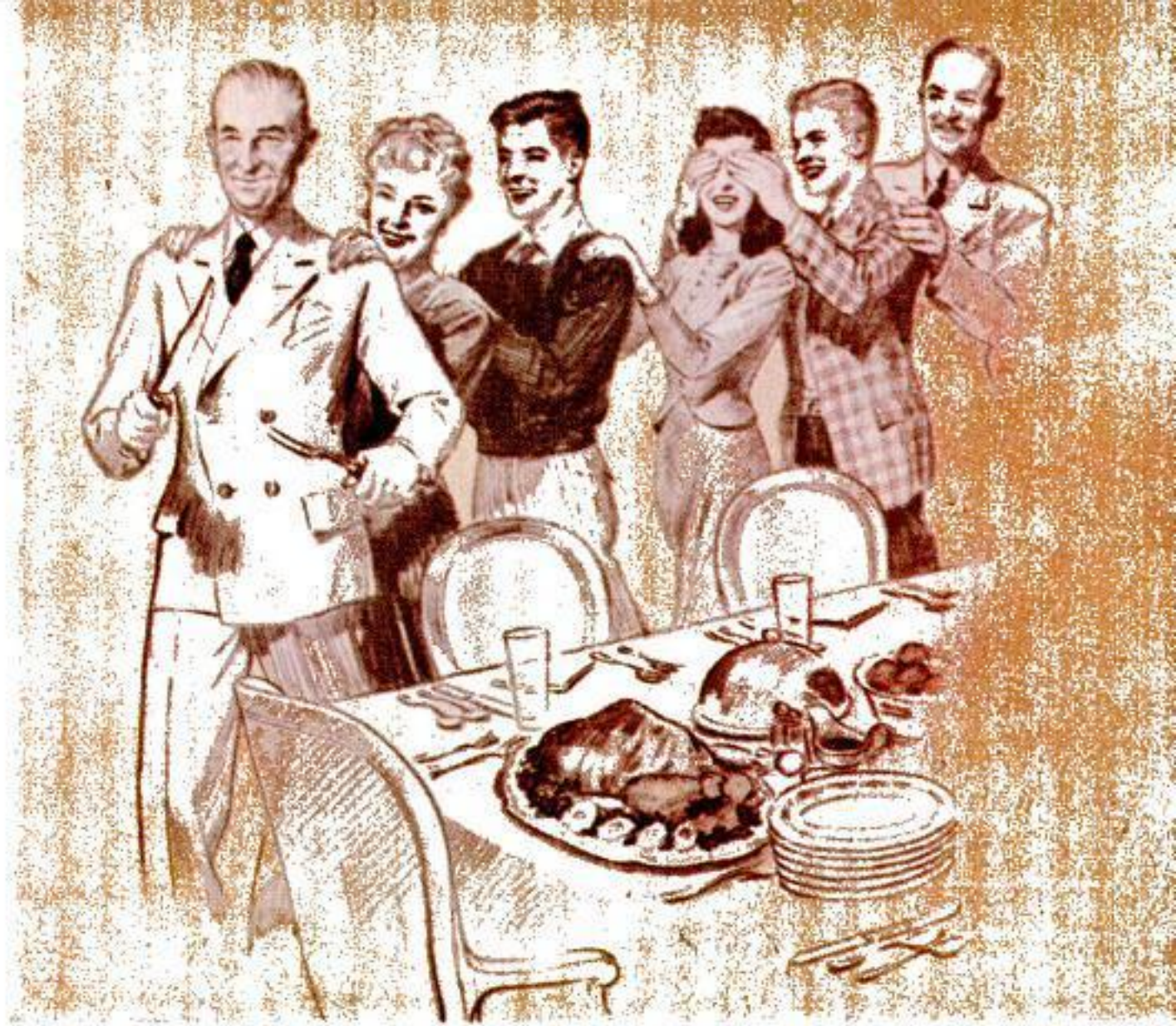
TENDER, HOT FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves hot, tender, perspiring feet. Soothing. Eases new or tight shoes. Send it to the boys in Service. 35¢.





Rubbing shoulders in these days of hard work and common purposes makes us know each other better. We're finding that things we've had to give up are more than balanced by our gains—by the pleasure we get from seeing our neighbors more—the fun in swapping yarns with old-time friends, or having Cousin Charley's family in for supper. *These are true and solid values*—made richer, happier still with a glass of friendly Schlitz.



No bitterness

*The Masterpiece*

Copr. 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



*Just the kiss of the hops*—all of the delicate flavor—none of the bitterness. Once you taste America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew. You'll always want that famous flavor found only in Schlitz. *In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!*



THE BEER THAT  
MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS





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AND BROTHERS . . AND HUSBANDS**

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Because you are about to face the supreme sacrifice for all that America holds dear . . . not one of us dares fail you. It is not enough that there always be squadrons of planes to hover over your convoy—or winging ahead to bomb the places you have to go . . . or waiting to give you a ceil-

ing of protection as you attack. Those planes we promise to the limit of our hands and hearts. We would have you go also with confidence that every man and woman of us is carrying a full share of afterhour civilian obligations. And the greatest of these is doing without *with a smile*.

*The men and women of* **ALCOA ALUMINUM**



Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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Griffin W. Pifer, 200-lb. cook, was the most popular man aboard. Before throwing the tin cans overboard, he had to flatten them out lest they float and prove a fatal marker.

#### WEST TO JAPAN (continued)

single hit from a 5-inch shell probably would have sunk the sub.

Another day they came upon another lone merchantman. On the sub, running submerged, orders went out to "man your battle stations." Klakring's voice came over the loudspeaker: "We're making an approach." The voice hesitated. "I'll be damned, they must have heard of us before. They're already on deck and in their lifejackets." A few minutes later the Japs were in the water using their lifejackets, their ship sunk.

During such actions the sub was tense, alert for action. After the danger was over the men relaxed. Black coffee and cigarets were broken out, and the story of the action was told and retold until another action took its place. Always, too, after a successful encounter with Jap ships, Pifer, the cook, would bake a huge cake in celebration. Once, after they had sunk four ships in one hour, Pifer whipped together a huge angel-food cake out of which stuck four candles. In the center of the cake, drawn with icing, was a sinking ship with its Rising Sun flag just going under the waves.

#### Trip's climax near

The climax to the cruise came after the sub had been out many weeks. By now the coast of Japan was as familiar as the coast of New England or Chesapeake Bay. They had all grown used to each other and to their ship. In the torpedo rooms, the control room, the mess room, the galley and the engine room, the ship's routine went on day after day—surface at night to get fresh air and charge the batteries, submerge during the day to avoid being seen. Mostly the air in the ship's interior was good; the air-conditioning apparatus was working perfectly. But after a while the atmosphere did get stuffy with tobacco smoke and engine heat. It now had a kind of oppressive quality to it. The men had begun to wonder what the clear sky above them, even if it was Japanese sky, looked like.

But to the ship's officers, this mild grumbling of the crew was a good sign. It showed they were normal, still nervously unaffected by the strains of the cruise. It was well that they were calm because the biggest day in the lives of everybody aboard lay just ahead.

The dawn seemed to come early that day. The ocean was calm with occasional whitecaps breaking from the Pacific's swells. Fathoms deep, off the coast of Japan, the crew was just finishing a breakfast of orange juice, ham and eggs, coffee and doughnuts. Into the phone alongside the periscope in the conning tower, Captain Klakring spoke:

"Up periscope."

The slender black finger cut the ocean's surface. The periscope

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

## Who is he ?



*Today's leaders smoke*

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*the choice of successful men*

#### SEE THE 17% EXTRA SMOKING YOU GET

That's what makes the Blackstone Londres-Extra today's big money's worth! It's the new, longer Blackstone cigar filled with finest and costliest long-leaf Havana tobacco. Try a Blackstone Londres-Extra today!



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Step up and take your choice, gentlemen! Blackstone Perfecto, Londres-Extra, Cabinet, Panetela, Junior. All filled with finest Havana tobacco — all extremely mild and mellow. All top values for your money.

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## smart as a topcoat ... and ready for rain!

**Grafton 11.50**...the smart "always correct" Balmacaan type coat many well-dressed men prefer. Cut from a special Rainfair pattern to assure "topcoat fit"...shower-proofed by Cravenette to give real wet weather protection. Note expert tailoring of shoulders, seams, and pockets. Sleeve and deep yoke lining of lustrous rayon. Made of top quality Piedmont Gabardine in fawn, light olive, taupe.

**Military needs** are our prime wartime responsibility. Rainfair dealers, however, are supplied with the new civilian models. Look for these famous 1943 Rainfair Storm Coats at your favorite store now.

**free: write today** for illustrated booklet of 1943 Rainfair Storm Coats that make you shine in any weather...address: Chicago Rubber Clothing Company, Racine, Wisconsin.



Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies



The sub's officers are (left to right, rear) Lieuts. Bowers and Kossler, Lieut. Commander Klakring, Lieut. Bowman. Front row: Ensign Rohrback, Lieuts. Schwab and Claggett.

### WEST TO JAPAN (continued)

searched an empty sea. The captain turned to his diving officer, spoke again into the telephone which carried his orders to all parts of the ship.

"Stand by to surface."

It was always a tense moment, coming to the surface, particularly on a morning when action was near. Like animals that fear to leave the forests, the submarine men hate to leave deep water. But up they started. The bright electric lamps snapped off, and on came the small red bulbs which gave a soft dull glow throughout the ship. Water rushed from the ballast tanks. The sub broke the surface.

For 20 or 30 minutes nobody saw anything. They were alone in the ocean. Then one of the lookouts on the bridge leaned forward, called the captain, pointed to low-lying objects along the horizon's rim.

By then everybody on the bridge could see them—ten in all, including merchantmen and escort vessels—moving fast in a line parallel to them, toward a large Japanese coastal city several hundred miles away. To get ahead and intercept the Japs before they arrived at the harbor, the sub would be forced to travel on the surface. This was a delicate operation and could not be conducted anywhere near the enemy convoy. It would be necessary to leave the convoy, hope that they could figure out where the convoy was going.

### Luck is with them

They left the convoy, dropping it out of sight far over the horizon, and headed toward the Japanese shore, near where they hoped the Japs would land. Their luck proved good. Shortly after they arrived the convoy appeared. Fortunately they were behind a knoll in the coastline, between a beach and a spot where the enemy would have to pass. They were not more than a mile offshore. By the time the lead Jap ship appeared, they had submerged and were nowhere to be seen.

Underwater they swung into the heart of the convoy. Two big merchantmen were at dead-duck range. Two torpedoes left the sub. Two ships shuddered, broke apart. One stood on its stern, one on its bow.

Said Captain Klakring, his eye to the periscope, "Tell Torpedoman O'Hara to come up here and get a look at the ship he just sank."

After O'Hara and other members of the crew had taken a look, Klakring swung the periscope around in a circle to see what was happening to the rest of the convoy. It was scattering into a nearby harbor, but the escort ships were headed right toward the sub. Overhead two patrol planes were coming menacingly close. Depth charges already could be heard.

But the captain calmly gave his order: "Set course to enter the harbor."

In they went, between huge rocks in very shallow water. Along the sea wall lining the harbor, the captain could see crowds of Jap civilians attracted by the explosions and the running fight. One of the Jap merchant ships was hiding behind a small harbor islet. The other was offshore and in direct line with a large power plant and an illuminating-gas reservoir. The submarine was only partly submerged and the harbor's main defense guns were opening up on her. Shells, exploding in the waters above, sounded to the crew like firecrackers.

The Jap ship offshore was still at extremely long torpedo range and there were hundreds of rocks between the sub and her. But the captain decided to try for her anyway. If he missed, he figured, he would hit the large power plant on the water's edge. And that was just as good as getting a ship.

#### Liver Loaf Durkee

- |                          |                                |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 lb. beef or pork liver | 2 cups bread crumbs            |
| 2 tbs. chopped onion     | 2 tbs. melted fat              |
| 1 well-beaten egg        | 1/2 cup chopped, cooked celery |
| 1/2 cup canned tomatoes  | 1/4 tsp. pepper                |
| 1/4 cup water            | 1 1/2 tsp. salt                |
| 4 tbs. DURKEE'S DRESSING |                                |

Simmer liver in salted water 15 minutes. Drain, skin, grind through chopper. Combine with other ingredients and mix well. Bake in moderate oven (350 F.) 40 minutes. Serves 6.

Liver at its best! Because it's made with Durkee's Famous Dressing... a sauce so "tangy," so full of zest that it dresses up all kinds of food—sandwiches, fish, salads, "yesterday's" meats. Easy-pouring, guaranteed against spoilage. Write for free booklet, "How to Dress up Wartime Menus," Durkee Famous Foods, Dept. LE3, Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.



DRESS IT UP WITH  
**DURKEE'S DRESSING**

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95



**M**ARTHA MONTGOMERY, adorably sweet and popular daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Robert Montgomery of Clarksdale, Mississippi, is engaged to Lieutenant Herbert Slatery, Jr. of Knoxville, Tennessee, now in the United States Army.

There's an enchanting sparkle about Martha's winsome face. Her gentian blue eyes are so wide-awake, her radiant complexion so fresh and so smooth. "Pond's Cold Cream is my one and only when it comes to complexion care," she says. "Nothing else seems to give my skin such a waked-up look, or to make it feel so clean and so soft."



**HER RING** is exquisite. The beautiful solitaire is a family stone, and the perfect smaller diamonds, set two on either side, intensify its brilliance. Inside the platinum band is engraved: H.H.S.Jr. to M.L.M.—1942

**MARTHA'S COMPLEXION CARE** is so delightfully simple. She smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat . . . pats with little, swift pats to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well. She "rinses" with more Pond's for extra cleansing and softening. Tissues it off again.

Do this yourself—every night, and for daytime clean-ups. You'll soon see why Martha loves this smooth-as-satin cream. You'll see, too, why war-busy society beauties like Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan and Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels use it—why more women and girls in America use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.



A LETTER FROM HER SOLDIER FIANCE, now "somewhere overseas," lights Martha's charming face with a happy remembering look

# She's Engaged!

**SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S**

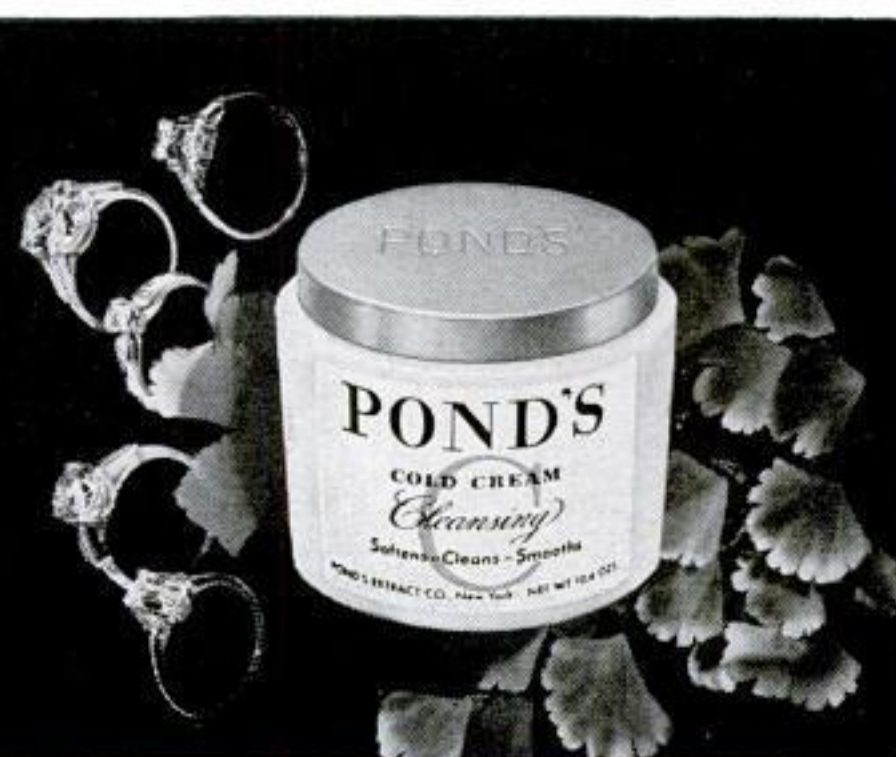
**GETTING READY FOR A "CROCODILE" LINE** (at right) Martha rounds up a little group for a practice evacuation drill. An accredited first-aider, Martha is especially interested in wartime care of small children.

"The busier I am," Martha says, "the more I depend on Pond's to help whisk away any tired look and make my face spic and span." It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's! You'll find Pond's at beauty counters everywhere. All sizes are popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

**FOR  
ENGAGED  
HANDS**



... the lovely new Pond's Lotion (Danya)  
Pearl-glowing creaminess blended to:  
• soften hands in one application  
• give busy hands a whiter, sweeter look  
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New Neet Cream Deodorant quickly stops perspiration and underarm odor from one to three days. This fluffy, stainless, greaseless cosmetic-type of cream applies easily and vanishes almost instantly. Makes arms dry and odor-free. Will not irritate normal skin or injure clothing.

Try New Neet Cream Deodorant today! Won't dry in jar. 10¢ and 29¢ sizes, plus tax.

KEEP NEAT WITH...

## now neet

cream deodorant

GUARANTEED BY THE MAKERS OF NEET DEPICATORY



## WEST TO JAPAN (continued)

So once more the ready light flashed in the torpedo room. Torpedomen forward and aft froze to attention.

"Make ready all tubes."

"All tubes ready, sir."

"Stand by. Fire!"

The third torpedo jumped from its tube. Still only partially submerged, the sub wanted to dive, but the water was too shallow. The crews' eardrums felt a slight pressure as a tube was vented. The captain stood rigid at the periscope. Eyes of officers and men were glued to stop watches. They knew just when they would hear the explosion if they were to hear it at all.

"She just can't miss," prayed a machinist's mate.

Then it came—two deep, clear-cut metallic raps. A wild cheer rose from the torpedo room. A direct hit. The sailor who had bet that "Genevieve," the fish named in honor of his wife, would be a success, had won a carton of cigarets. The Jap ship sank in  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a minute, but the water was shallow, and even when she had settled in the mud some of her mast was still above water.

Now the Americans had to make for the open sea, through the narrow harbor's mouth. Overhead coastal batteries were dropping their shells close by and six or seven torpedo boats on the surface were hurriedly throwing depth charges. On the sub the men huddled together, jokes gone from their lips, their faces showing the strain. The captain hastily shot the periscope up, then dropped it again before the Japs had too accurately located his position.

Somehow they made it. Out they came from the harbor, only to face a more concentrated attack from Jap destroyers and Jap patrol bombers waiting for them. For a few seconds there were explosions on every side. There was no talk in the control room.

Finally the captain shot the periscope up again, announced slowly, "Stand by to make a torpedo attack."

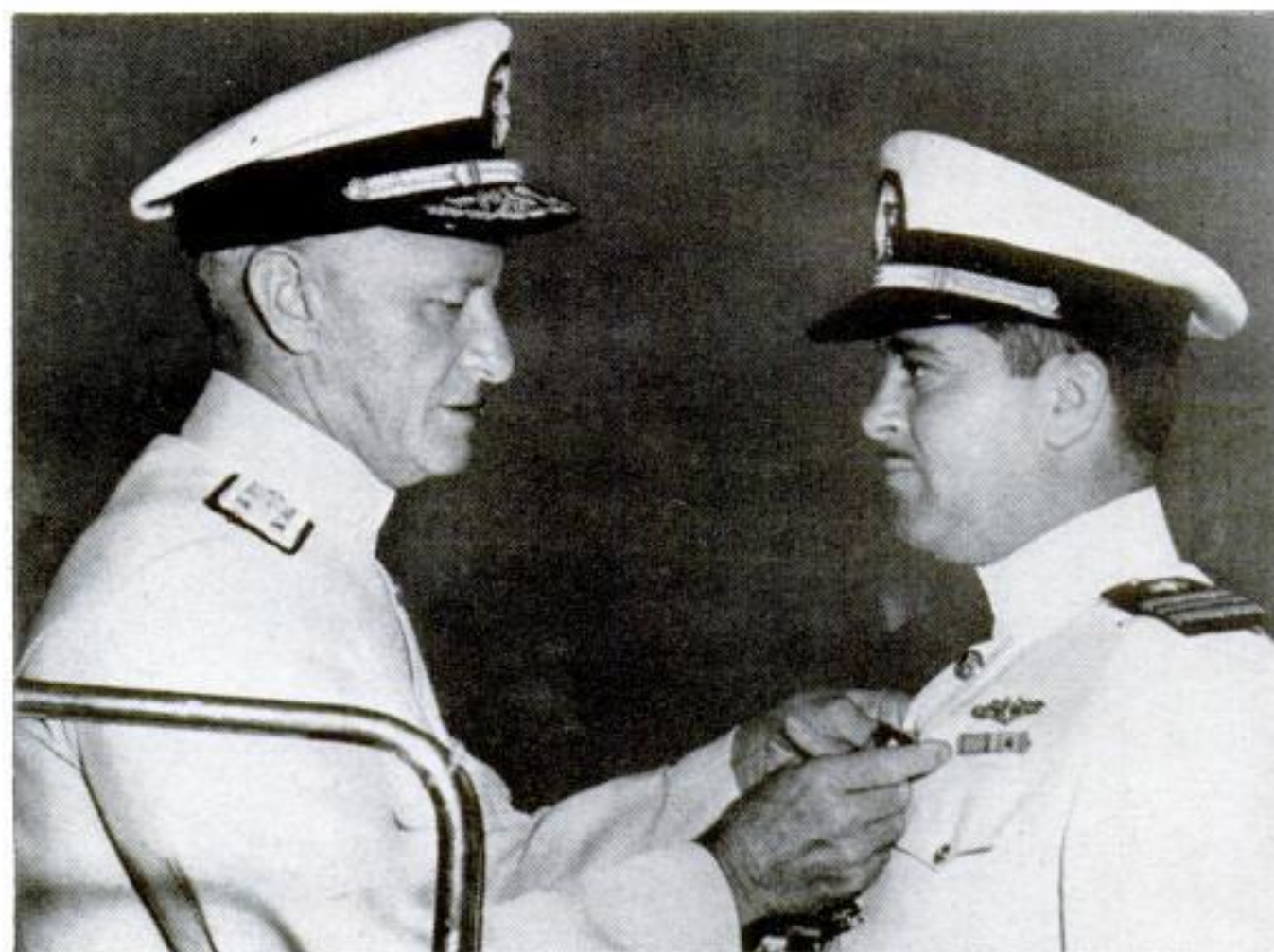
Even the boldest of the ship's crew gasped. Hadn't the skipper had enough, even now? But the captain was giving orders, more slowly: "Stand by to fire torpedoes. Fire Seven. Fire Eight."

Just beyond the harbor's mouth the sub caught another helpless Jap ship. In less than a minute the Jap exploded and sank. The captain watched her go.

From the tight spot she was in the sub somehow escaped, lying in shallow water for an hour, then surfacing and running for it. The Japs never found her.

On the way home, too, the sub was lucky. A heavy storm hid her from wandering Jap patrols and although it drenched the lookouts on the bridge, it was manna to the tired, pale sailors below. They did not care if they got seasick now. They did not care if Pifer could not give them the best of food. They did not care if the air was oppressively heavy below or if there was not much water left for shaving and bathing. They were going home.

Back at Pearl Harbor the day they came home, a 20-piece band played on the dock. From the conning-tower mast fluttered a brand new trophy flag, on which eight miniature Rising Suns surrounded a sinking Jap ship. On the docks happy men waved a welcome, and a half-dozen sailors came aboard with mail, ice cream and oranges. On the sub itself the tired crew watched the preparations. All they wanted now was to get off their ship, no matter how proud they were of her. They wanted four things, in this order: 1) a girl, 2) a drink, 3) a favorite dish of food, 4) a walk around to look at the streets, the stores and the green trees.



Admiral Nimitz, "Cincpac," pins the Navy Cross on Klakring, veteran of 13 years in pig boats, who set a record by sinking 70,000 tons of Jap shipping in single cruise.

## FIRST AID TO TIRED, IRRITATED EYES!

Don't put up with tired, red, smarting eyes! EYE-GENE—formulated by two leading eye specialists—will bring you quick, safe relief!

EYE-GENE soothes tired, irritated eyes in seconds. Washes away that red look caused by overwork, late hours, glare, or dust almost at once! (Its exclusive ingredient makes EYE-GENE wonderfully effective—quickly!)

TODAY—especially when you work overtime—keep EYE-GENE by you. It'll help your eyes look and feel better! Stainless. Inexpensive. At drug, dep't. and 10¢ stores.

## EYE-GENE

2 DROPS  
CLEAR, SOOTHE  
IN SECONDS!

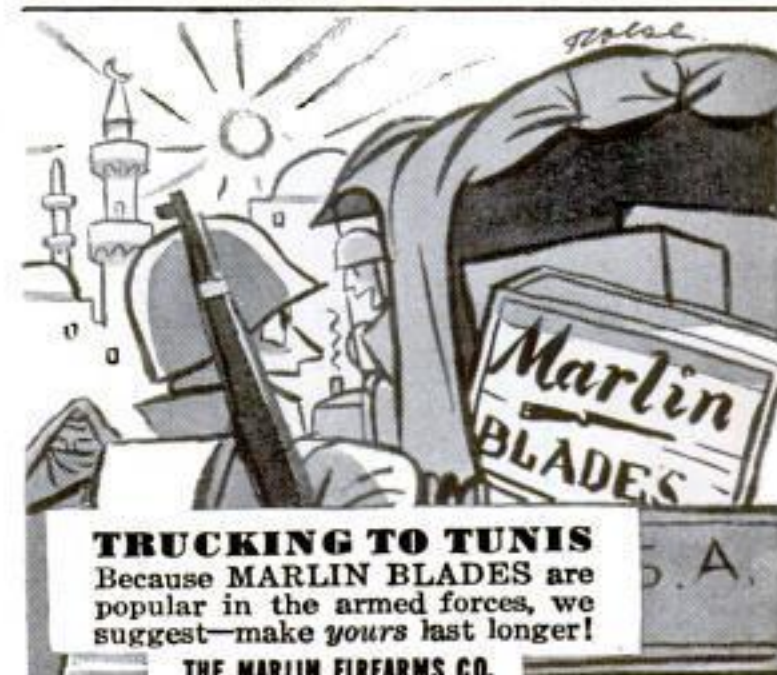


## Enjoy PEP and SPARKLE!

Now—feel great! Be wide-awake internally! It's easy. Try crisp, good-tasting Eno in a glass of water, as directed, whenever you "overdo"—eat, drink, smoke, unwisely. Helps overcome ordinary sluggishness, acid indigestion! Try 30¢ size today—at all druggists.

## Enjoy life with ENO

...THE REALLY PLEASANT SALINE



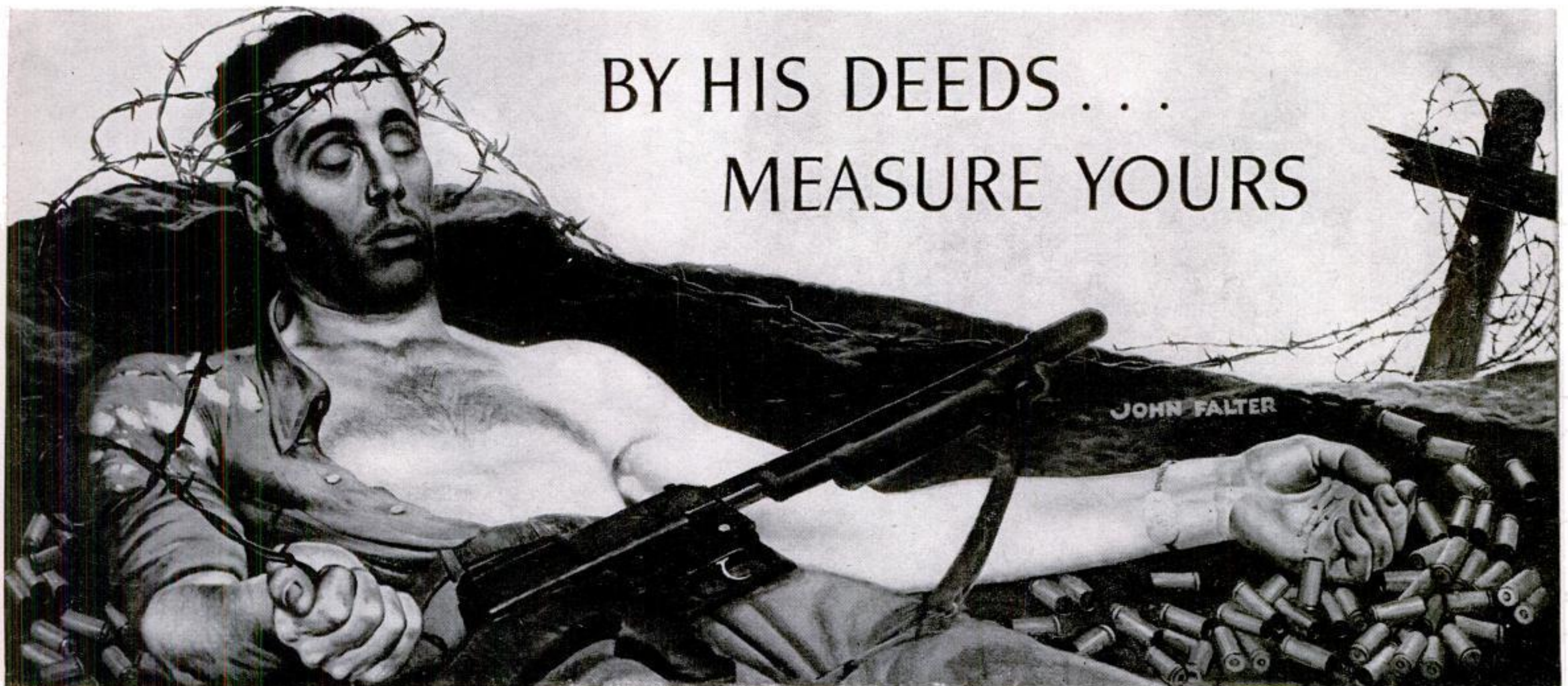
## TRUCKING TO TUNIS

Because MARLIN BLADES are popular in the armed forces, we suggest—make yours last longer!

THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.



**I**t is not pleasant to have your peaceful life upset by wartime needs and restrictions and activities. . . . It is not pleasant to die, either. . . . Between you who live at home and the men who die at the front there is a direct connection. . . . By your actions, definitely, a certain number of these men will die or they will come through alive. If you do everything you can to hasten victory and do every bit of it as fast as you can . . . then, sure as fate you will save the lives of some men who will otherwise die because you let the war last too long. . . . Think it over. Till the war is won you cannot, in fairness to them, complain or waste or shirk. Instead, you will apply every last ounce of your effort to getting this thing done. . . . In the name of God and your fellow man, that is your job.



The civilian war organization needs your help. The Government has formed Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. If such a group is at work in your community, cooperate with it to the limit of your ability. If none exists, help to organize one. A free booklet telling you what to do and how to do it will be sent to you at no charge if you will write to this magazine. This is your war. Help win it. Choose what you will do — now!

**EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER**

CONTRIBUTED BY THE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS OF AMERICA





**Assembly singing starts** Sunday school, with Mrs. Chennault (*center*) sharing a hymnal with Mrs. J. J. Rice. Rosemary is at right. Nell Chennault was born on a Louisiana farm.



**Mrs. Chennault teaches** Sunday school class of little girls (*above*). Besides participating in church activities, she works for the Red Cross and is the chairman of the community's war-bond drive.

## *Life Goes Calling on Mrs. Chennault*

**General's wife spends a busy Sunday at home in Water Proof, La.**

Americans are well acquainted with Brigadier General Claire Lee Chennault as leader of the celebrated Flying Tigers (*LIFE*, Aug. 10) and as present commander of the U.S. Air Force in China. Very few Americans, however, are acquainted with Mrs. Chennault, the general's wife, who is a distinguished person in her own right. The people of Water Proof, La. (pop. 592), home of the Chennaults, are as proud of her as they are of the general himself. Bernard Hoffman's photographs of Mrs. Chennault and her family, Mrs. Chennault and her neighbors, and Mrs. Chennault as a faithful worker in the little old Water Proof Methodist Church point up the quiet charm and friendliness for which the community loves her.



**Mailbox bears** scribbled record of Chennault's promotions from major to colonel and finally to general. With Rosemary (*left*) is a neighbor and school chum, Martha Lancaster.



**Helping his grandmother** feed the hens is great fun for the general's namesake. The poultry flock consists of 50 chickens, geese and guinea hens. Two cows and a horse constitute the livestock.





**Fat goose is mainstay** of noon meal at which Pat and Hilma (left) join Rosemary and her mother. All food except rice was raised on the farm. Chennaults cure own ham and bacon in smokehouse.



**With Claire Lee Chennault II** in his mother's arms, the family leaves the house to spend a pleasant Sunday afternoon in the sun. Near the house is an orchard of fruit and pecan trees.

The general once told a group of A.V.G. boys who were arranging a ball game on Chinese soil: "I have enough kids at home to make a softball team that would lick the pants off you!" That might have been true at the time, but the general would be hard put today to collect his family (six boys, two girls) for softball or anything else. Of the children, only 14-year-old Rosemary is at home with her mother. An older daughter is living in Texas where her Army husband is stationed. Three sons are in the Army, two with the Air Forces, two more have taken the Navy oath, and one is in the Civil Aeronautics Administration. On a recent Sunday, Pat, who this month reports for training in New Orleans as an air cadet, drove over from

nearby Natchez, Miss. with his wife Hilma and their young son, Claire Lee Chennault II, to have dinner with his mother and sister. They believe, with the community, that "Mrs. Chennault sets as good a table as you'll find in this part of Louisiana."

The general, who last week reported from China that Japanese air strength seemed to be waning, is a good correspondent. Frequent letters give proof of the eagerness with which he follows the war records of his sons, for he never fails to ask to be brought up to date on their status and location. Mrs. Chennault and Rosemary write their menfolk regularly and reassuringly of happenings on the 49-acre farm with its livestock and poultry and flourishing gardens.



**A LETTER FROM THE GENERAL**



**Claire II enjoying a swing** (above) has never seen his famous grandfather. Chennaults have seven grandchildren, including a little girl who is also named "Claire Lee" in honor of the general.



**Annie Dorthy feeds Claire** in kitchen while others are at dinner. She has been cook in the Chennault household for eight years, was with them before they moved onto the farm.



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exceptional value



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## OLD CROW

BOTTLED IN BOND

### A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S  
GREAT WHISKIES

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of excellence that appeals to  
generation after generation  
of people who demand  
the best.*



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Our distilleries are 100% engaged in the production of alcohol for war purposes. This whiskey was made years before Pearl Harbor.

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National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

*Life Calls on Mrs. Chennault* (continued)



FRIENDS GATHER ON CHENNAULT LAWN TO SEE KIDS STAND ON THEIR HEADS



LAKE ST. JOHN, WHERE THE CHENNAULTS CATCH FISH, EDGES FARM PROPERTY



ROSEMARY AND W. E. PERSON, ARMY MAJOR'S SON, WATCH FROM THEIR HORSES





ROSEMARY HERE TACKLES MARY LANCASTER, TWIN SISTER OF MARTHA (P. 98)



PAT (AT THE LEFT) AND "W. E." DO SOME FANCY TUMBLING OVER THE GIRLS



EXHAUSTED, ROSEMARY CATCHES HER BREATH. SHE IS HIGH-SCHOOL FRESHMAN

*For NOW...and..for  
the Rest of Your Life Together*



- See the many Cavalier models
- "Giftgraved" plaque free, or
- Moth Policy if you prefer
- Typical modern value shown at right
- Early American, maple facing, is shown below it



Tray Lifts with Lid

#### THE STOW-AWAY

Shown below are but two of the many styles of "Stow-Away". Cavalier's 3-drawer console, with cedar chest safety, flatters the interior decoration of any room in the home. Many styles, many woods over red cedar, give you beauty and convenience combined.



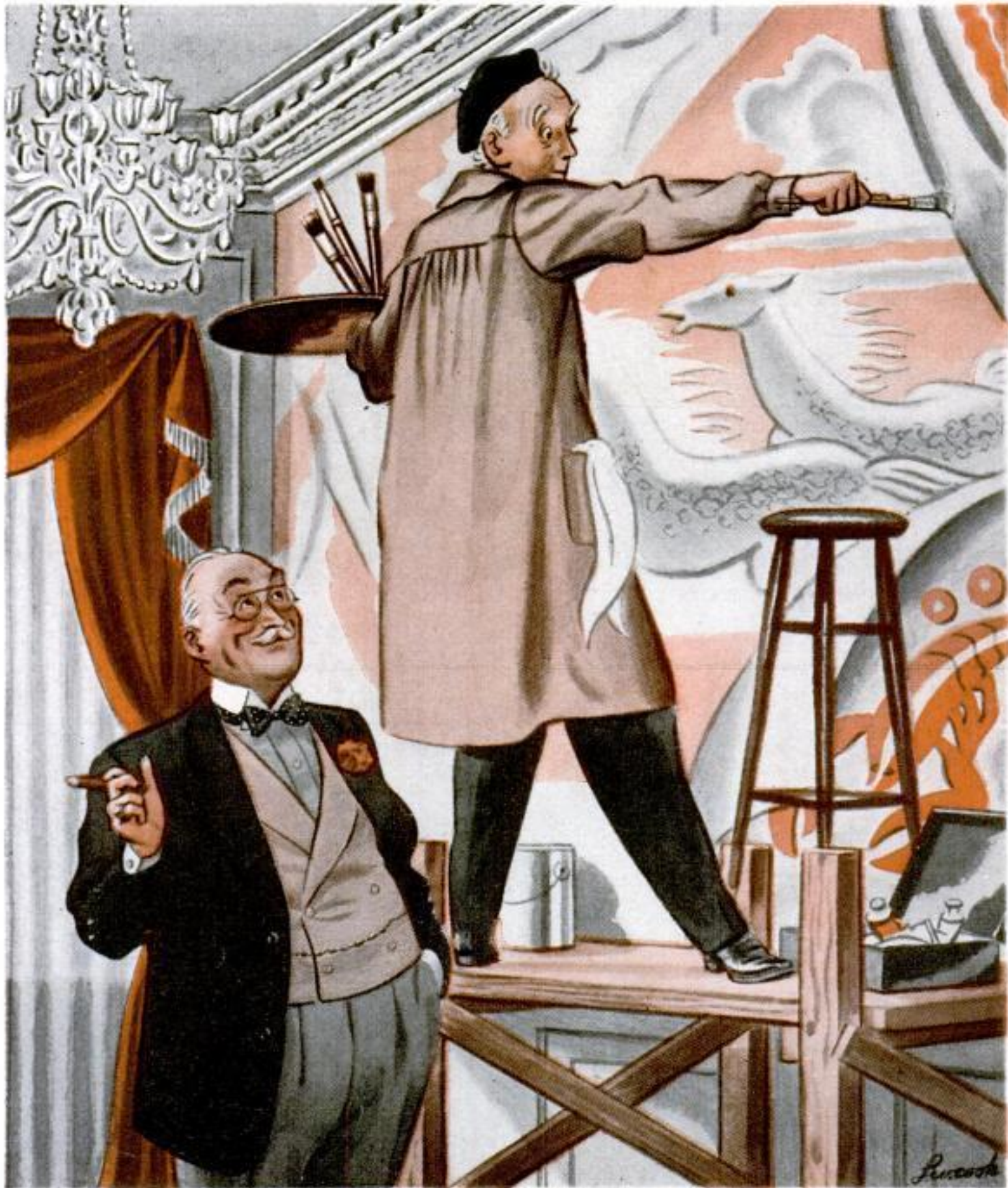
A Cavalier cedar hope chest . . . symbolic of the rapturous days of your courtship . . . is the gift that starts a home. Give the girl a Cavalier . . . (or better, still, let her pick it out). At most good furniture and department stores.



**Cavalier**  
CORPORATION  
CHATTANOOGA,  
TENNESSEE

Today, as always, Cavalier is proud to be serving America. Our electric and gas range plants are doing 100% war work. Our other plants, normally devoted entirely to cedar chest, Stow-Away and bedroom furniture production are partially serving the armed forces. We are glad, however, we are still able to provide cedar chests for our customers without interfering with our war production.





**M**EN OF MEANS WHO HAD  
**M**URALS PAINTED IN THEIR HOMES  
**M**AY ONCE HAVE SPENT TOO  
**M**UCH FOR WHISKEY.  
**M**Y, BUT THEY'VE CHANGED!  
**M**& **M** IS NOW  
**M**ORE AND MORE THESE  
**M**EN'S CHOICE, BECAUSE  
**M**& **M**, THOUGH  
**M**ODEST IN PRICE, IS  
**M**ILDER, MELLOWER THAN  
**M**ANY COSTLIER BRANDS.

The best of 'em is  
**M&M**  
 (MATTINGLY & MOORE WHISKIES)



Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

## PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

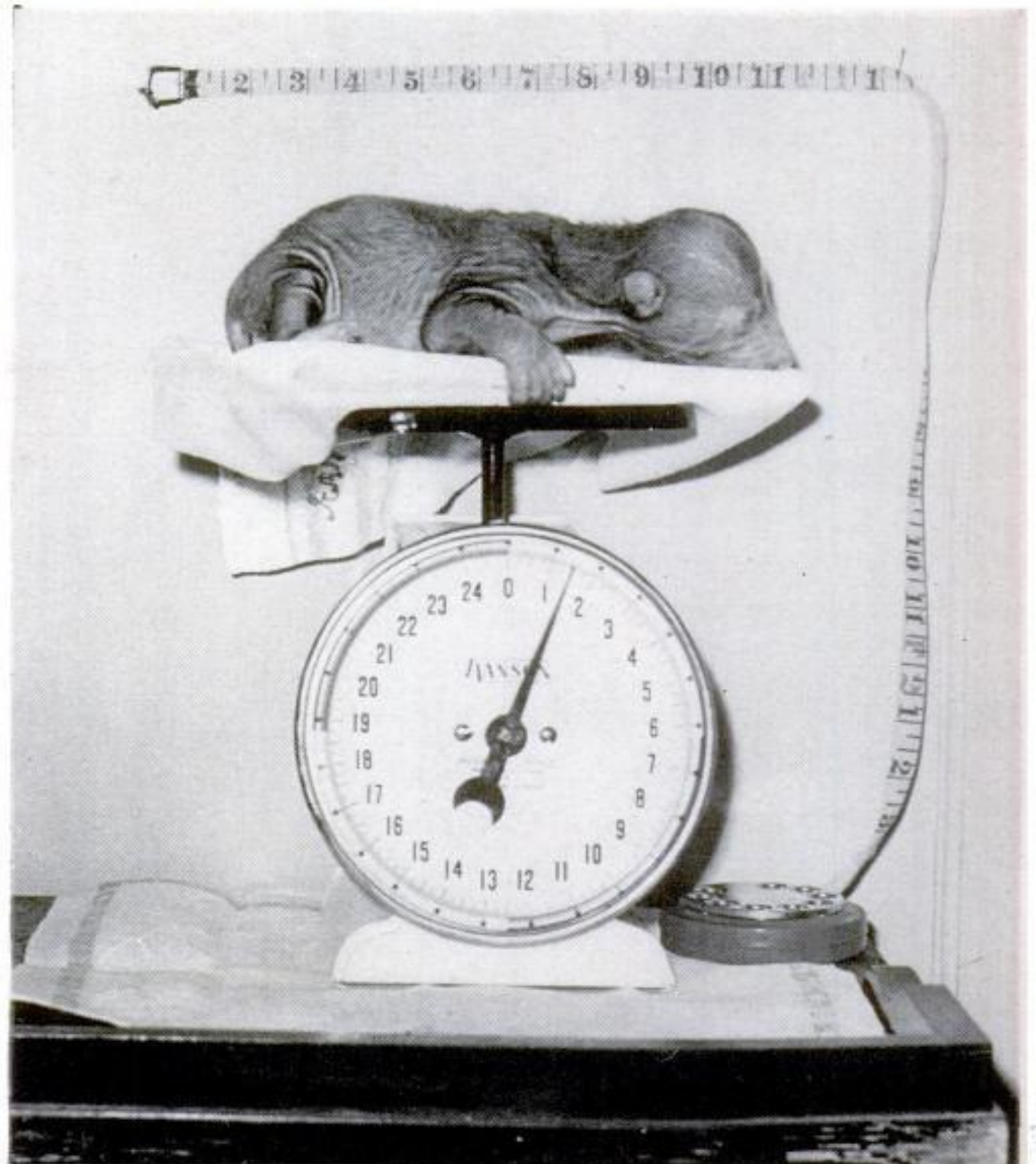
### ASIATIC SLOTH BEAR

Sirs:

This is Samson, Asiatic sloth bear, when he was just four days old and weighed 1 1/2 lb. (below, top). Samson was born at the San Francisco Zoo and was immediately adopted by Cary N. Baldwin, its director, who raised him by regular formula feeding and careful handling. Samson, at six months, still gobbled his

formula from a Coca-Cola bottle (below, bottom). Director Baldwin took Samson for a walk one day to see his mother, but she made such a loud "grrrump" he was nearly frightened out of his shaggy black fur. At one year, Samson is quite grown up and weighs almost 100 lb. When he's in his prime—in four or five years—he will double this weight.

HOMER F. SNOW  
 San Francisco, Calif.



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from  
Youngster  
to Soldier

### Keeping 'em Fit in CAMPS

Wherever facilities permit—in Camps—on Battle-ships, Carriers or in foreign lands, "CHICAGO" Roller Skates are keeping our Soldiers—Sailors and Marines happy and healthy.



**CHICAGO FLYING SCOUT**  
Roller Skates

For the duration "CHICAGO" Roller Skates are serving the war effort and we're proud of it. So until NEW and BETTER "CHICAGO" Roller Skates are made when it's over—over there, give your skates the best of care and oil regularly.

Sidewalk - Rink - Dancing - Trick  
and Professional Roller Skates

**CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO.**

Winner of WORLD'S Records for over 40 years  
4443 WEST LAKE STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BRUSH AWAY

**GRAY HAIR**  
...and look  
10 YEARS YOUNGER



Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60¢ and \$1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

**FEET FRET?**

★  
RELIEF  
OR YOUR  
MONEY  
BACK

Try *i-o-sal* for quick relief from itching, burning feet, Athlete's Foot, sweaty feet and common ringworm.

get *i-o-sal* today  
AT YOUR DRUGGIST  
or sent postpaid  
—just mail 50¢ to

ATLAS LABORATORIES • AKRON, OHIO

★ Buy still **MORE** war bonds ★

### How to KEEP AWAKE ON YOUR VICTORY JOB

Thousands of Americans behind desks, driving cars, on production lines, use NoDoz Awakeners to keep awake, alert and more efficient. When the going gets tough and you have a job to do—don't take a chance... TAKE A NODOZ AWAKENER!



**NODOZ AWAKENERS**  
KEEP AWAKE!  
HARMLESS AS COFFEE

Over 30,000,000 NoDoz Awakeners have been used since 1933!

Convenient, easy-to-take tablets!  
HARMLESS AS COFFEE  
At your druggist 25¢

## PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

### THUMB SHARERS

Sirs:

In keeping with the times, I thought that you might like to print this picture of our twins (below).

What more can a brother share than his very own thumb?

MRS. J. P. MORAN

Boston, Mass.



### BULLDOG TENACITY

Sirs:

It took me about six weeks before I could persuade the bulldog and greyhound to pose in such a friendly manner (below). The greyhound couldn't see the point of the whole thing and he simply refused to remain still enough for me to snap him in this pose. The bulldog was opposed to sitting still with the greyhound squatting over him. After much coaxing and practice, however, they "agreed" to pose and here is the result.

J. W. La FLEUR

Miami Beach, Fla.



### ON THE FENCE

Sirs:

How's this for being on the fence? This is what I found in my yard bright and early one morning (below). Old Baldy couldn't resist the sweet smell of newly-stacked hay, so, since she's not accustomed to jumping the heather, she did the next best thing. Out here in Idaho we really stretch the leather.

CHARLES FLAHIFF

Nampa, Idaho



*Slip into Spring*

A unique construction moulds  
All Arounder to your figure and assures its  
perfect behavior under your clothes. You'll marvel  
at the way you can bend, stretch,  
twist... without having the bias top bind,  
or the straight cut skirt climb above your  
knees. Darted bodice, diamond shaped midriff...  
very effective in achieving flawless fit.

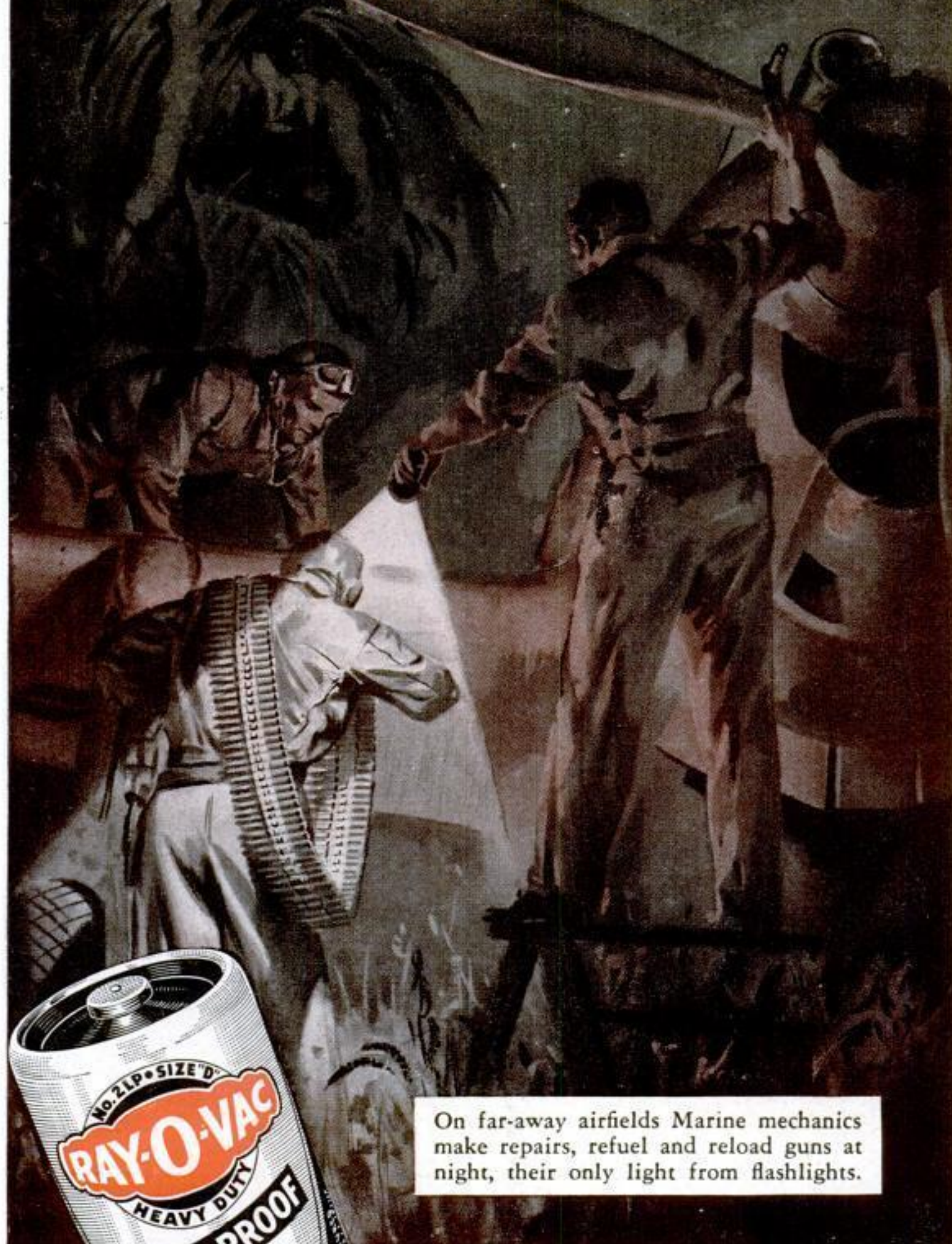
Rayon satin woven with *Celanese* yarn  
about \$225

Slightly higher west of the Rockies.  
\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

At leading stores everywhere, or write for nearest dealer's name to  
Custom Undergarment Corp., 148 Madison Ave., New York



## HERE'S HOW YOUR FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES ARE NOW BEING USED



On far-away airfields Marine mechanics make repairs, refuel and reload guns at night, their only light from flashlights.



No Longer Available  
for Civilian Use

**RAY-O-VAC**

*Leakproof*  
**FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES**

**—Every one devoted to winning the war!**

### FLASHLIGHTS AND BATTERIES ARE BECOMING SCARCE

Perhaps your broken flashlight can be repaired. Check the bulb, switch and batteries. Use your flashlight sparingly to conserve batteries, now so important to our armed forces.

Wherever you find Allied troops, there you will find LEAKPROOF, the battery that's sealed-in-steel —

*Guarding* against corrosion of flashlights and communication equipment.

*Staying* fresh despite long, hard travel.

*Delivering* potent power in steaming jungles and frozen wastelands.

*Lasting* longer than other cells.

If you really must have batteries, ask for RAY-O-VAC—your dealer may still have a limited supply.

BUY WAR BONDS



BUY WAR STAMPS

**FLASHLIGHTS and BATTERIES**

RAY-O-VAC COMPANY, MADISON, WISCONSIN

## PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

### VICTORY MODEL

Sirs:

The subject in the picture below appeared in the streets of Newport on Thursday, Feb. 16, when the temperature was 44° below zero. He was on his way to the Rotary Club where he spoke in his "Victory Model" suit.

Although the only one in town, the wearer was not mistaken for a member of the Ku Klux Klan, a Nazi parachutist or a man from Mars.

REV. ARTHUR B. CRICHTON  
Newport, Vt.



### SNOW-RIDE

Sirs:

My son and I spent quite a long time before we succeeded in getting Mr. Snow Man to "ride" this bicycle (below). Anyone who doubts it can try it himself and find out.

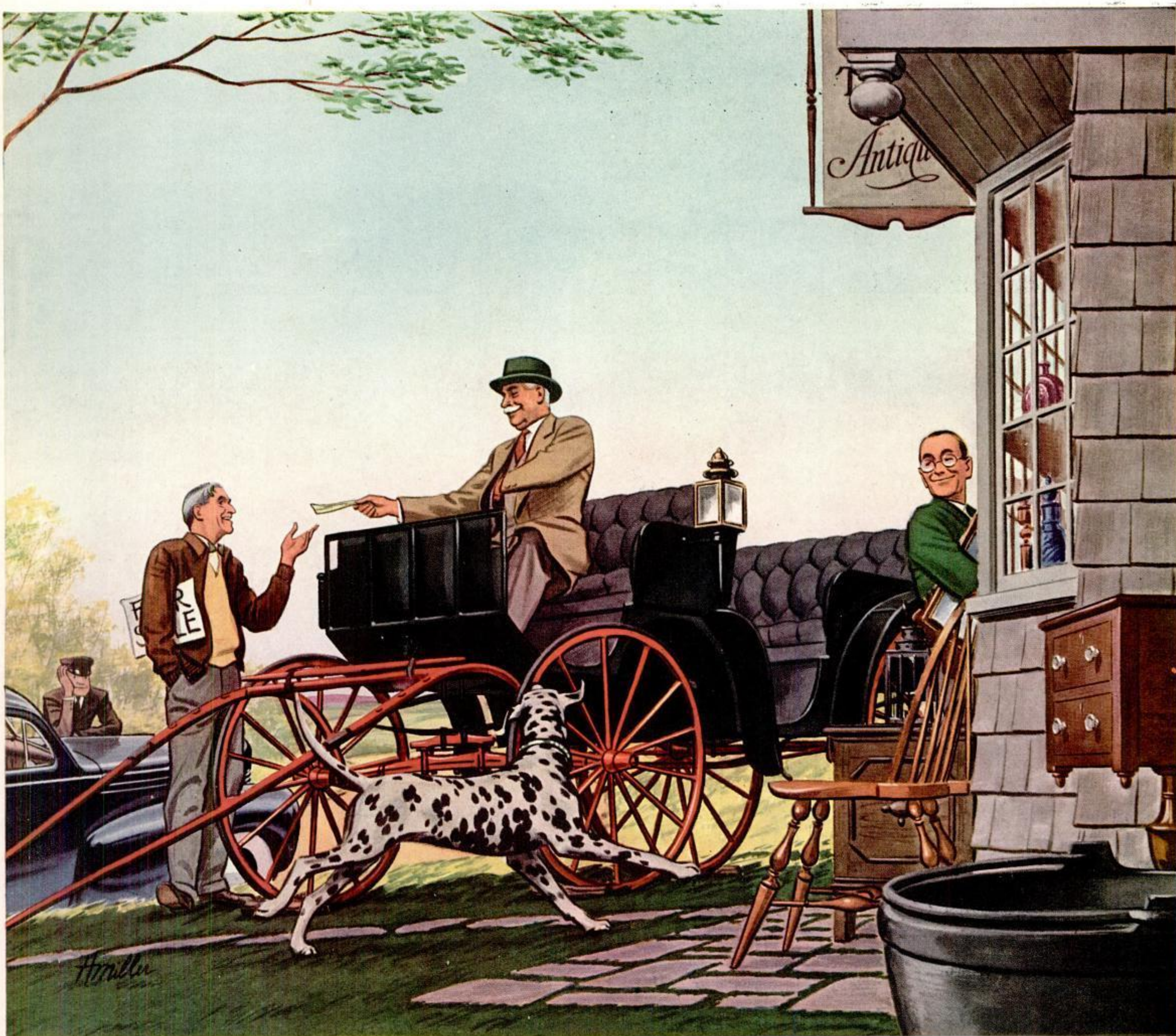
While we were busily engaged in our unique chore, a crowd gathered and gave

us plenty of advice and encouragement. Before we succeeded, we needed both. However, we Vermonters are a determined lot, so we kept at it until we turned the trick.

JOHN E. MILLINGTON  
South Shaftsbury, Vt.







## Latest Car Model, 1943

### **America makes the best of everything!**

We may do less traveling this year, but we will cheerfully find a way to make the best of it. We may extend our old-fashioned hospitality less often, but it will always be just as hearty — with Schenley Royal Reserve — America's Finest.

*Buy War Bonds Regularly.*

*Schenley Royal Reserve, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., New York City*





# That Extra Something!

...You can spot it every time



On the campus or off, Coca-Cola has that extra something that rates with youth. That's why Coca-Cola—a long-established product—belongs to the younger set, too, year after year. Choicest, special ingredients and special care in its making, give Coca-Cola a special refreshing taste and quality.

This unique taste comes from a finished art in its making that sets Coca-Cola apart... a blend of flavor-essences merging the ingredients of Coca-Cola into a taste all its own. And it leaves that unmistakable after-sense of refreshment that everybody recognizes... and welcomes.

The custom in every neighborhood... to enjoy delicious ice-cold Coca-Cola at the soda fountain... though not as often in wartime as before. And remember when you sometimes can't get Coca-Cola, it's because Coke, being first choice, sells out first.



Busy moments at home are brighter when ice-cold Coca-Cola adds its life and sparkle. It's an old friend of the family ready to take off its cap and help out any time.



The best is always the better buy!



Between hard-working shifts, girls in defense jobs welcome a refreshing pause for Coke, that little minute long enough for a big rest... leading to better work.

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke. Both mean the same thing... "coming from a single source, and well known to the community".

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

ADV-WKW AUG-1939